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Theodore H. Rand

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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JUNE, 1892.

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

Theodore Harding Rand inherits the essential elements of the character of his father, the late Thomas Woodworth Rand, who was an honored deacon of the First Baptist Church at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia. They are characteristics which belong to the typical Puritan. He was a dreamy imaginative boy. In his early youth Theodore spent some years in Boston. At that time Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips and Ralph Waldo Emerson, were the brilliant leaders of free thought in New England. William Lloyd Garrison was beginning his crusade which ended only with the great civil war. The genius, talents and fervid eloquence of these men awakened young Rand's native powers, kindled to a flame his ardor, and carried him away on the drift of liberalism. It was not many years, however, before the orthodoxy of his home training reasserted itself. Acadia College, in sight of his father's home, drew him within her walls. In 1855, while a student at Horton Academy, and in a remarkable revival of religion, he was converted to God, was baptized by President Cramp, and united with the Baptist church at Wolfville. In this spiritual illumination he was brought to accept the Bible as the Divine Word, Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord, and his faith in evangelical truth was intelligently and permanently fixed. His speculations vanished never to disturb again his conduct of life.

In 1860 he was graduated from Acadia College, and at once engaged in teaching in Horton Academy. At the close of the year he was solicited by the Government of Nova Scotia to accept the chair of Classics in the Provincial Normal School, and forthwith entered upon his duties in that institution. Here he came in contact with the late Rev. Alexander Forrester, D.D., for whom he has always cherished great admiration as an educator of exceptional breadth and enthusiasm. He assisted in the preparation of the Free School Act, passed in 1864, and was called by the Government to the position of Superintendent of Education. This Act wrought a revolution in the Public School system of Nova Scotia. In 1870 he spent the summer and autumn in Great Britain and Ireland. During this time he enjoyed excellent opportunities for studying the operation of the educational systems in the old land, of which he availed himself to the full. On his return, at the request of the then Premier of New Brunswick, he assisted in the preparation of a bill for a free non-sectarian system of education for that Province. After this bill became an Act he was tendered the position of Chief Superintendent to carry it into effect. After most arduous and successful service, he resigned this position in 1883 to take the chair of History and Education in Acadia College. Two years after he was induced by the late Senator McMaster to accept the chair of Didactics and Apologetics in Toronto Baptist College. In pursuance of the strong desire of Mr. McMaster and many others to establish Woodstock on a permanent basis, Dr. Rand was induced to accept the Principalship of that institution the following year. Among the conditions upon which he insisted as precedent to his acceptance were that the charter of the institution should be so amended as to require that the Bible should be a text-book in all departments of the school and that the institution should be free to be developed into a University if its funds should ever permit. This action on his part proved to be the turning point in the policy respecting the higher education of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. It is an extraordinary and fruitful instance of "taking occasion by the hand." Our readers are familiar with subsequent events,—how that Dr. Rand, assisted by Dr. Malcolm MacVicar, procured subscriptions the ensuing summer for the present beautiful din-

ing hall of Woodstock College, erected while he was Principal; how that, with Dr. Rand as Chairman, a Committee of able brethren—of whom Senator McMaster was one—after prolonged and laborious efforts, procured a revision of the charter, which under altered circumstances took the form of a union of Toronto Baptist College and Woodstock College into one institution to be known as McMaster University, thus abolishing at one stroke the close corporation of the former and the control by subscribers of the latter, and committing the University to the management for all time, of the Baptist churches of Ontario and Quebec, in Convention; how that death snatched away, a few months later, our noble brother and benefactor, Senator McMaster, and disclosed to the denomination and to the world, by the unexpected greatness of his benefactions in behalf of a Christian University, the depth of the conviction which had been wrought in him during the struggle for the charter; how that the great Trust was accepted by the Convention, and how that after prolonged discussion it was resolved to maintain an independent University, with its central departments located in Toronto. We are not in a position to speak of the important influence exerted by Dr. Rand in securing the results which have come to the Baptist denomination out of the prolonged struggle for the charter of the University; but it is well known that he won the admiration of his brethren of the Committee, and had the full confidence and warm affection of Senator McMaster to the hour of his death.

Doubtless with a view of eliminating difficulties in the way of effecting the new organization, Dr. Rand resigned the Principalship of Woodstock College, and resumed his professorship in McMaster Hall, with leave of absence in Europe for a year. At the wish, however, of Chancellor MacVicar and other brethren he returned from Europe in three months, and at the expiration of a year accepted the chair of Ethics and Education in the University, being granted leave of absence for a year for purposes of rest, study and University observation. After an absence of eleven months, at the request of the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors, he returned on the resignation of Chancellor MacVicar, accepted the Chairmanship of the Arts-Department, which was to open in a few months, and undertook to secure

students for the first class in Arts. For the past two years he has so discharged the delicate and arduous duties of his position as to have the satisfaction of seeing the University rapidly assume an acknowledged position in the confidence of the denomination and the public, and of being assured of the fellowship and sympathy in labor of the Chairman of the Faculty of Theology, Dr. Goodspeed, and all his brethren of the United Faculty of Arts and Theology. A common impulse has coöperated to incite all to united effort in the discharge of responsible duties.

It is needless to state that Dr. Rand possesses talents of a very high order,—that his learning, ability to work, and administrative gifts are extraordinary. This is all made plain by his record. He belongs to the class of men who are not satisfied with mere routine work and the accepted state of things about them. He is always thoughtful and open-eyed, and his spirit spurns finality. Throughout his entire public life this has ever been apparent. He surveys the whole field of Education from the primary school to the University, and studies the relations of part to part. The genius that works to these ends is never dormant in him. As the breath is essential to the natural life, so is this to his intellectual life. He finds a field for his gifts and calling in the great domain lying between the pulpit and the parliament. He has talents and sympathies for either the preacher, the literary man, or the statesman. But no work can enlist and engage his talents, marshal his energies, kindle his ambition, and keep steadily burning the fire of his enthusiasm, like that of Christian education.

Those who know him are aware that during all his years of public life he has fearlessly espoused the great principles of soul-liberty and civil freedom for all individuals, classes and creeds. He believes in putting these principles into the widest practice in our beloved Canada. Witness the splendid and triumphant fight under his leadership, against separate schools in New Brunswick, when the influence of Ontario and of the Dominion Parliament were utilized against the non-sectarian school system of New Brunswick. And these principles are not less dear to him because they have been the peculiar heritage of the Baptists all down the stream of history. Dr. Rand was born a leader and a pioneer. His ardent temperament and active

mind make continued, severe and exhaustive thinking congenial labor. He examines, analyzes and compares with a patience that never flags, though wide experience enables him to apply principles with great readiness in emergent circumstances.

Underneath his talents is a self-reliance always indifferent to the relative strength of minorities and majorities. It stands rock-like against all opposition. It has nothing of the nature of stubbornness. It upholds his intelligent righteous convictions to which his moral nature clings with a tenacity stronger than life. Difficulties have no terror for him. With the increase of their number seem to grow his hopefulness and assurance. Conditions and surroundings from which wire-pullers and opportunists recede, do not drive him from the open ways of warfare, but confirm his confidence in the principles at stake and are a guarantee of ultimate success. Here his hope, courage and faith are at their best. Either defeat, utter and final, or victory is the end of all his labors,—it has been victory. His work can never be finished on middle ground. All he undertakes, however, must be real and worthy. The end sought must involve man's welfare and the divine glory.

Dr. Rand's ability is not of the showy kind. It is not always on exhibition. It might not appear to a stranger that he possessed talents that would distinguish him. In the practical work of life, however, they come into view. It is in these circumstances that his superior abilities are seen in the fulness of their power. When strength is measured with strength and skill with skill, he rises to the occasion. He comes to the front and stays there. But few are found who after practical experience of the variety and fulness of his gifts are not glad to fall in with his leadership.

United to the masculine element of his character is a feminine sensitiveness that renders him capable of enjoying high pleasure and enduring exquisite pain. As a friend he is ardent, generous, faithful and constant. His tastes are discriminating and of a high order. They are of the artistic, classic, and poetic type. His nature responds finely to the beauties and harmonies of the natural world, and to the æsthetic ministries of human life. Poetry and art have in him a true lover, and the humanizing elements of history count for much in his thought and feeling.

Dr. Rand's composite talents and energies are rooted in his religious life. He believes the Christian religion—in the personal divine Christ,—and in the application of His teachings to every department of life. He is persuaded of the divine immanence, and regards his work as God's work, and his fellow-workers with himself as co-laborers with God. He is a man of one idea—one idea at a time; but it must be a large one. He can concentrate the fervor of his zeal, and the full force of his powers upon any subject for long periods; but when he is released from this special work, his interests go out to general subjects. Everything belonging to life has an interest for him. His strong convictions and great confidence assume the existence of convictions in all others which will respond to the appeals from the higher regions of truth and righteousness. He believes in man. Let him be convinced of the soundness of his views and that it is God's will that they should be carried into operation, and he is prepared for prolonged and difficult labor. He regards himself as sure of divine help to accomplish the divine will.

These elements of his character have appeared in every position he has hitherto occupied. Observers and fellow-helpers see that prescience, enthusiasm, sound judgment and self-reliance, ability to devise and execute, make him a safe guide and successful leader. He has been distinguished in doing original work. As a successful pioneer he has gone in advance and led the way for others. His hand first elaborated and brought into operation uniform systems of examination and Provincial certificates in the Public School service of Canada, and the requiring of professional training in the principles of education as essential to the holding of a certificate was first made operative in the Dominion under his administration in New Brunswick. Kindred examples of his foresight could readily be multiplied.

It should not be omitted in this brief sketch that all his classmates in College, indeed all his fellow-students, felt the inspiration that ceaselessly flowed from his fervid and intense personality. These qualities ever forced him into prominence and leadership. While Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia and in New Brunswick, the same mental energies and elements of character were always felt and acknowledged. The introduction of the free school system of these two Provinces

was attended with great difficulties. The opposition to direct taxation among all classes of the people, and the determined obstructions of the Roman Catholic Church, reinforced by overt sympathy from Provinces having systems of Separate Schools, found expression in the burning of school-houses, in contests in the courts of law—even to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England, and in stirring political struggles on the floors of Parliament. These were more than enough to discourage and defeat the ripest experience and the strongest heart, but he carried his work to a grand success. He was never caught in the meshes of political entanglement. Not for a moment in all those trying years did he subordinate himself. Those whom he thus opposed in those encounters for principle are to-day among the most open admirers of the soundness of his views, and his integrity. Without stint he gave his money and strength to carry into effect a righteous system of education, righteously administered.

Let us add that we can safely venture into the region of prophecy when we suggest that Dr. Rand must, hundreds of times, have received grateful acknowledgments from the men whom he has aided by his counsel and friendship. Students who have come under the touch of his enthusiasm in study and discovered for themselves his strength of character, his fulness and high educational ideals, cannot go away and forget the transforming stimulus which has entered into their lives. He has no greater tribute to his life-work, we believe, than may be found in the ingenuous hearts of young men who have been privileged to know him as teacher. In matters involving personal responsibility he is extremely cautious in forming opinions and in taking any course of action. In this he has at command a searching and far-reaching discernment, clear perception, and judgment well-balanced and thoroughly sound, and in which he trusts with implicit confidence. Whenever he declares his views it may be taken for granted that the principles involved have been thoroughly examined and the necessary data mastered and marshalled for service.

Dr. Rand received in 1860 the degree of B.A. from Acadia College (now Acadia University); in 1863, M.A. in course; and in 1874, D.C.L. *causa honoris*. From 1871 to 1883 he was a

member of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick, and during the latter part of this period, a member also of the Senate and the Board of Governors of Acadia College. He was, for years, President of the Educational Institute of New Brunswick and also of Nova Scotia. He has been twice President of the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces, and has recently been elected a member of the American Society for University Extension. His recent appointment by the Senate and the Board of Governors of McMaster University as Principal of the united Faculty of Arts and Theology and Chancellor of the University is, we are sure, a wise and fitting expression of confidence in Dr. Rand and his abilities, and will enlist the loyal and devoted support of the several departments of the University, and of the denomination at large. The position brings great responsibilities and great opportunities, and we believe the new Chancellor—for we cannot but reckon on Dr. Rand's acceptance of the office—will have the earnest sympathies and prayers of all who desire the enlargement and elevation of our work of Christian and Theological education.

In his address at the opening of the Arts department Dr Rand gave this comprehensive and striking characterization of what he conceives to be the true aims of the higher education, in its results in the individual life:—

Its ultimate aim is to establish in the individual such a relation between his various faculties or powers as shall result in the consciousness of wholeness and unity, and to bring into co-operative activity, at will, all his energies as the free movement of a living and consciously harmonious organism. Until something approaching this consciousness of unity and power is attained by the individual, it is certain that, even though his faculties may be severally developed, he himself is largely undisciplined, untrained, unorganized, uneducated. Power, efficient life, is the end sought. Organized energy is power, is life; and he who would obtain it can do so only by undergoing a discipline which both develops the individual faculties and co-ordinates them in harmonious action.

Viewed in its essentials, Christian education as a conscious process means the development of a life; the turning of possibilities into powers, and the effort to control these powers by a conscience enlightened by the Word and Spirit of the Divine Master and Teacher. It means the cultivation of true

and pure tastes, the choice and pursuit of worthy ideals, and the effort to establish a unity and balance of all the forces of one's nature. It means self-discipline, self-training, self-organization, the getting the use of one's self. So far as this process is actually perfected in any individual, there results not knowledge only or chiefly, but mastership. There is not only insight into the laws of one's being, but spontaneous obedience to their requirements. There is not only a consciousness of existence, but of self-hood, a willing, executing, responsible personality, while character assumes a place superior to scholarship, and culture becomes auxiliary to service. In the struggle after completeness of character, and in the surrender to service for God and men, man finds his true place, his true life.

McMaster University is fortunate to come under the leadership of one so tried and true, whose feelings are so fresh and sympathetic with young life, and who believes that the Baptists of Canada have a destiny before them at once worthy of their ancestors, and of the principles with which they have been entrusted for society at large.

E. M. Saunders.

SCANDINAVIAN VOLK SONGS.

Translated from the German Text.

Cradle Song—(Finnish.)

All is still in sweet repose;
Sleep, my child, thine eyelids close!
Winds are hushing birds to rest;
Sleep, my child, thou in thy nest—
Hush, hush!

Dalekarlian Song—(Swedish.)*

I know a land high in the distant North
Not warm and rich as those the South brings forth,
But hearts beat warmly there for Fatherland,
And manhood dwells on Silja's† verdant strand;
And forests rustle there in gloomy pride,
And rivers rush through gorges deep and wide,—
A goodly land,
Ye Dale men!
Who looks but once upon that land,
Holds it forever dear!

Evening Voices—(Norwegian.)

Softly, softly, softly,
Forest, breathe thy song!
Ocean, cease thy roaring,
Roll more soft along!
Flower, turn thy chalice
To the earth's warm breast!
Bee, cease now thy humming,
Get thee home to rest!

---

*Dalekarlia—Ancient name of a province of Sweden, lying on both sides of the river Dal-Elf.

†Silja or Siljan—A lake formed by the expansion of the river Dal-Elf.

Hill and valley deep,
Breathe the peace descending
From the vaults of sleep
Mildly o'er us bending.

HEAR THE BELLS RING!—(Danish.)

The snow it swept o'er field and wood,
The nun in the chorus singing stood:
See the roses i' the cloister wall!
From bloody strife came a knight in mail,
Red was his armor, his cheeks so pale.
Hear the bells ring, to Ave they call!

The knight till the winter was over lay there,
The nun dressed his wounds with tender care,
See the roses i' the cloister wall!
And over him many a prayer she breathed,
Consoled him—but wept in her cell and grieved.
Hear the bells ring, to Ave they call!

When the flowers bloomed and the wild birds sung,
The knight to the saddle so gaily swung,
See the roses i' the cloister wall!
Still in her cell sat the nun alone.
Hear the bells ring, to Ave they call!

When the leaves have fallen and the flowers fade,
A wedding feast at the castle is laid,
See the roses i' the cloister wall!
The last of the roses the nun has found
And with prayer in the wreath of the winsome
bride bound.
Hear the bells ring, to Ave they call!

BLANCHE BISHOP.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.*

As I am neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, nor a relative, however distant, of Mr. W. T. Stead, I make no claim to special qualifications for the task assigned me. Any one of a score of other subjects would have been more congenial to my tastes. Having learned, however, in early childhood that it was my duty to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters, when your committee prescribed this subject, it did not occur to me to do other than meekly acquiesce. Whether I was as wise as dutiful I have since doubted. If, however, I should prophesy falsely or feebly, we may hope that those who are prophets indeed will correct the mistakes, and supply the lack.

On the principle of being thankful for small mercies, I am under obligation to the committee for giving me a subject with enough of ambiguity in it to save all trouble of hunting for an introduction. We must evidently begin with an effort to remove ambiguity, and to come to some mutual understanding as to the meaning of terms.

The word "church" has three distinct uses in the New Testament; besides which, there are several popular uses, not strictly Biblical, but common to the speech of all of us. I was not without some vacillation, at first, as to what sense would yield us the most useful subject. It seemed to me, in the end, however, for reasons which I need not enumerate, that I should serve this occasion best by using the word church in a sense which is at once Biblical and popular, namely, as the designation of the local Christian organization. The sense, therefore, in which I shall employ the term is illustrated when we speak of the Carlton St. Methodist Church, St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, or the Bloor St. Baptist Church. Our enquiry is as to the ideal local church organization, and the prospects of its realization in the future. In the twenty minutes at my disposal I can touch upon only a few points and lightly even upon these.

---

* Paper read before the General Ministerial Association, Toronto.

1. I venture to predict, in the first place, that in the ideal church of the future *the members will all be Christians.*

By a Christian I mean, not a mere nominal Christian, who, while making no profession of having experienced the birth from above, simply conforms to church rites and ceremonies; nor Mr. W. T. Stead's Christian, who simply gives soup to the poor; but a person who is able to present credible evidence to the spiritually discerning that he is a member of Christ's spiritual body, participating in that life which is born in us by regeneration, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, and by virtue of the death, resurrection, and ascension of the Divine Redeemer. Of such persons the ideal church of the future will be composed.

What is the prospect of this ideal being realized? If our enquiry sweeps the larger circle of the entire Christian world, the prospect is not bright. The Greek and Roman hierarchies, with their extreme sacramentarianism, and blinding superstitions, are if anything more aggressive than ever. In the Episcopalian body also, on both sides of the water, the sacramentarian party, who, while intensely earnest and devout, do most surely distort and obscure the saving truth of God, are clearly in the ascendant. On the other hand Broad-Churchism, which, in its milder development is so fascinating in form, so valiant in spirit, but which, in its ultimate tendencies is so subversive of the supernatural and distinctive in Christianity—this is having its day. I say that, embracing in our thought the whole Christian world, the prospect is not as bright as we could wish.

If, however, we confine our view to the really evangelical bodies of Christendom, the prospect is heartening to a degree; for whatever differences of view may lie latent in the speculative theologies of these bodies, the working theology of each demands more and more imperatively, that the membership of the churches shall be composed of regenerate souls.

2. In the second place, I am disposed to think that the ideal church of the future will be *strongly democratic in spirit.*

It will be organized carefully but simply; it will be well-officered, but will know nothing of priestism. Its watchword will be "One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren."

This was the ideal from the first. A spiritual aristocracy in the church is wholly at variance with the mind of Christ.

There must be differences of function, but there should be equality of rights. It is a characteristic element of the Christian revelation that all men who believe in Christ are brethren, and that the church is "the household of faith." Whatever transient distinction may divide them elsewhere, in the church Christian men are the sons of God, and the heirs of immortal righteousness and glory. It is one of the chief ends of the church to realize this Christian brotherhood, and to secure to every member the joy and helpfulness of a holy fellowship. I need hardly say that the realization of this gracious end carries with it the idea of a church truly democratic. In like manner, the highest development of character in the members, calls for a church of this kind; for how can equality of attainment be possible, where the rights and responsibilities possessed by some, are denied to others? Again, and as following from what I have said, it is clear that the democratic church, which makes fellowship a reality, and gives to all its members equal conditions for the highest development of character, will be able to command for service the largest number of workers.

And what now is the drift of the times in this respect? I have only to ask the question; for, that the democratic spirit is abroad, and is bound to assert itself in every department of life will be admitted by all. Its coming into the church, if there shall come with it a genuine spirituality, can be only a blessing most significant.

In thus speaking of the democratic spirit in church life, you will believe me, that I have not been quietly crediting this spirit to the Congregationalists, as their monopoly. This is indeed our birthright in a peculiar sense, and yet with *us* it has not always been the grand and forceful thing it ought to be. We have known a good deal of its blessedness, but as has been recently said by another: "There are Methodist churches that by their skill in calling forth the activities of their members, their ability to speak, their capacity for work, have put to shame Congregational churches, that have turned the pastor into a kind of donkey-engine, and let him do all the work."

3. Having thus briefly indicated the character of the membership of the future church, and the general spirit by which it will be marked, I pass, in the third place, to a consideration of

the ideal church of the future. Here I shall ask you to allow me, and those who proposed the subject will wish me, to speak with a little greater fulness.

I am not of those who believe that in respect to the work of the church a revolution is upon us, or is desirable. The work of the true church of the future will not differ essentially from the work of the evangelical churches of the past. From glory to glory, if you will, but essentially upon lines long since laid down must the true work of the future be accomplished.

What is the work of a church of Jesus Christ in its corporate capacity? To answer popularly, and generally, it is this: to proclaim the gospel of the grace of God, and persuade men to lay hold of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus; and then by worship, by fellowship, by instruction, by service, to build up all such after the pattern presented to us in Christ.

Does this seem to be a narrow range of work? Let us see. Look at the first part of the work as I have described it, namely: the preaching of the gospel, and the bringing of men to share the hopes of redemption. Here there is the recognition of sin—the great central fact in human life; the recognition of the grace of God towards the sinful, of the redemption accomplished by Jesus Christ, of a new spiritual kingdom into which men may be born, and, being born into which, they enjoy the open vision of God, share a new divine life, and find themselves in new spiritual relations to all things in time and in eternity.

Look at the second part of the work which I assigned to the corporate church, viz: the building up of the saved, by worship, fellowship, instruction, and service, after the pattern presented to us in Christ. The pattern taken here is the God-man Jesus Christ; holy, harmless, undefiled, delighting in the Father's will, hating sin, but loving sinners with a mighty love, cheering the discouraged, lifting up the fallen, comforting the sad, ministering alike to the bodies and the souls of men, rendering the saying luminous, both by word and deed, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." And who are those who are built up after this pattern? They are fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, manufacturers, merchants, artisans, laborers, electors, legislators, men, women, and youth, representing every grade of family life, every grade and department of

social and civil life. These I say the church builds up after the Christly pattern, giving them Christ's thoughts, Christ's standards, Christ's temper, His hatred of sin, His love of holiness, His reverence for God, His passion for righteousness, His piety, His love, His spirit of ministry and self-sacrifice; and then, week by week, back into life the church sends them to assert the Christian ideal in every relationship of life; the husbands to love their wives, the wives to give reverence to their husbands, the children to love, honor, and obey their parents, employees and employers to brood over and apply in their economic relations the golden rule, the citizens to exercise their citizenship in the fear of God, the legislators to imitate the great Lawgiver, the judges to administer justice as in the eye of Him who is judge of all, and all alike to have a pitying eye, a loving heart, a helping hand, for the many who are poor, burdened and distressed.

That surely is not a narrow work, which has a range like this. Unless the church should swallow up the functions of the family and the state, I know not well how its work could be made broader.

If the objection be made that, in this view, the church's influence is not sufficiently direct and corporate, the question thus raised is simply a question as to this or that mode of influence. My opinion is that it was never intended that as a *corpus* the church should assert herself in every sphere of life. In many spheres her influence is individual and indirect, but none the less potent for that. I take it that, in the main, the church was intended to be a fountain head of spiritual influence, sending forth, through her individual members, so many gracious streams, to fertilize and gladden the wastes of life. It was to be a magazine to which the soldiers, fighting the good fight of faith, might come again and again to replenish their stores; a great generator of spiritual forces, kindling, through its members, the light of heavenly truth, purity, and love, in all the dark places reached by its influence.

In addition, however, to the mode of influence I have described, it will be practically necessary for every church in its corporate capacity to at least organize its ministrations to its own poor, and its beneficences for the spread of the gospel in parts remote from its own vicinity.

The remaining question, as to whether and to what extent the church should organize its general philanthropies and those other forms of influence which it may desire to weave into the social fabric, is purely a question of expediency; provided always that the church leave untouched those liberties and functions which it is the exclusive province of the state to protect and exercise. A church in the slums of London, or New York, or even Toronto, may find it necessary to establish a soup kitchen, a reading room, a night school, evening entertainments of a literary or musical sort, or to go far beyond these things; while a church in a thrifty country neighborhood, or even in the uptown of the same city, may need nothing of the sort.

The work of the Christian churches wherever they be located is in nature essentially the same; and a comprehensive work it is: addressing itself alike to the bodies and the souls of men, and holding in view both time and eternity. The prime mode of influence, which inheres in the very nature of the church's work, and other modes which will be regulated by expediency, I have sufficiently, for our purpose, touched upon.

And now wherein has the typical church of the past failed? Wherein may the future develop a nobler ideal? The impression is unquestionably abroad, that the church of the past has been too exclusively occupied with ideas of eternity, and too little with the facts of time; that men's bodies, suffering from hunger, and nakedness, and manifold afflictions, have been too much lost sight of in concern for their souls; that other-worldliness, as distinguished from this-worldliness, has received an emphasis unwarranted by the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. In proof of this, men point, not only to the contents of Christian libraries, but to the poverty, vice and wretchedness, which, in some places, have abounded unrelieved, and apparently unnoticed, in the very presence of the churches of Christ.

The charge, as made by the enemies of Christianity, is often in utter disregard of the facts, and flagrantly unjust. But we shall probably all consent that the prevalent impression has not arisen without some real cause. This being so, evangelical Christians should address themselves to the problem of the hour, since they above all others are likely to give it its true solution.

Left to extreme Broad-church influence, with its constant

insistence that man's natural relations are identical with his sacred relations, meaning thereby his spiritual relations, the pendulum threatens to oscillate to a dangerous extreme. Under this influence, the effort to improve the social and temporal conditions of the people is like to become the church's sole mission. W. T. Stead said, in his recent famous conversation, published in *Great Thoughts* : "If an atheist came to me and said, 'I don't believe in God, or creeds, but your church does good works, and I want to work with it,' of course I should employ him. That man is a real Christian." A recent number of the *Andover Review* says: "The future theological seminary will be the one that puts itself into touch with the great troubled world, and seeks to train students in social science, to fit them to become practical leaders in all those problems, on whose right solution so much depends." Rev. Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, N.J., the most honored and influential delegate from America to the recent Congregational Council in London, writing in an article in the *Christian Union*, November 7th, says: "English ministers have little time or patience for speculation concerning infinity and eternity. The emphasis of thought is put on what can be done for man in the present life. Theology is being quite largely written in the light of sociology." Even Prof. Drummond's "Programme of Christianity" is so far incomplete, that that powerful but impartial writer, who pens the leaders in the *British Weekly*, is constrained to say of it: "There is no trace in the 'Programme' of the deep things of redemption ; if there is a trace, it is all; and in the enforcement of the 'Programme' it disappears. To read this address is like sailing in the shallow waters of a summer sea ; the sunlight ripples on the sand at the bottom all the time. But the deep heart of man is infinitely deeper than that, and though we hear nothing of them in this 'Programme,' there are deeps in the gospel that call to it, and are answered by it."

The trouble with making Christianity practically synonymous with sociology is threefold.* First, sociological duties were as binding on man before Christianity as after ; they arise out of the natural human relations, and are all embraced in the

* See article : The Trend of Religious Thought in England—Henry T. Weston, D.D.,—*Western Recorder*, Dec. 17th, 1891.

Jewish law, where they are enforced with a minuteness in striking contrast with the directions of the Gospel. Second, Christ, in the Sermon on the Mount, emphatically relegates the earthly and temporal to a secondary place in our thoughts and plans. Third, there are conditions covering large areas of country, and long time, where, on this theory, there is nothing for Christianity to do. I think I could find you many communities in Ontario where there is not a person for miles, who needs, or would receive a charity, except neighborly attendance in case of protracted illness; there are no classes, no castes, every one possesses what is considered necessary. Is there no work in these communities for Christian churches to do?

The extreme liberalistic view thus briefly indicated and criticised, evangelical Christians cannot but regard with deep concern. Their duty is obviously, as I have said, to address themselves to the anomalies of the hour, and secure such adjustment of the matters in question as will constitute a true advance in the kingdom of God on earth.

4. Having spent so much time on the third point, I must devote but a few words to a fourth and last point, namely this: as to whether the Church of the Future is likely to be a *denominational* church.

It is pretty safe to predict that whatever may transpire in the end, for a long time to come the best and most influential churches will be denominational. There is among evangelical Christians a growing sense of fundamental oneness in doctrine and life; and this we all regard as one of the glad signs of these latter days. Under the influence of this growing sense of unity, denominational distinctions, which rest upon mere sentiment, or are but the memorials of differences no longer regarded as real or important, must melt away. Even here the process will generally be a slow one, for a name or a form will last long after the truth has evaporated out of it.

But many denominational differences rest upon divergent interpretations of the Word of God, and that in matters of serious moment. What may we expect here? What ought we to expect? What would we really like to see? Not a diminishing reverence for the Word of God, not the ability to play fast and loose with conviction; but rather, with reverence for the Divine

Word unimpaired, and fidelity to assured convictions in no wise relaxed, the things to be desired are: ability on the part of all Christians to free themselves from prejudice; courage to look at things from the various view-points of others; a constant, ingenuous study of the Scriptures, that greater unity of interpretation may be gradually attained; and unceasing prayer, that whatever that unity was for which our Lord asked on behalf of his own, it may be speedily realized. The only external union that can have any worth in it, is that which is based upon internal unity.

There is reasonable ground that this internal unity will be approximated more and more. The ease and pleasure with which representatives of different denominations mingle, the confidence and brotherliness that exist between them, the avowed desire of all for union, in every way consistent with conviction of the right, the fact that the ministers of the different denominations use the same commentaries, read the same literature, and are continually growing in the knowledge of one another, and of the Word of God—these things all furnish ground for encouragement. May we not also find in the imperishable nature of Truth, and in the history of the past, still firmer ground for the confidence, that all the truth that is preserved and witnessed to by each denomination, will gradually filter through the partitions, and become the property of all?

But we may need patience, as we wait for this happy consummation; for unless many of you have much less strength of denominational conviction than I am disposed to credit you with, and much less than that possessed by a people with whom I am very well acquainted, we shall continue to grow in mutual love and confidence for many a year before ceasing to be denominational.

Whether the partitions will ever all be quite taken down, I am not at all sure. Even when the beliefs and practices in the various denominational compartments have become substantially the same, it is quite possible that the partitions will survive as convenient division walls for Christian work.

In conclusion it is a thought of sufficient seriousness for each of us, that in this community, and that, the Church of the Future will be largely what we, under God, make it.

T. Trotter.

FAIRY GLEN.*

Hid in the virgin wilderness,
The fretted Conway's Fairy Glen
This summer day reveals its charms
For painter's brush or poet's pen.

The air is flecked with night and day,
The ground is tiger-dusk and -gold,
The rocks and trees, empearled in haze,
A soft and far enchantment hold.

The place is peopled with shy winds
Whose fitful plumes waft dewy balm
From all the wildwood, and let fall
An incommunicable calm.

Through cleft rocks green with spray-wet moss,
Deep in the sweet wood's golden glooms,
The amber waters pulsing go,
With foam like creamy lily blooms.

Shuttles of shadow and of light
In-gleam and -gloom the watery woof
As rolls the endless stream away
Beneath the wind-swayed leafy roof.

So life's swift shuttles dart and play
As ceaseless speeds its flashing loom;
Our day is woven of sun and cloud,
A figured web of gold and gloom.

God's arbor, this enchanted Glen!
The air is sentient with His name;
Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,
The trees are bursting into flame!

T. H. R.

*Near Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.

Students' Quarter.

THE CONSERVATIVE AND PROGRESSIVE ELEMENTS IN THEOLOGY.

Theology in its broadest sense is the science of God and the relations between God and the universe. As a science its business is to investigate and systematize facts, not to create them. Its field of operation is not in the realm of mysticism and imagination, but in that of revealed truth and the facts of conscience. It is true in theology, as well as in other sciences, that there is much that is absolutely known, much that is matter of speculation, and much about which there is wide difference of opinion. It may be, then, that the best expression of theology we have at present is far from perfect. New facts are constantly coming to the front which help us to a better understanding of the truth already revealed; and we must accordingly modify, adjust, and enlarge our systems in order to express the truth in all its fulness.

The conservatism that would cling to that which "decayeth and waxeth old and is ready to vanish away," may well be rejected, as failing to furnish an adequate expression of Him who is the Truth and the Life; and at the same time, the progressiveness that would disparage and reject the essential facts of the past, may well be said to be little better than a gorgeously colored baloon, having much of semblance but little of substance. But respect for tradition does not necessarily exclude private judgment; and private judgment does not necessarily imply the rejection of tradition. The fact is that they may co-operate, and certainly must do so, if theological development is to be normal and symmetrical. This is true in the sphere of nature. Her method is not revolution but evolution, a process which in reality is at once conservative and progressive, which brings the new out of the old by the continuous growth and development of its life. What is essential in the old is retained and perfected, while the form is changed to accord with its environment and demands. This is true also in the realm of mind. A well-bal-

anced mind is conservative of the good that has come down to it through the ages ; while at the same time it is progressive, in that it examines and tests what comes under its immediate knowledge, in order to rid itself of errors, and advance in its fuller apprehension of facts formerly received. He who was The Truth recognized this principle, for he declared that "every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."

In respect to the Divine character, the conceptions of the present age are enlarged beyond any preceding one. We believe God changes not, but we change with the ages, and consequently our conceptions change also. It is the former fact probably, that causes many to assert, that theology, the human science of the Divine Being, is unchangeable also, that there can be no larger views of Him which demand expression. As well might we argue, that because the sun is the same king of day that shone on the Greeks, who thought it to be only a ball of fire no longer than the Peloponnesus, our conceptions of it should be the same as theirs.

Thousands of years ago it was affirmed that God was omnipotent, but surely every one who believes in God will acknowledge that the discoveries of modern astronomy give more stupendous conceptions of Divine power than had any of the uninspired ancients ! Surely in these latter days when the heavens are swept with telescope as some neighboring shore, and countless millions of suns and stars "scattered o'er the void immense" are heard with keener ears, to chant as one vast choir in celestial harmony the glories of the might and power of the Omnipotent, we understand somewhat better the prophet's triumphant declaration of God's greatness—"Lift up your heads on high and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number ; he calleth them all by name by the greatness of his might; for that he is strong in power not one faileth" !

So also men of all generations have believed in the righteousness of God ; yet none can read history, be it ever so superficially, without becoming possessed of ever-enlarging views of this Divine attribute. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ? belts as a band his acts both great and small, and is con-

tinually receiving the assent of the conscience of mankind, individually and collectively. More and more thoroughly, through the discipline of Providence, are we being taught the value and magnitude of this most fundamental attribute in the nature of God. And none can with unveiled heart behold its expression on Calvary, or listen to the Redeemer's piercing cry, without exclaiming, "Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shalt be, because thou hast judged thus."

But this is equally true of the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. The mystery that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body in Christ, was implied in the deeds and writings of the prophets; yet none could perceive it in its fulness, till it was seen in the light of an accomplished fact. Jonah was even wroth when the Father discovered his kindly feelings to penitent Nineveh; Peter withheld his gracious message from the uncircumcised, yet God rebuked the one by a gourd, and overcame the scruples of the other by a vision, and declared himself the God, not only of the Jew but also of the Gentile. Now by the Fatherhood of God I mean something much more definite than that expressed in Pope's universal prayer:

> "Father of all in every age,
> In every clime adored
> By saint, by savage, or by sage
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

I mean that all men are made in the image of God; and although that image has been marred through the fall, yet here and now there is in every man the capacity of sonship in its fullest and most glorious sense, through union with the second Adam, the Son of God.

Then again our views of the Atonement have been modified as the ages have advanced. The fact itself remains indisputable, but theories as to its purpose and extent have varied. In the modification and enlargement of these, jurisprudence has contributed not a little, and the interdependence of theology with it is recognized. Human ideas conceived law at first as vindictive, as wiping out the offender; then as deterrent, and conceived of the crime as an offence against the majesty of the law, and dealt punishment on the *in terrorem* principle, which the following comment by a judge will illustrate: "You are to be hanged

not so much for stealing a horse, but in order that horses may not be stolen." But now law is regarded not only as possessing these elements, but also as having in view the reformation of the offender.

There is also a corresponding growth in theology. First there is the "Avenger of Blood" stage, in which evil is regarded as a personal affront, and punishment administered on the "stripe for stripe" and "burning for burning" principle. Then there is the Governmental stage. God as the moral Governor of the universe, has other orders of creatures to consider as well as man; and hence, were He to pardon sin without a display of His displeasure He would let in a fatal principle of indulgence into the moral universe, which would be subversive of the very principle of moral obedience, and thus bring God's government into contempt.

But there is also the propitiatory aspect, which includes the truth contained in the previous theories, and adds a most important element of its own. Some choose to call this a vicarious, others an ethical atonement. It recognizes sin as an offence against the very nature of God, Christ as our substitute, His death the only satisfaction, eternal life as coming through our union with Him. It affirms that the redemptive work of Christ included his life, as well as His death, and laid the ground not only for the forgiveness of sin, for the moral renewal and deliverance of believers from the dominion of sin, but also provided for them a perfect righteousness.

Again, in regard to inspiration, while the essential fact is permanent, yet our conceptions of it have undergone change and progress. What is known as the dictation or docetic theory, holds that the writings only were inspired, that the writers were passive instruments in the hands of the Holy Spirit; that they neither spake nor wrote any word of their own, but uttered syllable by syllable what the Spirit put into their mouths.

This theory seems to have been formed from *a priori* views of what an inspired book must be, without regard to the claims or characteristics of the book itself.

But this is an untenable position, for it overlooks and fails to account for decidedly human elements, the diversities of style, the different accounts of the same occurrence by reputable eye-

witnesses. Buxtorf, in his defence of the Bible against the arrogant assumptions of the Romish church, unwisely went so far as to affirm that every letter of the current Hebrew text of the Old Testament remained unchanged by transcription, and that the vowel points and accents, which are known to have been created by Masoretic writers of the 8th and 9th centuries in order to preserve the sound of the word, were given by inspiration.

In an examination of the Book itself, we find that burning bush, shekinah glory, prophetic tongues, Jesus in person, and Jesus through his apostles, mark stages of progress, reveal different channels of communication, yet the source is ever God, it changes not.

And so among its authors we find that, while priests, kings, warriors, shepherds, publicans, fishermen, scribes, tentmakers, spake their own minds in bursts of rapture or song, of indignation or adoration, God spake His also.

The Lutheran maxim "Mens humana capax divinae," realizes itself here in a most unique sense.

However, although we cannot say positively that any one theory can fully express all of inspiration, yet the union of the divine and human elements, although as mysterious as the person of the God-Man, seems to be the only one that truly represents the Book, and satisfactorily meets the demands of our reason.

Mark that it does not assume omniscience or sinlessness, but that it does assume a proper qualifying of the writer, in order to put truth without error into permanent form; and hence whatever the Bible was intended to teach may be accepted with perfect assurance as inspired truth and having Divine authority.

In reviewing the history of the past, we are struck with the slowness with which truth has had development. Revolutionary theories have never been in the line of the truest evolution of doctrine, and have ever gone down before the assaults of judicious criticism.

While we must not be so wedded to old formulas of truth as to esteem them sacred and inviolable and not to give place to statements required by modifications of view or change of language, we must be careful to guard the truth which we have received from the reverent study of the Bible in the past; and

must not in the rage for what is new imperil that which has stood the testing of the ages.

While we must be prepared to give up the old, no matter how it may be associated with what has become dear to us, we must not give it up until we know that we have something better.

Thus with the mind open to light from the thought of the past and the present, we shall be able to secure the best results through a conservatism which is progressive, and a progressiveness which is conservative.

ALEXANDER WHITE.

THE RECENT CONVENTION.

The Baptist Young Peoples' Convention was a great surprise to many. However enthusiastic the young leaders in Toronto may have been, one thing is evident, their enthusiasm found an answering chord in many a heart all over the Province. Our young people felt they were being left too much in the background, that they must have more responsibility, and the splendid gathering in Bloor Street Church, Toronto, last month, clearly proves that they are able to shoulder the weight of a large amount of work for our Divine Master.

No one who watched the proceedings of the recent Convention could have failed to be pleased with the excellent arrangements, the complete order and dispatch, which characterized the whole proceedings. There was calm deliberation coupled with intense earnestness, and if our young people were timid and unpractised in the art of making long speeches, surely the Convention was none the less successful and inspiring. Think of eight hundred young people deeply interested in the work before us, meeting together on their own responsibility to work out plans for the salvation of souls, and to fulfil the commission of our Lord?

It was an inspiring sight. I hope no one will feel jealous when I say I think it was the most hopeful and inspiriting meeting I have yet attended in Canada.

Thoughts that were dropped in that Convention will live for

ever, not only in the memory of the delegates as incentives to labor, but in the hearts of many eyewitnesses whose years had sifted snow upon their heads.

And have the young people no special mission? Should they remain an unrepresented element in our churches to live and labor along old lines laid down by their fathers? Is their young and ardent enthusiasm not to be permitted to suggest new ideas and broader schemes? Who that has watched the progress of the student volunteer movement can doubt that it is a great uprising of the young and true hearts to carry out our Lord's last commission? Who that attended their great Convention in Cleveland last year can doubt that the whole movement is of God?

The spirit of piety, humility, consecration and courtesy shown at the recent Convention speaks volumes for the spirit of the age; surely all must feel that the young Baptists have a mission, and the Young Peoples' Convention has a *raison d'etre.*

The perfect organization, punctuality, strict attention to duty, business-like arrangements tell of forethought, judgment and devotion to the good cause; the simple, broad, charitable constitution leaves no room for discussion over small and unimportant questions and welcomes to sit in council all the earnest workers of Baptist churches. Surely there is no sacrifice of principle in comparing plans and receiving suggestions from all who are interested in the work of soul saving.

The hints for the conduct of the Young Peoples' Prayer Meeting may well be commended, not only to young but also to old people. Be punctual, prompt to take part, brief, earnest, speak so that all can hear, have a definite subject and stick to it all through, study the Word, make the prayer meeting lively with good song, cheerful with living testimony, attractive with variety, comfortable with a correct adjustment of warmth and ventilation and alive with fervent zeal.

Our missions and education received a fair share of attention and were made the subjects of earnest resolutions. Baptist principles were presented by D. E. Thomson, Esq., in a well-written paper and were enthusiastically applauded. The resolutions upon political corruption, Sunday railway traffic, the World's Fair, liquor, tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, etc., show that the young people are thinkers and awake to the great evils of the day.

We doubt if ever the Baptist cause derived a greater impetus for work, or more help from a Convention than from this the first held by the young people.

A few sentences which speak for themselves:

Keynote of the Convention:—For Christ and the Church.

The Young Peoples' Convention is a growth of necessity.

The Baptists ought to be 100,000, shall we not labor for this?

When we were born some thought of God was born with us, let us seek to realize that thought.

We believe this great uprising of young people is the result of a thought of God.

Christians must be both guided and restricted both in faith and practice by the exact instructions of the Scriptures.

Our own University and the young people of our churches:—these whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

In Corea the hills are laden with an abundant crop of rice, yet the people are starving for *the true bread.*

Canada is going to be a great, populous, rich nation, shall we not form and possess the land for Jesus Christ?

It is our business to save *this* country, if we don't, who will?

Sing no more:—"The better day is coming," rather:—"The better day is here—to every man his work."

There are many dead churches because they neglected the young.

Save the young, they will save their parents; no man can preach the gospel so eloquently as a child seven years old.

Did ever a child refuse to come to Jesus when He was on earth? Will he now if we use the right means?

The Bible only brings light. Ruskin's "Sky" and Shelley's "Clouds" seem to lift us up near heaven but they still leave us outside.

Blessed Lord! let us not love a world that murdered Thee!

O. G. Langford.

THE DISCIPLINE OF WORK.*

A few years ago an effort was made by a certain prominent man to find out which kind of life was more beneficial to a growing boy—a life of ease and pleasure or one of hard work. He sent out circulars to one hundred of the principal business men of the large New England city in which he lived, and out of the eighty-eight who replied it was found that seventy were farmers' boys, and obliged to work hard for their living. Through this training they had become fit for such positions as those of lawyers, physicians, presidents of banks and insurance companies and merchants—in short, positions of great trust and responsibility.

Thirteen of the others spent their boyhood in villages and towns, where they must work when not in school. and found little time for play. This left only five of the eighty-eight who as boys had nothing in particular to do.

You may ask " Where were the boys who were growing up at that time in that city ?" I cannot say where they were, but simply state that, with the exception of these five, they were not among its active business men. It is very easy to see why they had been pushed out by the farmers' boys They were not trained to work steadily and faithfully while they were young, and therefore must spend time in learning to do it.

In the meantime those to whom it had become second nature to be industrious and thrifty were getting ahead and so far ahead that there was no possibility of the others catching up. What the world needs is hard workers and it will have them at any cost—even if the luxurious and indolent men must sink into oblivion.

The first thing gained by this early industrial training is perfect physical health.

The boy cannot in after years be active and energetic with his work unless he is strong and healthy. The question to decide is, what is the best way of obtaining as nearly as possible perfect health.

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*Read at an open meeting of the " Heliconian," May 6th, 1892.

The pleasure-seeking life of a boy of leisure, by which I mean one who is free out of school hours, will not make him as strong as the busy life of one who is compelled to earn the means for his education. There is nothing so calculated to develop the muscle and powers of endurance as constant employment in the open air, a good appetite and sound sleep.

Put a city boy, whose hardest work has been to play games in our parks, to work beside a lad who has toiled since he was able to carry a stick of wood. You will find that he will begin to grow white and will give up long before the country boy thinks of being weary.

The worker will begin his active life with a capital consisting of a well-developed body, strongly knit muscles and vigorous health. Closely allied to this is the manual dexterity that comes from early practice and the perfect training of the feet, ears and eyes, by which they may be used to the best advantage. Our schools may do their best to supply the deficiency, but nothing will so well secure this practical skill as work in early boyhood.

The power of close attention is a great acquisition. The boy who is not particularly interested in any one thing grows to be careless about noticing the different objects in his way, but it is impossible for a worker to be successful unless he is always on the alert. What would become of the cash-boys in our stores if they did not learn to be quick in hearing and answering calls? One who has not been trained to this is likely to hear a call with indifference and answer when he is ready. The only way in which all the organs can be brought under the control of the will is by early and constant use.

Another thing gained by steady hard work is the formation of good habits. The habits of punctuality, of industry and persistence are invaluable to the business man, but they are not born in him. If they are ever to become a part of him they must be acquired while young. The early sense of responsibility and prompt obedience to duty is invaluable. Boys should by all means be allowed to play; but if the school-boy is all the time looking forward to his play and uneasy to be free, he is sure to neglect his lessons and thereby lose the power of application.

By early practice duty becomes a pleasure, and to a boy who has learned the satisfaction of having things done at the right

time, there is nothing so gratifying as to know he is doing his duty.

Another advantage which the working boy has is a knowledge of the value of money. No boy can understand this without knowing first how hard it is to get it. Unearned money is spent recklessly, and in later life, if there be no sense of its value, a fortune may slip through a man's hands without his knowing where it has gone.

The most important point of all is the development of character by work. We know already what the man is who begins his active life with the habits of punctuality and industry well established, and with a feeling of his own responsibility. He has learned the value of time and money and will use them to the best advantage.

He has *not* had time for dissipation and vice and will take his stand in the community against these.

The conclusion then to which all this leads is that a boy's being obliged to work when young is no misfortune; it is rather beneficial to his health, helps him to form good habits and develops his character. The best of us have no talents to be wasted, and we should exert ourselves to make the most of the powers we have.

We cannot begin too young to fit ourselves for the great responsibilities of life.

MARY VAN ZILE.

THE NEW APPOINTMENT.

Once in a while an event occurs which materially affects a man's welfare that he has no power to change or modify. In such an event he mentally congratulates himself upon his good fortune or silently resolves to "grin and bear it." It may be regarded as gratuitous for a student to venture an opinion abou the recent appointment to the Chancellorship, but as I am granted this privilege by the editor of our College Magazine I cheerfully embrace the opportunity.

I am delighted at this piece of "good fortune." In my humble judgment no other man should have received this appointment. Dr. Rand has already labored hard for our University, It was he who toiled while others dreamed. While our leaders were discussing the problem of *when* we should begin the Arts Department, Dr. Rand *began* the work alone in his own study. Letters which he wrote were answered by enquirers for first year work to an extent far exceeding the expectations of even the most sanguine. The second year witnessed a large increase on the first, and already the indications are favorable for a still larger increase for 1893. If we have any laurels to give, who should wear them? The man who has toiled and won, or the untried untested stranger? And have we not ample proof of the new Chancellor's qualifications for the work before him? Has he not proven himself equal to the task? Would it be safe to trust the guidance of this precious bark to the hand of an untried pilot? The Senate have done well and wisely, and though we are too young to vote, I believe the students are well pleased.

No man is perfect, but some men are nearer the mark than others. Few who know him will hesitate to admit that Dr. Rand comes very near his ideal of a cultured Christian gentleman. He is a man of large experience, rich learning, wide research and excellent taste, and withal—a man. True, he must be known to be appreciated, and some men are more easily approached than others. Some thought him reserved, but acquaintance has proven him kind and sympathetic, of strong generosity and genuine helpfulness. Dr. Rand is a man of art. He thinks, writes and speaks artistically, possesses a quiet power and calm dignity, is not wanting in any essential qualification, not even humor; he is quick witted and keen, and I feel persuaded that years of experience will prove him to be the right man in the right place. God, through his servants, has called a strong man to a great work.

A Student.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

Since I landed at Bombay, I have had a heart full of peace and joy; the Lord has blessed me. I shall not soon forget the kindness of the three Presbyterian missionaries who met me. At Bombay I heard General Booth of the S. A., and saw the S. A. soldiers in native attire. The ride of 800 miles to Madras was commenced next day. With the exception of the slowness the accommodation is excellent, one can sleep well and refreshments are good and reasonable in price. On the way we were rudely awakened at midnight by a half drunken Englishman; to our joy he did not remain long. All the next day we passed through the parched Deccan. What desolation! Everywhere the crops are a failure. Cotton, castor oil, rice, and other plants dead or only an inch in height where they ought to be a foot. The dead level of the country surprised me. I was told that the soil is wonderfully fertile, in fact it must be to stand such long droughts and ever bear fruit again. The people, plants, shrubs, trees, soil, everything new and novel, the whole day was crowded with strange and interesting sights. At the station I was met by Daniel, a Telugu preacher, who with the help of an English-speaking porter, prevented me from being pulled to pieces by the coolies. Daniel told me how glad he was to know that new missionaries were coming to his people as we rode up to the Mission Compound. Rev. C. Hadley and wife and brother J. A. K. Walker and wife received us very kindly. Rest! ah me! how my soul rejoiced as I rested once more after weary tossing here and there for so long. Friends! never were they more welcome. If Port Said is hell, and it seemed like it, Madras must be next door. I was filled with new, strange feelings, amounting almost to horror, at the sights, sounds and smells. Truly the half of the heathen's sad story "to mortals has never been told." Sad, sad, unutterably sad. I felt it weigh on me more every day. The house where Mrs. Drake lived and in which she died was visited, all closed up, testifying by its silence of sorrow. To hear the people of the church speak in praise of a noble Christian touched my heart. Here we met the McLaurins *en route*

for Bangalore. Rev. W. E. Boggs had come to Madras to meet us and so we three B.'s, Boggs, Baby and Brock, a happy young trio, take train for Nellore, 150 miles north of Madras. Here we take to carts and make the remaining 45 miles in nine hours, coolies, as the men were termed, pulling the carts. It was a romantic way of travel and at first I was rather reluctant to allow it; but when I saw the men enjoyed it I began to myself, and altogether the cool evening, beautiful trees, good hard level road and jolly songs of the coolies, together with the fact that I am in the last stage of the long journey, made it the most enjoyable part of the trip from America. If it was rest at Madras, what was it now at the end? No further to go. How strange it seemed! Two months since leaving Boston and here I am at home in India. I count it a privilege to have a place in Dr. Boggs' home. Of course everything is different from Canada. Hours for meals, houses, servants, methods of doing work, language, manner of living, all different. I was at the study of Telugu by 9 a.m. the morning after arrival and have been hard at it ever since. The Brownson Theological Seminary is the name of the splendid stone building just across from our bungalow. About 100 young men and 30 women are preparing to be teachers, there is also a primary school for the children of the Christians. The compound of 90 acres is like a small town. Bungalow, seminary with splendid buildings, school teachers' houses, and houses for the students and servants, with a good road and beautiful cocoanut, palmyra and date palms and other trees. I have had the joy of seeing eleven natives profess Christ in baptism. Then the large gathering of *clean* natives who sat down to the Lord's supper was evidence enough to satisfy me that time and money spent here has not been in vain. Famine relief work has been begun by Dr. Boggs. Poor creatures! my heart aches for them. At the new stations of Kundukur and Kanigiri I was completely carried away with the prospect of work. We helped to pull down a temple and smashed many of their gods. Land was secured at both of these points for stations and it is probable that Bro. Baby and I shall settle there.

Here we are at work at this end. Will you not use your influence at your end to forward the glorious work of the everlasting Gospel?

GEO. H. BROCK.

TORONTO TO MINNEAPOLIS.

I. From the Ferry.

The Chinee is becoming more and more abhorrent to the American. The smuggling of Chinamen into the country has lately received an impetus owing to the fact that severer legislation is immediately impending against their immigration. Crossing by the ferry at Windsor we saw a party of four Chinamen, under the pilotage of a bribed Canadian, rowing over to Detroit. The light of the half moon betrayed them however, and the instant the prow of their punt touched American soil they and their guide were marched off to the cells.

The hand of the Republic is ever extended to well meaning immigrants; but to the Yankee the Chinee is a fungus, a parasite, a leech. He does not want American customs, laws, religion or language. It is their gold. When by untiring industry and filthy frugality he has secured enough of it, he crawls back to the Orient, there to repose his old age, and to rest his bones on celestial (?) soil, the only dust, to his mind upon which the Deity smiles, and from which immortality is born.

II. From the Gangway.

In Chicago we went to Armour's yards and packing houses. The senses of hearing and smell are both dismally saluted long before the place is reached. Cattle, hogs, and sheep innumerable, fill the unfragrant air with melancholy lowings, squealings and bleatings. The terror they betray by these sounds is not groundless. Greedy death is surely satiated here. Whipped into an enclosure the unhappy hog is seized and suspended, head down, from a grooved wheel which is running along an iron track. He is first rolled along to where a figure dripping horribly from shoulder to boots with blood stands grimly waiting, knife in hand. This being, terrible in appearance as the most fiendish pirate of the story books, strikes his knife to the heart of the writhing creature, which as soon as dead—often sooner—is plunged into a vat of boiling water: then he is passed through

a gruesome cylinder where he is haired : a fourth operator with wonderful deftness separates the head from the body : a fifth disembowels it, and so on until all ready for quartering it hangs in the cooling room with thousands of fellows. Cattle are stunned before bleeding, but the slaughter of sheep and lambs is terribly pathetic. The whole business is wonderfully interesting but horrible as Danté's gloomiest vision of the Inferno. In the economy of nature the subsistence of human beings by this deluge of blood is a thing most mysterious. Leaving the place I vowed myself henceforth a vegetarian.

III. From a cable car.

The city of Chicago impresses one with its lengths, breadths and *depths* rather than its qualities. Buildings are of Babel heights and Babel are the languages spoken below them. In one aspiring structure, the masonic temple, our elevator stopped at the fifteenth story, and there were still five floors above us. The architecture of buildings is utilitarian rather than beautiful: often chaste, but never ornate. The Exposition Buildings are very huge but very fragile, and so fail to impress an observer with the highest kind of admiration, since they lack enduring quality. They are not among the structures that are a nation's permanent expression of its thought, but rather elaborate tenting places where for a day and a night the world is resolved to display and disport its wondrous self. Distances are immense, yet streets are, with few exceptions, loosely and poorly built. Facilities for transport are perfect and the officials combine western freedom and Parisian courtesy.

IV. From above, below and around.

Ten hours run brings you to Minneapolis and St. Paul : the beautiful "twin cities" of the north. The Mississippi, rapidly gathering history as it flows, bears them upon its banks. The former in size and appearance somewhat resembles Toronto but that its streets are wider and its business more evenly distributed. A charming little freak of nature worth the sight of half a dozen of your smoke-begrimmed cities is the Falls of Minnehaha. They occur on a little stream about four miles from the city of Minneapolis. At first sight the observer is disappointed at the smallness of the volume of water in the stream, but a little familiarity dispels contempt and even develops a love for this misty maiden of Indian lore and song.

B. W. Grigg.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are now able to supply a limited number of copies of our first volume, handsomely half-bound in green calf, with cloth sides and gilt top. The volume contains excellent portraits of Senator McMaster, Dr. John McLaurin, Dr. Castle, Principal Huston, Dr. Thomas, Principal Bates, and Dr. Davidson. It is thought that in a few years copies of this first volume of the MONTHLY will be treasured, and will be at a premium. We will send a copy, post-paid, to any address on receipt of $2.

We learn with pleasure of a good thought that is working out among our students. A monthly letter is being written and passed around, each student adding two pages and sending it on to the next. By this means a brotherly feeling is fostered, our young men are brought near to each other, although very widely separated, and each one is enabled to sympathize more intelligently with his fellows. Best of all, a strong bond of attachment to each other and to the University is being woven.

To President J. C. Welling, LL.D., of Columbian University, Washington, D.C., the managing editor is indebted for a copy of a most interesting pamphlet, entitled "The Law of Torture: a Study in the Evolution of Law," being an address delivered by him as President of the Anthrological Society of Washington. Dr. Welling is one of the most scholarly of Baptist University Presidents, and the pamphlet before us is the fruit of most thorough and painstaking research in old Roman and mediæval jurisprudence. We always feel thankful to the man who has gone to the bottom of an important subject and imparts in a clear concise way the results of his studies.

The managing editor has been favored by Dr. W. Wattenbach, of Berlin, with a copy of his recent contribution to the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, on certain mediæval manuscript "Letters of the Devil." After a learned discussion on the origin and historical significance of literature of this class, the author imparts a carefully edited text of the most interesting of these letters. The letters are a scathing satire directed against the corrupt Popes, clergy and monks. Satan is represented as rejoicing in their thorough-going loyalty to him, and as com-

mending their shamelessly immoral lives. Such documents throw much light on mediæval life and thought. Dr. Wattenbach is the foremost living specialist in mediæval documentary history, and whatever he writes is worthy of the closest attention.

We are happy to number among our exchanges the *Texas Historical and Biographical Magazine*, edited by Rev. J. B. Link, D.D., of Austin, Texas. It is a handsomely printed monthly of about sixty-four pages, each number containing a large amount of valuable historical and biographical matter, together with leading Baptist ministers and laymen. The feature of the magazine in which we are naturally most interested is the serial publication of Rev. W. W. Everts' translation of Hozek's Life and Works of Balthasar Hubmeyer. This work contains a full account of this greatest Baptist leader of the sixteenth century, and a practically complete reproduction of his extremely rare works. It is to be hoped that after its serial publication this important work will be issued in book form ; but the only way at present to make sure of a copy is to send $4 to Dr. Link, for 1891 and 1892. The work will be concluded with 1892.

Chancellor Blake at the recent closing of Toronto University made some interesting and encouraging statements respecting the rapid recovery of the University from the fire, and its general prosperity. Other statements in reference to the appropriation of funds provided by the Legislature for the specific purpose of scientific education to the uses of the Toronto Medical School were scarcely of less interest. In view of the fact that the Legislature in 1887 resolved that provincial funds should not henceforth be granted for medical schools, it was to be expected that the Chancellor should explain to the public how it has come to pass that the authorities—of which he is the head—have misapplied the funds of the people by providing accommodation for a medical school. Chancellor Blake deplored the transaction, and stated that he had spent much time and thought with a view of providing a remedy. The best he had been able to do was to provide that the Toronto Medical School pay to the University an annual interest on a fixed capital sum. It is to be regretted that he did not state whether he had any reason to suppose that such interest would be paid. It will be a surprise to many to learn that the Medical School has, or expects to have, any funds for such a purpose. The manner in which the authorities having this matter in hand have discharged their obligations, as disclosed by the press and by the Chancellor's authoritative statement, is calculated to awaken wide distrust.

To most persons, the facts relating to the misuse of public moneys in providing an anatomical building would have been sufficient as a deterrent from arrogating to themselves at this time any exceptional claim to public confidence in the administration of scholastic responsibilities. But not so. Chancellor Blake's address, in its spirit and tone towards sister Universities, was a genuine surprise. That the official head of the Provincial University assembled in Convocation should speak with seeming disrespect of other institutions engaged in kindred work in the Province is, we believe, an act of discourtesy unparalleled in any other province or country. The Chancellor surely did himself and, we trust, the University, an injustice. Has not the time fully come when the people of Ontario have attained to that breadth of sympathy and fellowship with all earnest efforts for the multiplication of facilities for higher education which generously assumes honesty and good faith on the part of those voluntarily supporting such a great and noble enterprise? We think so; and it is difficult to understand why the Chancellor should deem it necessary to voice, if not in explicit words, in the recurring tone of his address, that educational Pharisaism which, unhappily, would seem yet to linger about the precincts of Toronto University. The Episcopal Bishop of one of our Provinces a few years ago affirmed in his cathedral that all the children of the Province, born of Protestant parents, who had not been married under the sanctions of his church, were born out of wedlock. And Chancellor Blake would seem to believe that the University, over which he so ably presides, has some sort of patent, something answering to a sort of apostolical succession, by which alone students may be introduced through the great mysteries of matriculation to the higher education, and preserved in its pursuit from the wiles of the evil one. We cannot doubt that the Chancellor is sincere in his desire for the promotion of sound education and fruitful learning, but we submit that his utterances disclose the fact that he is not awake to the admirable activity to these ends which is increasing so rapidly in our fair Province. It is not too much to hope that the day is near when the Provincial University, supported as it is by the funds of all the people, shall deem it an unworthy and unseemly thing to appear inhospitable to all honest efforts for the widest dissemination of sound learning, even though such efforts result in bringing in different ideals from those which may happen to be specially in favor in that institution. University education is a large and complex subject. No one has any sole patent rights in this behalf. The people of this country have given equal academic authority to a number of Universities, and the great interests involved, to say nothing of courtesy and professional ethics, require that good fellowship should prevail among all who labor for such great and high ends.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

Theological Graduates, 1892.

Archibald P. McDonald was born in Osgoode, a place hallowed by the memories of the sainted McPhail. After a thorough course at Woodstock, he matriculated into the University of Toronto, where he spent three years. Next he entered the Theological Department of McMaster University, and now graduates as B. Th. Mr. McDonald has always taken an active part in all student movements, and his popularity is clearly shown by the offices and honors his fellow-students have thrust upon him. He goes to Forest.

Jesse E. Chute, a Canadian, comes of old missionary stock. He was born near Strathroy. In the Collegiate Institute of this place he prepared for matriculation, and in 1886 entered the University of Toronto. After a run on this line for two years he switched off into the theological course, and this year graduates as B. Th. Mr. Chute has in view a medical course, preparatory to entering the foreign mission field. He is thoughtful, plodding, conscientious. He goes to Kingston.

Alexander White is an Irishman, and what class would be complete without one? He was born in County Antrim, the birthplace of Principals Bates and Huston. He went to Woodstock College in 1885 and remained there three years. Then, after spending a year in St. Catharines Collegiate Institute, he entered upon a theological course, which he has now completed. At Woodstock he carried off the Hiram Calvin Prize, receiving 1st class honors in five subjects. He is fluent, witty and independent. He thoroughly believes in independence. He is pastor of Ossington Avenue, Toronto.

L. H. Steinhoff, of German extraction, was born in Simcoe. At the High School of that town he prepared for teaching. After seven years' experience in this profession, he entered the Theological Department. He possesses a generous, warmhearted and earnest nature. Mr. Steinhoff has done excellent service in church building in the Ottawa Valley. This year he has accepted a call to Kingsville.

T. J. Bennet, a Novascotian, was born in Wolfville. He matriculated into King's College, Windsor, N.S, in which he took a partial course in science and engineering. A successful term in the Provincial Normal School qualified him for teaching. Leaving this profession after two years, he took up the study of theology. Considering his general attainments and unassuming manner, we would judge that he will wear well. He goes to Herkimer St., Hamilton.

Extracts From Letters.

The following extracts from letters received from our students will no doubt be interesting to our readers; post cards have also been received from many too busy to write us at length. Messrs. Warnicker and Thorold are in Montreal, and too much occupied to give us even a line. Messrs. Doolittle, Murduck, Evans, Mitchell, Young, Whidden, Gunton, Park, Routlidge, Therrien, Reeve and Frith, send cards which indicate that they are thoroughly employed in their Master's work. We wish all our students a prosperous and pleasant vacation, and hope they will all return encouraged and invigorated.

The loveliest spot in Canada is St. Catharines, and this lovely spot is at its loveliest just now. The blossom of the fruit trees, interblended with the green of the chestnut and maple, charms the eye. The lavish blossoms prophesy an enormous fruit crop in the fall. This old city is as irregular as the old Welland canal on which it has grown up. Starting from one of its banks, the streets have straggled off in a free-and-easy fashion, which delights the lover of nature. The place lacks, in a large measure the artificiality of many cities; none of your stereotyped square blocks here. It has the appearance of having *grown* rather than been *built*.

The Lyman St. church is just as interesting as the city. Small 'tis true, but it hums with busy-workers—a hive in which there are few drones and none wanted. The people are earnest and spiritual, and notably show an interest in the truth, a desire for souls, and a readiness to work. Congregations good; prospects bright. E. Seldon.

I find myself stationed for the summer month in the flourishing county of Prescott, in East Hawkesbury, or what the inhabitants here call Coquerell, about a mile from the village of St. Eugene, and five miles from the River Ottawa. But a few years ago the fields were covered with rocks and trees, to-day they are cleared and green with the coming crop; the pure country air is inhaled by the student from the city with delight, as he listens to the running brooks, and the singing birds, and imagines that he is at the far famed Caledonia Springs, which are but a few miles away.

On a corner, formed by the meeting of two roads, is situated our little brick church, known as the "Dempsey Baptist Chapel." There we are laboring for the Master, while on Sunday evening we speak in both French and English in St. Eugene village. Here Miss Frith is doing a noble work for the Master. This is a neat little village, the inhabitants being, with but few exceptions, French Catholics. In the centre of the village stands one of those great churches, with its spire stretching towards the heavens, the tolling of whose great bell declares that Rome rules. Nevertheless our motto for the summer is "Lift up Christ."

Geo. R. MacFaul.

A TOWN that boasts "former greatness" frequently cannot boast much of the present, yet if Thorold was important once it is yet. But she owes her whole importance to the public works—the canals. These give her beauty, life and power—*beauty* from the manner in which the canals are built, the waste-weirs with their grassy banks and waterfalls, also the massive stonework and workmanship of the walls and gates of the canal itself ; *life*, from the constant passing of vessels up and down which come from all parts of our inland waters, bearing their precious freights of passengers and merchandise ; but more truly does she derive life through the *power* she gets from the constant and powerful flow of the water through the canal which drives her many mills and factories, thus giving steady employment day and night to hundreds of her inhabitants.

W. S. McALPINE.

BELFOUNTAIN is charmingly situated about one mile from Credit Forks—a station on the Credit Valley branch of the C.P.R. Upon one side we have immense stone quarries (which supplied stone for the new Parliament Buildings and City Hall in Toronto) ; upon the other side we have a magnificent farming country. A river runs through the village which affords excellent trout fishing. No finer scenery is to be found this side the Rocky Mountains. The people are large hearted and genial, but mostly very indifferent to spiritual things. Our church is a large stone building capable of seating 400 persons. Our audiences are large—especially at night when between 300 and 400 people gather weekly and listen with intense earnestness to the preaching of God's word. Our membership is now about 35. There is plenty of wealth among our people—several members being worth $100,000 and upwards, but with all their temporal prosperity but few of them have much zeal for the Master. This is a difficult field, but through the help of God we are expecting great things. Pray for us.

S. S. WEAVER.

I AM situated in the northern part of that ambitious city called Hamilton, whose citizens like to think of their great neighbor, Toronto, as one of their suburbs. This part of the city is farthest from the mountain and overlooks the bay. It is by far the least attractive part of the city, whether you regard it from the standpoints of the culture of the people, the residences, the trees, which always give great charm to any city, or the streets. It is the abode, principally, not of the very poorest or the vicious, but of the working classes. From the size of the chapel in this part of the town, I should judge that the majority of church members are Catholics. There is a good sized Methodist church, a Presbyterian mission and our own little church.

W. POCOCK.

SAWYERVILLE is in the County of Compton, Quebec, about 20 miles east of Sherbrooke. It is a small straggling village, lying in a valley surrounded by lofty hills, from any one of which a magnificent view of the country can be obtained. The settlement is an English one, and,

but for a few French families, is entirely Protestant. The people are exceedingly hospitable, and the simplicity of their lives bears a pleasant contrast to the artificial life one is accustomed to in cities. The only special feature in the work here is the evangelistic services which the pastor of the church here and I intend to conduct in the outlying district from time to time.

J. H. Payne.

Minto, North Dakota, is situated on the Great Northern P. R., 60 miles south of the International line, and is the finest wheat raising district of the south. It has a mixed population of about 500, composed of Canadians, Americans, Norwigeans and Poles. The Canadians are in the majority. Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and Catholics are represented. The buildings are frame except a large brick grist mill. There are four large elevators for storing grain. Business is brisk in this place. The country is level prairie, the monotomy of which is relieved by timber along the river.

Frank Hunter.

Kingsville is a beautiful village on the Lake Erie shore, thirty miles from Detroit. It has three churches and a populatien of 1,500. The Baptist cause here is very weak but the people are hopeful. The citizens are very easy going and friendly—American-like, and have a sharp eye to business. The town is lighted and heated by natural gas. It has a large summer resort, the Matawas, where about 250 tourists come to spend some months each summer. The town is lively and business-like. I hope to see a strong Baptist cause established here, although there are many things to discourage.

L. H. Steinhoff.

Forest is a pleasant little town of about two or three thousand people, situated on the main line of the G. T. R., about fifteen miles east of Sarnia, and about four miles from Lake Huron, to which there are several beautiful highways. It is surrounded by an attractive country. Fruits, such as apples, peaches, cherries, grapes, etc., are abundant. The educational advantages are good, including well-equipped public and high schools. There are here Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Plymouth Brethern, and Roman Catholic meeting houses respectively, all of which are well attended.

The moral tone of this place is high, the temperance sentiment strong. On the whole, a beautiful and desirable town in which to live.

A. P. McDonald.

The South Indian church holds its services in the school house of Grant, about three miles from the little village of South Indian, on the Canada Atlantic Railway. Organized only last November, it has increased from eleven members to fifty-five. Pastors O. C. Carey and J. R. Coutts are the honored instruments in securing this interest. The church, through its delegates, applies this month for admission to the Ottawa Association. Financially the members are not strong; but they are a warm-hearted, whole-souled band of New Testament Chris-

tians, who mean business for the Lord. Preaching services, Sunday school, mission band, prayer meetings, etc., are well attended. Our drawback now is an uncomfortable school room—too small even for the prayer meeting. Our hope is, in a short time, to occupy a neat and comfortable chapel, free of debt. The amount for the building is already subscribed. One hundred dollars more will complete all for occupancy. The field is wide, the prospect bright.

C. W. KING.

KINGSEY FALLS is a small village of about six hundred people. It is situated near the G. T. R., just half way between Montreal and Quebec City. A few years ago both the village and surrounding country were peopled altogether by the English, now the population is more than half French. These are all staunch Romanists. The place derives its name from the beautiful little falls here on the south branch of the River Nicolet. The Dominion Paper Company's mills, located here, provide the chief employment in the place. Ten miles to the south are located quite extensive asbestos mines. The country is slightly rolling, with beautiful streams flowing in every direction, varied by frequent wood-covered mountains of rock that rise abruptly out of the level ground. There are two Protestant churches—Baptist and Methodist. From this point northward, however, with the exception of Quebec City, you will not find another Baptist church, and very few Protestant churches of any kind, till you reach the North Pole. Perhaps there are some there, but I have not heard of them.

E. NORMAN.

I AM settled for the summer with 2nd Markham church, twenty-five miles north-east of the city. This church possesses two chapels, in both of which service is conducted on the Lord's Day. It also sustains a flourishing Sunday school and a large and interesting prayer meeting at each end of the field. A little over a year ago, the church enjoyed a season of great spiritual blessing, when nearly one hundred young people were led to Christ. The work of the student lies along the line of training and building up the young converts.

E. J STOBO.

I AM living at present in the rich agricultural township of Lobo. There are no mountains, no deep glens, no rushing cataract, no lake dotted with steamers and pleasure-boats, yet on all sides beautiful sights meet the eye. The land is very gently undulating and abounds with green fields, blossoming orchards and fresh-leaved woods. The roads are unequalled by any others in the country, and the comfortable dwellings, large barns and tidy fences bespeak a peaceable, industrious population. I miss the rumble of the Belt Line street cars, the clatter of hoofs, the screech of the C. P. R. whistle, and the musical harmony of the guitar and mandolin, yet the country air and country sights are refreshing and exhilarating. My occupation for the summer—canvassing for the MCMASTER MONTHLY—will bring me in contact with many different kinds of people, and make me acquainted with many of our Baptist churches.

WALTER DANIEL.

I AM working the field of South Cayuga and Rockport. The people are kind-hearted Baptist farmers. The South Cayuga church is about eight miles south-west of Dunnville. I preach one Sunday morning and evening in South Cayuga, and in the afternoon at Rockport. The next Sunday I have but two services, South Cayuga in the morning and Rockport in the evening. Prayer meeting in South Cayuga on Friday evenings. The scenery of this part of the country is very fine, the Grand River, the fields, the woods, the hills and valleys presenting a beautiful picture.

WM. F. CUTHBERT.

MY home is at Lacolle, beside the River Richelieu, near where it widens out into the broad sheet of water known as Lake Champlain. The district itself is a part of the stretch of country commonly spoken of as the "Garden of Quebec," from the exceeding fruitfulness of the soil. The scenery of this part of Quebec is very beautiful, and the sporting facilities are excellent, and as Lake Champlain, although in the United States, is near home, I will take it as an example of the excellent fishing grounds; while the Adirondacks, which extend down to its shores, are a veritable paradise for hunters. The people about here are partly English and partly French; although the French are increasing, while the English are diminishing. I am working at home this summer, and endeavoring at the same time to do some studying.

CHAS. H. SCHUTT.

KINGSTON.—Every one who sees that name associates with it another word,—"limestone." So it is called the Limestone City. It is rightly named, for we see limestone everywhere. The buildings, the doorsteps, the curbstones, the pavements, are all of limestone and the whole body of the earth is composed of it. A thin stratum of earth, barely sufficient to make soil for gardens and lawns is all that covers the bed rock, all solid rock. This makes the construction of sewers and the laying of gas and water pipes a slow and costly work. The sound of blasting becomes familiar.

This is one of our oldest cities. Life moves leisurely; nobody is in a hurry. This is due in some respect to the fact that most of the young life is drained off by Uncle Sam. We are so near him here that we feel his personal magnetism very much. Everybody here seems to know every one else and knows all about him. No one is lost in "the madding crowd's ignoble strife." All eyes are on the stranger. Each one has his opinion of him and expresses it to his neighbor.

This place might be a real summer resort. It is situated at the beginning of the Thousand Islands, where the amount and quality of scenery is not excelled in any part of the world. The scenes of this fairy land in an early June day or by moonlight pass description. It is just one grand panorama of enchanting views, one succession of variation, spread out as if purposely planned to please the eye, stir the imagination, and elevate the soul. This will surely be the school of America's poets and painters.

This city seems to be fairly religious, though we will have to wait for a further acquaintance to judge whether it is godly. The Catholics

number about one-third of the population. Presbyterians are as strong as would be expected under the wing of Queen's University, Methodists well represented, Congregationalists two churches and a mission. Baptists are weak in numbers though fairly wealthy, only one church and the mission in which I am engaged. Our mission has a Sunday school of about thirty-five, and our evening services number about forty. Prayer meetings well attended for a new cause.

This child is young, but we think it has health, and with careful nursing will develop.

J. E. Chute.

Port Elgin, a town of over 2,000 inhabitants, is situated on the main line of railway from Guelph westward, in the far-famed Scotch County of Bruce. The main street is the well beaten Goderich road which runs about parallel with the shore of Lake Huron, and about half a mile from the water's edge. The streets are regularly laid out, most of them being lined on both sides with beautiful maples. The people speak both German and English. The churches are numerous, representing seven or eight distinct bodies. There are High and Public schools, both flourishing. Employment, as in most Canadian towns, from some unknown (?) cause is at present somewhat slack. Among the most noteworthy manufactures are brushes, brooms and buttons, together with the common industries, foundry, grist mill, tannery, sash and door factory, etc.

The situation and scenery of Port Elgin are beautiful. The soil, a sandy loam, forming a gentle slope to the water, renders mud almost unknown. The street walks are, to a large extent, the green sward of nature. Strolling over to the lakeside in the evening, we behold a scene which few towns of Ontario can provide—sunset upon the water. The golden orb of day has almost finished his course, and now, slightly uplifted and with blazing beams, seems to halt before sinking into his watery bed. As he slowly sinks, between the eye and the far-off scene lies an undulating path of golden blazon, lined on either side with borders of red. Up the shore is the beautiful park, "Goble's Grove," with its gurgling springs, used as a summer tenting ground. Here, too, we have mineral baths for the comfort and healing of citizens and visitors. On the right is the revolving light of Chantra Island lighthouse, twinkling on the horizon like some huge meteor, while off to our left we can hear the ceaseless murmur from the lapping of the waves upon the rocky shore.

H. L. McNeil.

I am away down beside the sea, at Port Medway, N.S., farthest away of all, I think, from home and friends. "Home," all hail! "Friends," greeting! Backward season, rough weather and hard times are with us. Stout hearts, a good country and determination come to our assistance in the struggle. I inhale the vigorous breath of the Atlantic and say "alas! that all are not able to enjoy the same blessing." The people here differ much from those that dwell inland. Somewhat rugged in manner, they are correspondingly rugged in heart

If time permits I shall have opportunity to see a few schools of fish taken in the "trap," and also to catch a few of the far-famed Nova Scotia trout, with, possibly, a salmon or two. A summer beside the sea would mean health to the bones and breadth to the experience of any of our students. The work is rallying and there are signs of coming showers.

DAN. HATT.

Port Perry where the lines have fallen unto us is a pleasant place situated on a gentle slope at the foot of Lake Scugog. Immediately opposite the town and stretching about nine miles down the lake is "The Island" which bears the same euphonious name. From an eminence on this island we have a most picturesque view of the town and surrounding country. The houses interspersed with dark masses of foliage appear to rise rank behind rank, like an enfilade at intervals, bristling with chimneys and steeples. The numerous shade trees that line the streets and the dense shrubbery of the gardens give the place in the distance the appearance of a miniature "Forest City." The surrounding fields and verdant slopes chequered by interlacing fences and turnpike roads present the picture of an English country landscape. From this height we can see parts of no less than *nine* different townships. For rural beauty the scene before us with its varied features—the winding lake that disappears among the misty hills, the clustering groups of quiet villages, the areas of forest grain and meadow, the lawns and gardens with intervening glades and shadowy dells, the fringe of wavy hills that skirting the horizon shuts in the landscape—we may fairly say is surpassed by few panoramic views in this province. The town has fine equipments. Five churches minister to the spiritual needs of the people; two local journals dispense the news and gossip of the day; a High School that stands in the front rank among competitors; efficient Public Schools train the young idea to shoot; five licensed victuallers aim to shoot the young idea. In addition the town possesses Exhibition grounds that would do credit to any second rate city of Ontario, and suburban residences—chief of which is Dr. Sangster's of Mathematical fame—that with dignity might stand in Rosedale. Popular excursions by steamer from this place to Sturgeon Point, a delightful summer resort forty miles down the river, afford an annual outing for Y. P. S. C. E's and various local lodges, while Sunday Schools content themselves with the nearer pleasure grounds of Washburn Island. Of all the pleasant rural towns, where no newsboy with clarion cry assails you, where the streets are free from the din and babble of densely crowded traffic, and the air unclouded by city dust and smoke, where no surly porter snubs you nor landshark takes you in, but whose people are honest, affable and kind, where no dingy lanes and squalid slums house the half-starved poor, but where nature with lavish charms and art with skilful grace unite to beautify the home—of all such romantic country seats in our ramblings found this is "the loveliest of the plain."

C. J. CAMERON.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Graduating Class.

And now the general topic is, our graduating class, and what shall we say about them? To say that the whole school is proud of such a class, is to state the matter mildly. They are girls who may be expected to do much in the future, in the way of scholarly attainment, and, still more, in living lives of Christian usefulness. We bid farewell to them with sorrow, which is lightened only by the fact that some of them expect to be residents of Moulton whilst pursuing studies at McMaster.

Feeling sure that others would like to know more of them than can be learnt while listening to their graduation essays, we shall endeavor to give the readers of the Monthly a little of our knowledge of this most interesting and promising class.

Mary Elizabeth Dryden.

Taken alphabetically, or longitudinally, Miss Dryden comes first. She belongs to the "Class of '92," because an attack of typhoid fever prevented her finishing her course in '91. We feel somewhat grateful (tho' she may not) to the fever for thus prolonging her school life, for have we not enjoyed for a year longer, her caricatures of Æneas and Dido, and her illustrations, not wholly mathematical, of dull, lifeless algebraic formulas? How we have pitied the patient teacher who could know nothing of the fun, nor of its source—so calm and unmoved was the face of the one who gave rise to it. Miss Dryden is the poet of the class, and her productions are both amusing and interesting. As a scholar, she has attained a place of distinction among her classmates; her studies have not been confined to those in the Matriculation Course. Besides studying other branches outside her regular work, she has devoted not a little time to painting. We shall miss her, but our loss is the gain of the Arts Department. We hope to see her, four years hence, receive there her diploma as a fair bachelor.

Lena Harris.

Miss Harris, a graduate from our Classical Course, is second on our list. Her home is in Brantford, Ont., and she has spent three years at Moulton. None but those who know her well could suspect that beneath that ordinarily calm demeanor and grave carriage there is concealed a nimbleness of motion, a mirth-provoking power of expression, and a faculty for leadership, which, on occasions of jollification, such as Hallowe'en and the 24th of May, have been the life of the College festivities. She leaves behind her many friends and well-wishers. May she continue to enliven dull places, as she has here helped to vary the monotony of school routine!

Elizabeth Nuckolls Newman.

One feature of our class this year is its youthfulness—and of this qualification Miss Newman is its ablest representative. Her quick per-

ception, her powers of reasoning, and her determination to know things from every standpoint, are well-known to all her schoolmates. No one, however, has yet been able to decide whether she owes her attainments to hard study, or to heredity. If the latter, we may say with Dogberry, that, in her case, "to write and read comes by nature." She is one of the few, the very few, students, who, in vacation time, have been known to "work algebra for fun." She, too, looks forward to a University course, and we wish her still greater success in her studies there.

Clara Spalding Tomlinson.

Next in order is Miss Tomlinson, and we think she is to be complimented on her skill in argument, her command of English, and her powers of description. We look forward to her developing the talents she possesses. Miss Tomlinson is a graduate of our Matriculation Course.

Mary Lister Wilson.

Number five is Miss Wilson, not exactly a prairie chicken, tho' her home is in Brandon, Manitoba. She reminds one of the fresh breezes of her province, and is characterized by a sturdy Western independence. We are sure that she will do good work in whatever she may attempt to do, for, beside possessing natural ability beyond the average, she evinces a strong determination to succeed in her undertakings. It is her intention, we believe, to return to Moulton, and, while taking some studies in McMaster University, to give special attention to music, in which she is already proficient.

The "Twenty-Fourth" passed quietly but very pleasantly at Moulton College. On coming down to the dining-room in the morning, we found that some of the more thoughtful students had spent much of the evening before in decorating it most tastefully with portraits of the Queen and some of our leading statesmen, also with flags and banners. The largest flag that could be found was draped over the door—by which all entered—thus showing the true, loyal spirit of our fair young Canadians.

At first we were a little afraid that our Americans would feel hurt at so much manifestation of loyalty; but all fear of any differences of national feeling was banished when we saw our Principal, on entering the dining-room, come forward and take from among the draperies a small British flag, and wear it during the morning meal. We were all so delighted to see an expression of good-will shown by our American Principal, that we applauded her vigorously.

Before taking our places all joined in singing a verse of "God save the Queen." A very acceptable feature of the festivities was the "good things" provided by Miss Harper. The day was spent in games of tennis, feasting and study (?) and was brought to a close by the students indulging in a good taffy-pull, engaged in in the "Lower Regions," and for which we were again truly grateful to Miss Harper.

The Closing at Moulton College.

The most successful closing exercises in the short history of Moulton College were those of this year, beginning on June 5th, with the sermon to the graduates, by Prof. True, of Rochester. His subject was "Growth." Many helpful thoughts were presented. On Wednesday evening an "At Home" was given by the Faculty, at which over three hundred friends of the College were present. The main features of the entertainment were the musical recital and art exhibit. Sawyer's sacred cantata, "The Widow of Nain," was excellently rendered by the chorus of students, the solo parts being well sustained by the Misses Minnie McLaurin, Emma Dryden and Maud Millichamp, and this was followed by several vocal and instrumental selections of a high character. Miss Jarvis, a pupil of Miss Smart's, possesses an unusually promising voice. Last on the programme was a tambourine drill, by members of the calisthenic class. The young ladies were noticeable for their erect carriage, gracefulness, and precision of movement. If such happy results have followed the use of the limited facilities at disposal for calisthenic drill, what may not be expected from the promised gymnasium? The refreshments in the dining-room, presided over by our capable matron, Miss Harper, were fully appreciated.

On Tuesday evening, in the presence of a large and interested audience in the Bloor St. Baptist church, diplomas were awarded to the five graduates. Miss Smiley presided with dignity. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Elmore Harris, after which Mendelssohn's "I waited for the Lord" was rendered by Misses Smart and Jarvis, assisted by a chorus of selected voices from the College. The first essay of the evening was read by Miss Mary Elizabeth Dryden, on the subject, "The Value of Scientific Study." The practical uses of science were touched upon, both as to past and present achievements, and the possible outlook for the future. The essayist called special attention to the progress which the world is to make through the study of sociology. Miss Lena Harris then read a paper on Alaska. After calling attention to the remarkable natural features of that region, its climate and products, Miss Harris presented a picture of the inhabitants, describing them, though largely as yet uncivilized, as docile, intelligent and willing to receive improvements upon their customs and habits of life. A vocal solo, entitled "Be Thou With Me," by Hiller, was then pleasingly rendered by Miss Sauermann. The next number on the programme, an essay, entitled "The Origin and Interpretation of Mythology," by Miss Elizabeth Nuckolls Newman, of Toronto, was not read. The basis of Miss Tomlinson's essay was the thought of the leadership of women as suggested by the famous words descriptive of Dido in Virgil's Æneid, "Dux Femina Facti." The essayist presented forcefully the leadership of women, historical, scientific and philanthropic, and as a guiding influence in the home, at the very sources of power. The last essay was read by Miss Mary Lister Wilson, of Brandon, Man., on "Hawthorne and Nature." Hawthorne's fondness for solitude in his early life, his love for birds and flowers, his power of presenting landscape pictures, or of seeing the hidden beauty of nature, were all dwelt upon. The essay closed with ascribing to Hawthorne what Ruskin calls the great essential of all noble work—repose.

A vocal duet, "Quis Est Homo" (Rossini), by Misses Smart and E. J. Dryden was then sung, the two voices blending exquisitely. Miss Smiley presented the diplomas of the College to the five graduates. Miss Smiley in her eloquent address to the graduating class called attention to the fact that their graduation was but a step in their education, and that they, as young women of these later years of the nineteenth century, were entering upon a great heritage. The question of what they should do with their opportunities and privileges and the manner in which they should enter upon their further studies was ably presented. Miss Smiley's address was one of unusual power and earnestness. Four of the graduates have completed the matriculation course, and one the classical course.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

The Graduates of Woodstock College, 1892.

Wm. J. Goble represents the well-known Gobles' Corners. Will first made the acquaintance of the school some eight years ago; he was then an innocent looking, beardless boy. After a few months stay he thought it proper to put off the completion of his education till a more convenient season and withdraw from the school. Three years ago he again returned and entered upon the pursuit of his studies with so much vim that he now ranks in the long roll of grads of Woodstock College. Will is known far and wide as an enthusiast in college sports, of which football is his favorite game. He has taken part in many a hard fought game and whenever the team may have been weak it was not in the part assigned to Will. He intends to pursue his studies in Toronto.

Harry T. Keating is from Oil City. Regretfully Woodstock College says good-bye to Harry. His has been a thorough and strong course and well has he earned his honors. Much may be expected from him in the future, and all will be delighted with whatever successes may fall to his lot. His record at Woodstock is in every respect an honorable one, and we shall be glad if Harry can find us one who may in some respect be a successor to himself.

Judson DeCew connects the present with the past in a way that is quite unique. His is the distinction of having had connection with Woodstock College during the administration of four, if not of five, principals. He, moreover, came under the ameliorating influences of the palmy days of co-education, a bit of good fortune shared only by one other member of the class of 1892. Numerous other honors sit easy upon Jud; he blows the horn and kicks the rubber in fine style. In the intricacies of orthographical style he has no competitors. Jud's cheery note, happy face and manly form will be missed by all.

John C. Sycamore's nativity needs no publishing to those who have once heard the rythmical tone and pronunciation of his fluent English speech. After coming to Canada, Y.M.C.A. work engaged his

attention for some time in Toronto. Gradually moving westward he took the pastoral charge of the little church at Wolverton. After two or three month's service on this field he entered upon his college course at Woodstock in Sept., 1890. His scholastic career thus far has been signally successful and should he continue as he has begun an enviable future is before him. J. C. will have friends wherever he goes; hard work evidently does not diminish his enjoyment of life and he always finds time to make some other life happy in the happiness of his own. Many will regretfully say good-bye to the genial Sycamore.

Edward W. Coventry and his little brother Chas. T. are Woodstock boys who made the acquintance of the inside of W. C. now nearly three years ago. Their course and progress while in attendance have been very similar. The 7th June witnessed their successful graduation and now they possess the diploma of the College. The Coventry brothers seek to vary the monotony of study and of life in general, by indulging themselves, as often as time and occasion suit, in the musical harmonies of a fine pair of band instrument. The Sunday services at the Oxford St. Baptist church have been greatly assisted by the orchestral accompaniment of these instruments.

Allan C. Seager hails from Goderich. He has been at Woodstock College for nearly three years, and from beginning to end his work has been above the average. Since midwinter he has been greatly hindered by a dangerous illness, but in spite of that he takes the College diploma with honors. Loyalty to his own church home has been a feature of Allan's college life. He was ever at the post of duty; no attractions elsewhere lured, and no hindrances prevented. Some day, if it should ever be necessary, he'll be able consistently to say to the itching ears "do as I did." It is whispered among the boys, although Allan does not know it, that he will yet live in a large house, and sign himself Huron, Toronto, or Montreal.

Chas. Garrow is a member of the Goderich colony that has graced the halls of Woodstock College for nearly three years past. Charlie is the junior member of the colony, and of the class of 1892 as well, but his youthfulness does not seem to prevent him from leaving a record that is clean and honorable in every respect. Charlie's place is now vacant, and the College is anxiously looking for the fulfilment of a certain promise given publicly last year, that successors to the Garrow boys should for some time be forthcoming.

It is believed that the legal profession has attractions for Charlie. Certainly if he shall don the gown, and hang out his shingle, the world will be the richer; there will then be one honest lawyer.

Archibald J. Darroch is a Highlander from that country of Scotchmen, West Bruce. Archy has known the school under four principals, knows its genius and traditions, and is a true and loyal son of the College. Like most other lads the subject of our sketch has his favorite studies. Well thumb'd is Bradley's Arnold, the sole companion of many a lonely hour, and its lids were often warmed by his pillow, when the latter was brought back from active service. But Archy is a born

theologian and in the realm of theology he is likely to do his hardest thinking. Nothing is more congenial to his tastes than either to discuss or to hear exposition on the the great truths of the Word. Archy is whole-souled, beloved and esteemed by all.

THE subject of this sketch is a member of that widely known family, the Browns. Mr. Lew. Brown, though yet in his teens, has given evidence of being the possessor of no mean abilities. He has spent three delightful years in Woodstock—and vicinity. His record as a student has been eminently satisfactory. He is a good worker, and has generally kept himself on the right side of College regulations. Notwithstanding a rumored attachment to the medical profession, it is generally understood that Lew's objective point is Telugu land with his missionary brother. The faculty and students of W.C., as well as a select circle of outside friends, will much regret Lew's departure from our midst.

EDWARD P. COLLINS is a native of Princeton, County of Oxford. Ed. first made the acquaintance of Woodstock College in the year of 1887-1888, and since that time he has been in almost continuous attendance. The chapter of events belonging to that period is very familiar to the subject of this sketch ; if not a participant in the occurrences of the time, he knows every one else who was His good nature and love of fun make him a favorite with all. Unobtrusive and modest he is, yet the boys know too well that in some things they are out of the race when Ed. Collins is around. It is a matter of daily remark and satisfaction how solicitously the charge of his little brother Phil, a young and promising first-year lad, devolves upon big brother Ed.

CLARENCE B. MOLLINS is a dweller in the neighborhood of Burgessville. Clarence has kept on quietly but steadily for the full course, and now he has his reward in a successful graduation. We hope he may send another from Burgessville to take the vacant place that he now leaves. C. B. will probably pursue further studies in Toronto, and we believe he has laid foundations during the last two and-a half years that will carry a fair superstructure.

JOHN F. VICHERT is another Gobles' boy. He is yet in his teens, as the youthful face would easily show ; but his is an old and wise head on young shoulders. It does us all good to hear John's sage reasonings on the outlook for the future. The University will next year ring with John's flowing eloquence ; but no one doubts that the "boy preacher" will carry his honors with becoming grace and modesty.

PETER MODE hails from Vankleek Hill. Peter has been in attendance for one year, and in that time has won upon the regards of all. He has youth, ability, manliness on his side. His influence will ever be on the side of right, and none will ever regret having known P. Mode. Woodstock College will be the poorer because of his leaving, and McMaster University the richer for his presence.

JOHN MCCAW'S home is in the sturdy east. Some years ago he migrated westward to the neighborhood of Chatham, and here he came

under influences that ultimately led him to the College. In the College he has spent three years of strong, earnest, hard work. He, too, has graduated with honors. Force of character, a dogged determination to bring things to a successful issue, and strong convictions are his. No mere carpet-knight is he, but a man ready for the hard service of the open field. John's future will be watched with interest by many friends both east and west.

J. A. Armstrong and A. N. Marshall are both strong men. The former is a Peel boy, and the latter is a Novascotian. McMaster University will be enriched by the accession of these men. They both came to Woodstock during the present year, and in a very short time have covered a remarkable amount of work. They will both speak for themselves, not so much by words as by actions.

Hugh H. Hurley is a native Quebecer. When quite young he went out to Michigan in pursuit of fortune. After spending some months in Michigan and seeing life in the pine woods he crossed the boundary into Manitoba, took up land and successfully carried on farming for eight years. Two and a half years ago he came to Woodstock to pursue a course of study for the ministry. This course he has now completed, so far as it is obtainable here. During his stay in Woodstock Hurley has made hosts of friends and he will be much missed by all. It always did us good to see him on the foot-ball field; but woe to the poor unfortunate that crossed his path when H. H. was making a charge—the result was usually disastrous to the other fellow. Nothing can ever divert Hurley from the most conscientious adherence to the right.

Jas. W. Gregg, of the City of the Straits, Detroit, has attained his goal, and expects that he will next year take a medical course at Trinity College, Toronto. It may be said in passing that the medical course in Woodstock College is limited, but supposed to be helpfully suggestive. The associations of medical schools are not generally such as one would fancy J. W. would care for, but Trinity may be an exception. At any rate, J. W. will not soon be forgotten at Woodstock College, and we have every reason to believe that his old *Alma Mater* will long have a warm place in his heart.

Jas. B. Paterson is a Montrealler. He appeared on the scene of his future years of College life under the happy auspices of the genial John B. Warnicker. Some of the boys of the College still remember the gusto with which the old stager, John B., introduced the innocent and wondering *protegé* to all the marvellous things. In due time the Jas. B. of early days no doubt became an adept at the same service. J. B. plodded on in his scholastic work, and now he has the satisfaction of carrying his diploma of matriculation. But what about a goal-keeper in some hard-fought foot-ball contest? Perhaps J. B. will come up on occasion and fill the breach.

S. L. Clindinnan claims Belleville as his home. Clin is one of those good-natured chaps that aren't started by trifles, but if they do go off, it's best not to be too near. And then, the way Clin could swing

clubs! It was a pretty sight to see that form clad in suitable athletic costume, and then, to the rythmical movement of piano, to see those clubs keep time! Clin studied faithfully, and well earned his matriculation. Every fellow in the school congratulates the boy. He'll be heartily welcome every time he comes to Woodstock. Success!

GEO. A. SCOTT is a Forest boy, who came to the College nearly three years ago. From the day of his coming George pitched into things as if he meant business, and in a short time showed that he was a piece of no ordinary stuff. Every day improved his scholarship, he got a grasp of his studies, and to-day he has but few superiors in his own class. His standing at Matriculation was an enviable one. He will accompany the class to McMaster, and it is certain that his generous nature will soon make hosts of friends there as here.

FRANK N. GOBLE is a brother of W. J. Frank has graduated from our Four Year English Scientific Course, and has done it with great credit to himself. He has shown rare skill in the Manual Department, and if he shall pursue further studies in this direction it is certain that his mechanical skill must win distinction for him. Frank is certainly one of the boys who will yet do credit to *Alma Mater*.

ABOUT a month ago Mr. H. S. Robertson, B A., Mathematical Master of the College, returned from that famous health resort at Clifton Springs, N. Y. He is much improved in health, and speaks enthusiastically of the whole system of treatment given to invalids. Mr. Robertson will in about two or three weeks proceed to the Maritime Provinces where he will spend the summer by the sea.

THE ordeal of Matriculation and other exams. is over for the year. No other comment on the character of the work done by the boys is needed than that furnished by the published lists. The Matriculation class has done well, but see next year!

REV. J. J. BAKER, M.A., who preached the annual sermon to the class on Sunday, June 5th, paid his *Alma Mater* a visit on the following Monday, and discoursed pleasantly and profitably to the boys before work for the day began.

MONDAY evening, June 6th, the graduates assumed the direction of affairs at the tea-table, and entertained their friends in a pleasant way for an hour or two. A large number of ladies graced the dining-hall with their presence. An agreeable exchange of compliments took place.

THE closing exercises of the College year began on Sunday, June 5th. The students in a body marched to the First church and listened to an able sermon by Rev. J. J. Baker, M.A., Walkerton. On Monday afternoon the presentation of scholarships and diplomas took place. Principal Bates presented the graduating class with their diplomas of graduation, and addressed them in a few words of parting counsel. The exercises were simple, but much enjoyed by the large number of friends present. The graduating class numbers twenty-two. Most of these matriculate into the Arts Department of McMaster University.

A. Mackenzie

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ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

THE funeral procession which wound through some of the streets of Toronto on the 20th of April last was in some respects remarkable. Its unusual length, the grave faces and respectful mien of the thousands who paused to gaze upon it from the windows and sidewalks along its whole course, the reverential silence which everywhere prevailed, all showed that the occasion was one that touched the hearts of the people. But there was one feature of the gathering which could hardly fail to strike the eye of the most careless observer. This was the unusual number of grey heads among those who followed the bier, and occu pied the seats in the church during the service. These heads, hoary with the frosts of many a Canadian winter, proclaimed with mute eloquence that here was an assemblage of veterans met to pay the last tribute of respect to a departed veteran. True, Alexander Mackenzie had barely passed the allotted limit of three score and ten. But the period during which he had been one of the most potent forces in shaping the political history and institutions of Canada had covered stirring events. It had witnessed struggles which had tested the mettle of many of the best men whom the country has yet produced. The departed soldier had fought in the foremost ranks of the men who, coming to the front at a critical period as reserves, had finished the

battle for Canadian autonomy and secured for all time the boons of responsible government and full civil and religious equality which we now enjoy.

It is chiefly as a politician—I use the word which has now unhappily become almost a term of reproach, in its proper and honorable sense—that the public have mainly to do with the life of the departed statesman, and to this aspect of his career I must chiefly confine my attention in this brief sketch. Had we the space and the information necessary to enable us to study the lad as he played about the door of his father's cottage, or when in his teens he underwent the stern discipline of the village school, in his native Logerait, within a few miles of the historic pass of Killecrankie, in the southern Highlands, we should no doubt find that in his case, as in that of so many others who have in after years nobly played their parts in life, "the child was father to the man." But any such inquiries would take us far beyond our limits in space and time.

Young Mackenzie came to Canada in 1842, at the age of twenty, and settled at Kingston. Thence he removed, in 1847, to Sarnia, then a growing village. Here he carried on business for many years, first working at his trade of stonemason, and gradually developing as a builder and contractor. Here he won and maintained a high reputation as a man of exceptional ability, industry and integrity. He soon became known as a ready and effective speaker, a keen debater, and one noted for the extent and accuracy of his information and his wonderful capacity for dealing with minute and complicated details.

In 1837, five years before young Mackenzie's arrival in Canada, the Rebellion had compelled the attention of the British Government to the growing discontent of the people of Upper and Lower Canada. A year or two later, Lord Durham had been sent out, and had made his famous report. Following his suggestions, the Home Authorities had resolved to grant the demand of the colony for Responsible Government. Lord Sydenham, and after him Sir Charles Bagot, had been sent out as Governors-General, to put into operation the new system. Death had cut short the work of the one, and sickness that of the other. The result was that the year 1843 saw the arrival of Sir Charles Metcalfe in Kingston, then the Capital of the united Canadas,

where young Mackenzie had settled a few months before. Lord Metcalfe was, as Mr. Mackenzie tells us (Life of George Brown, page 4), "wholly unsuited for the duties of a constitutional Governor, from the natural bent of his mind, as well as from the nature of his experience in public life, in India and Jamaica." He was "an autocrat in spirit," and had a lofty contempt for the opinions and capabilities of colonists. The result was, in brief, that he attempted almost from the moment of his arrival, to undo the work of his predecessors, and bring the country again under the arbitrary and irresponsible rule against which it had rebelled. In a short time he managed to get rid of the stronger and more resolute members of his cabinet, and for nearly a year he ruled the country with only three advisers. During two months of that period there was but a single minister, all the others having resigned. To quote Mr. Mackenzie again, "There was a sudden resurrection of evil principles of government which were supposed to have been buried too deep to be restored." "All the retrogressive elements of society were called into active life in order to sustain the reactionary Governor-General."

Mr. Mackenzie very soon began to take a hand in the conflict. It is probable that his familiarity with the struggle for freedom from State control in religious matters, in his native land, which had just been brought to an end by the secession of a majority of the members of the Scottish national Church, may have served as a good training school for him in those principles of religious liberty of which he became so uncompromising a champion. He first entered the lists in Canada as a contributor to the Western press. It is not probable that he took a very active part in the struggle until after the retirement of Lord Metcalfe, in 1847. With the successor of the latter, Lord Elgin, came in a new order of things. The principles of responsible government were honestly recognized. But there were still keenly contested battles to be fought before the old order could be changed and the new principles, of which responsible government was the harbinger, given full play.

During the next twenty years, or up to the time of Confederation, the struggle went on, though now happily under better auspices and in accordance with constitutional methods. Mr. Mackenzie was henceforth in the front, first as a newspaper

editor and later as a member of Parliament. In the former capacity his vigorous and trenchant articles produced a powerful effect, and contributed not a little to the final triumph of the principles of which he was so effective an advocate. His Parliamentary career is still fresh in the memory of all but the younger generation of Canadians.

The three great questions around which, as central positions, the tide of battle swayed, were Representation by Population, Separation of Church and State, and the Municipal system. It would be impossible, within the necessary limits of this paper, even to state fairly the issues involved in each of these controversies. Two of them, it may be observed, were mainly questions between Upper and Lower Canada, at that time unequally yoked. The people of the Lower Province were considerably less numerous than those of the Upper, and contributed scarcely one-fourth of the revenue; but in virtue of the equal representation they then enjoyed, and still more by reason of the compactness and solidity with which they moved and voted in their political contests with their yoke-fellows and rivals in the Upper Province, they were able to control legislation and secure financial advantages far in excess of what seemed to the Reformers of the West their just due. Hence the demand for Rep. by Pop. as it was called in the political slang of the period, and for such an extension of the municipal system as should compel each member of the union to bear its own share of the local expenses.

Mr. Mackenzie was first returned to Parliament in 1861, as member for Lambton, a constituency which he continued to represent for many years. His readiness in debate, his painstaking mastery of facts and his ability to marshal these in clear, logical and forceful argument, combined with his soundness of judgment, breadth of view, and the high moral standpoint from which he regarded every question, soon won for him a place in the foremost rank of the Liberals of the day. Though his speech did not often soar to the heights of positive eloquence, it was always dignified and weighty, never falling to the level too often reached even in Parliament, of empty declamation or weak commonplace. One marked and rare characteristic of his oratory was its uniform clearness and coherency. He never lost himself, as so many do, in the mazes of imperfect thinking, or meaning-

less verbosity. One of the highest compliments which can be paid to any public speaker was, by the common consent of reporters, his due. His speeches would uniformly bear publication just as they were delivered, without those abundant corrections, modifications and elisions for which many an orator of renown has to thank the skilful reporter.

Space would fail to tell of the course of the struggle in the old Parliament of Canada for the reforms above indicated. Suffice it to say that Mr. Mackenzie took a yeoman's part in the fight. For several years after Confederation Mr. Mackenzie held seats in both the Dominion Parliament and the Ontario Legislature, as was permissible until forbidden by an Act of the Local Legislature. In the latter capacity he served as the first and ablest lieutenant of Mr. Edward Blake, and on Mr. Blake's coming into power, Mr. Mackenzie was made Provincial Treasurer, a position which he filled with much ability. In the Dominion he soon became the recognized leader of the Opposition which was shortly organized against the coalition government of which Sir John A. Macdonald was leader. The years which intervened between the first session of the Dominion Parliament and the downfall of Sir John's Administration, in 1873, were memorable years. Many important questions were debated with great ability by the opposing forces. Some legislative acts and precedents, which were sternly opposed by the party under Mr. Mackenzie's leadership, have had much to do with determining the course of subsequent events, and the influence of some of them, baneful or otherwise, as viewed by the opposite parties, is still powerful in shaping the course of Canadian history. It will be for posterity to decide whose principles were the sounder, and whose political foresight the clearer, in regard to these. We are still too near the scene of action to get the correct perspective.

Mr. Mackenzie was Premier of Canada from the 7th of November, 1873, to the 16th of October, 1878. The events which led to his accession to power and to his overthrow, with the history of the intervening years, would afford material for a chapter. I must dismiss it with a single remark. It has become customary in some newspaper circles to speak of the years of Mr. Mackenzie's administration as comparatively barren of important legis-

lation. A simple enumeration of some of the measures which were passed and some of the things which were done during that period will suffice to dispel this impression, and to render it doubtful whether those years were not more fruitful of progressive legislation than any period of similar length in the history of the Confederation. The General Election Law of 1874 gave us vote by ballot and simultaneous polling, and abolished the property qualification for members. The Supreme Court Act of 1875 constituted a Supreme Court and a Court of Exchequer, with civil and criminal jurisdiction throughout the Dominion. During those and the following years of his *regime* the Canada Temperance Act was passed, which may at least be taken as a proof of courage and consistency not too common in these days, and may be an earnest of a more successful measure yet to come. Then there were the Homestead Exemption Act, the Public Accounts Act, a most important measure, placing the Auditor-General beyond ministerial control, the Petition of Right Act, the Militia Act, with the doubtful boon of Kingston Military College, the Maritime Court Act, etc. True to his staunch Liberalism, Mr. Mackenzie, with the powerful aid of Mr. Blake, for a time a member of his cabinet, obtained from the British Government some important concessions in the direction of a completer autonomy for the Dominion. By persevering insistance he succeeded in having a Canadian, Sir Alexander Galt, appointed, instead of a British diplomat, to present the Canadian case before the Halifax Commission, with the result that a verdict was given more favorable to the British and Canadian contention than had ever before been gained under similar circumstances. Again, Mr. Mackenzie's Administration, by means of vigorous representations, obtained very important modifications in the character of the Imperial instructions to the Canadian Governors-General. By comparing the instructions now given with those given, *e.g.*, to Lord Dufferin, it will be seen that the Queen's representative is no longer told that if he should see sufficient cause to differ from the opinion of the majority, or the whole of his Privy Council, it will be competent for him to act "in opposition to such their opinion."

The causes which led to the too early downfall of Mr. Mackenzie's Government were various, but it can hardly be doubted

at this distance in time that the chief were of a kind over which he had no control. Mr. Dent, who certainly was not prejudiced in his favor, gives us the key to the event when he reminds us that the three or four years preceding Mr. Mackenzie's accession to office had been years of speculation. Imports had been large and expenditure lavish. Heavy financial obligations had been incurred by his predecessors which could not be repudiated. Then in 1874 the great financial depression set in, first in the United States, whence it soon extended to Canada. Financial embarrassment ensued and, notwithstanding the reluctant increase of the tariff from 15 to 17½ per cent., a series of deficits followed. The occasion was opportune for the raising of the "National Policy" agitation, an occasion which was seized and turned to the best account by a master hand. Mr. Mackenzie has often been blamed for obstinacy, or want of political tact, in that when he saw or might have seen the drift of the current, he did not trim his sails accordingly and glide along with it, instead of vainly seeking to stem it. A self-seeking, time-serving politician would very probably have done so with success. But in the eyes of Mr. Mackenzie the taxation of the people for any other than revenue purposes was a political heresy and a crime against equal rights and liberty, and he would have none of it. Holding this view, he deserves immortal honor in that he preferred honorable defeat to dishonorable retention of power.

While the circumstances thus briefly described constituted the main cause of his defeat in 1878, there were no doubt other contributing causes, among them certain mistakes of his own. Some of these, *e.g.*, the appointment of Mr. Cauchon, of evil fame, to the gubernatorial chair in Manitoba, it is hard to account for. In others he was probably misled by certain colleagues who were, unhappily, not actuated by the same high sense of honor. But in spite of all, one grand fact stands out to view so clearly that it will not even now be gainsaid by those who were during all his public life his uncompromising opponents, and will go down to posterity as one of the redeeming facts in the history of the first quarter-century of the Canadian Confederation. That fact is that, in the person of Alexander Mackenzie, the Dominion had for the space of five years at the head of its affairs a man who was not only himself incorruptible, but who was incapable

of corrupting others. History can pay no higher tribute to his memory than that which he himself all unconsciously prepared when he, in 1875, wrote, in the confidence of private friendship, the letter which has been made public since his death, of which the following is an almost pathetic extract:

"I would like much to be relieved of the Public Works Department; but I cannot see my way to that at present. It is the great spending department, the possible great jobbing department, the department that can make or ruin a Government at such a time as this, when $25,000,000 are in the power of its head to spend on public works. Friends (?) expect to be benefited by offices they are unfit for, by contracts they are not entitled to, by advances not earned. Enemies ally themselves with friends, and push the friends to the front. Some attempt to storm the office. Some dig trenches at a distance and approach in regular siege form. I feel like the besieged, lying on my arms night and day. I have offended at least twenty Parliamentary friends by my defence of the 'citadel.' A weak Minister here would ruin the party in a month, and the country very soon. So I must drudge on as I best may and carry out the experiment of doing right whatever happens, and trusting to have a majority in the House to sustain me, and when that fails I will go out cheerfully if not joyfully."

I must close abruptly, though the long period of honorable and able service in Parliament, on the left hand of the Speaker, for years even after the slowly advancing disease which first deprived him of the power of making himself heard in public, had begun its insidious and finally fatal inroads. One remark in closing seems to be appropriate, if not necessary, in view of the fact that these lines are written for the McMaster Monthly. It is well known by those who are familiar with the history of the Baptist educational institutions in Ontario, that Mr. Mackenzie, while contributing liberally according to his means to the work of ministerial education, was not in hearty sympathy with the educational enterprises of the body in so far as these seemed to him designed for merely literary and collegiate purposes. He regarded it as going beyond the proper duties and functions of a religious body to engage in the work of secular education. The fact that he held these opinions never interfered in the least with the cordial and mutual esteem and brotherly

good-will which prevailed between him and those engaged in promoting these educational interests, though it did deprive the latter of a sympathy and assistance which they would have appreciated very highly. It is no disparagement of the departed Christian statesman to venture the remark that early educational influences, and the intense preoccupation of his mind during his later years with other questions, had probably prevented him from putting himself in a position to appreciate fully the force of the reasons which have led the denomination as a body to believe that there is no more sacred duty owed by Christian men and women, whether in their individual or associated capacity, to the truth and to posterity, than that of adopting the only means left them under the complex conditions of our present-day civilization whereby they can secure for their own children, and as many others as they may, the inestimable blessing of a thorough mental culture under genuine and positive religious influences. To Mr. Mackenzie's mind, the State school and university were no doubt the logical corollary of the grand Liberal principle, which forbids all connection between Church and State. To the thinking of the promoters of voluntary Christian schools for the higher education of the young, such schools are the logical and inevitable outcome of the same principle.

J. E. Wells.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

Notes of Pictures and Painters.

I.

My Dear Young Friend,—I do not wonder that you have asked me to share with you some of my visits to the National Gallery. I remember the remark of a friend who was giving an interested audience some word-pictures of what he had seen and experienced in dear Old England: "I would like to spend a year by the National Gallery." Realizing for myself the wish which he expressed, I sought how best to profit by the privilege. I visited the Gallery repeatedly, going through its twenty-two great rooms, whose walls are so closely covered with paintings, eager to see and learn all I could of the wonderful works of Art, but almost invariably I left the building with weary brain, tired eyes, aching neck, and confused ideas of the treasures on which my eyes had rested. The memory of your own hurried visits to the Gallery will, I doubt not, confirm my experience. Feeling sure that there was a better way of obtaining even an imperfect knowledge of these works of the Masters, I decided to study them historically. In this way I learned, as one cannot from books only, how, step by step, each school of painting has advanced, and how few artists in different countries through the long centuries have been able to produce works of such value and merit, that they have become a heritage and joy forever. Following this clue, the Gallery became to me a Walhalla of spiritual struggles, blessed memories, enobling histories, an Elysium of delightful and peaceful thoughts, a very witchery of sweet fancies and uplifting imaginations; and I found myself treading its spacious rooms more softly and reverently, as their scenes grew upon me in beauty and power.

Of course you will not expect me to depict the memories of beautiful forms and colors. In studying the works of a great artist, we naturally wish to know something of the life which found expression at once so beautiful and imperishable. I shall,

therefore, speak as often of the artist himself as of his work, and as I consult my notes for historic facts, you will, if at all like myself, find this little web I weave made more luminous and instructive thereby.

I began at the beginning, that is, with the earliest Italian painting in the Gallery. It is a gaunt, forbidding looking Madonna, but of great interest in the history of painting. The artist, Margaritone, 1216-1293—we are told by Vasari, in his history of Italian Art—was the last of the Italian artists who painted entirely after the Greek (or Byzantine) manner, which was purely conventional, with but little attempt to paint things in a life-like way. Their paintings were mostly symbolic; certain symbols or attitudes were understood to mean certain things. For instance, the young Christ is here represented standing with the assumed dignity of an adult. As he raises his right hand to bless the faithful, with his left hand he holds the roll in which are written the names of those who are saved. It is as a judge that He comes into the world. This symbolic, conventional style of work, which Greece gave to Europe, was the model for the earliest Italian painters. They gradually broke away from it. After learning to see nature truly, they had to learn how to represent what they saw in relief, showing one thing as standing out from another; in perspective, showing things as they look instead as we infer they are; and in illumination, showing things in their colors under different lights. It is very interesting to notice among these old paintings the gradual advancement made in these three things which are the bases of all good painting. A marked advance in these is seen in the Madonna and child by Cimabue—a Florentine artist 1220-1302. This painting, though somewhat crude looking and a good deal defaced by the fingers of time, shows a decided increase in pictorial skill,—seen in the shading of colors rather than flat tints. The expression also is more pleasing, both in mother and child, and quite a successful attempt has been made to substitute for the conventional image of an ideal person, the representation of real humanity.

From Cimabue we naturally turn to find some specimen of work done by his most celebrated pupil, Giotto. Here it is, just a bit of old fresco, which had been a part of a series of paintings

illustrating the life of John the Baptist in the Church of the Carmine, Florence, destroyed by fire in 1771. I was glad to see even this bit of the great painter's work,—he who did so much to develop real art from the rigid, stilted, conventional style that was called art. The fragment is two heads of apostles, bending sorrowfully over the body of John the Baptist. Giotto was born 1276, near Florence. The story told of him is that when he was a shepherd boy tending his father's sheep, he was amusing himself by drawing with chalk on stones, the favorites of the flock, when Cimabue, the greatest Italian painter of his time, came upon him. He was so attracted by the boy's rude drawings, that gaining the consent of the boy's father, he adopted him, took him to Florence and taught him all he knew of his art. Giotto was an apt pupil and rapidly developed into a most successful painter, as well as sculptor and architect. When Pope Boniface VIII. called for specimens of skilled work with a view to selecting a painter to decorate the walls of St. Peter's, Giotto was asked to send a specimen of what he could do. He, apparently with indifference, with one flourish of his hand made a perfect circle in red chalk and sent it as his contribution. It was accepted, and he was chosen. This incident gave rise to an Italian proverb, "As round as Giotto's O." Giotto was a great friend of Dante, to whom, it is thought he owed some of the inspiration and grandeur of his fresco painting. Dante wrote of his friend: "Cimabue thought to lord it over painting's field. Now the cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed." Giotto's character is said to have been that of a high spirited and independent man, full of strong common sense, and ready wit. A story is told of him, that when working for King Robert, of Naples, the king, watching him at his work one very hot day, said, "If I were you, Giotto, I would leave off work and rest myself this fine day." "So would I, sire, if I were you," replied Giotto.

Though the National Gallery can show only this fragment of his work, Florence, where he lived, worked and died, has many beautiful and treasured specimens. The famous Campanile or bell-tower, over the dome of Brunelleschi at Florence, is his design; and he made also the models for the sculpture. He did not live to see this great work completed. It was

finished by his pupil, Taddeo Gaddi. Giotto died in the year 1336,—"No less a good Christian than an excellent painter," says his biographer. He sleeps in the same church with his teacher and foster-father—the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. Ruskin says that Giotto cast away all the glitter and conventionalism of earlier Art, declaring that the sky was blue, the table-cloth white, and angels, when he dreamed of them, rosy,—in fine, he founded the schools of color in Italy.

I should say a word about Taddeo Gaddi, the most celebrated of Giotto's pupils. There is really nothing of his in the Gallery, but there are two pieces done by his pupils and marked "School of Taddeo Gaddi"; one, "The Baptism of Christ," the other "The Company of Saints," both, I think, intended for altar-pieces. Neither of them are very striking, though full of interest as belonging to the beginnings of art. Giotto must have taken an early interest in his pupil, for when he was christened Giotto held him at the font. Though he was his best pupil, he failed to carry out in full his teacher's instructions, and, in a measure, copied the imperfections of the Byzantine School—noticeable in the works of his pupils mentioned above. But he was, like his master, a great architect as well as painter, and as I stated before, finished the work of the Campanile, begun by Giotto. His finest pictures are in S. Croce, Florence. He was born in 1300, and died at the age of 66.

The revival of art in Italy was largely due to the preaching of St. Francis, and St. Dominic. Many churches were built, and the walls were frescoed with scripture scenes which were to the people, who could neither read nor write, a sort of illustrated Bible. The work, in these early days, was done on wood or plaster. Before oil was used for mixing colors, water, egg, or fig-juice, was employed. This was called "tempera," in English "distemper."

I must mention another name that stands out clearly among this group of early Florentine artists—Orcagna. His real name was Andrea di Cione, but he was given the former name by the people of his time. It is a corruption of Acagnuolo, meaning the Archangel. He was born in Florence about 1315. His father was a goldsmith; the son was, like most of the Italian painters, a sculptor and architect. This union of arts he some-

times denoted by signing his pictures, "the work of Orcagna, sculptor;" and his sculptures, the "work of Orcagna, painter." His great legacy is in the Campo Santa of Pisa. The chief picture of his which the National Gallery possesses is an altar-piece, in ten compartments. It was painted for the Church of San Pietro Maggiore. The central piece represents the "Coronation of the Virgin." Among the adoring saints on the left is Peter, holding a model of this church in his hand. The painting contains upwards of a hundred figures. It is quaint and almost uncouth, but like other early attempts it is full and expressive in detail. There is a beautiful soft blending of colors, still rich in hues and tints, and the whole is wonderfully interesting as a study. It is of interest to note that he designed the famous Loggia de'Lanzi of the grand ducal palace at Florence.

Let me mention here another great artist, who belonged to this period, though there is nothing of his work in the Gallery. He too, was an architect and sculptor, Andrea Pisano. His birthplace was Pisa, and as was common at that time, he took his name from the place where he was born. Many of the art treasures in Italy were preserved by wealthy merchants. They formed what was called "The Merchants' Guild," for the purpose of purchasing artistic products of special merit, and presenting them to the city. This guild, anxious to leave some imperishable memorial of their interest in art, conceived the idea of presenting to Florence, their beloved city, beautifully wrought gates for the baptistery of San Giovanni, or St. John, in connection with the great cathedral. They called for designs, and after a good deal of competition the work was entrusted to Andrea Pisano, who modeled a series of beautiful reliefs from the life of John the Baptist. These were cast in gilt in 1330, and placed in the centre door-way. It is said that he attained his wonderful skill and grace by the study of some ancient sarcophagi preserved at Pisa. Nearly a century after Pisano's gate was completed, a second one was called for, and Lorenzo Ghiberti, the foster-son of a goldsmith, was chosen out of three competitors, to create it. He was only twenty-three years of age, the other two being younger. These latter, Brunelleschi and Donatello, magnanimously withdrew from the competition, declaring Lorenzo Ghiberti to be their superior. All three

became famous artists and continued sworn friends till death. On this gate Ghiberti worked twenty-two years and received for it eleven hundred florins. His subjects were taken from the life and crucifixion of Christ. The gate was divided into twenty-two panels, ten on each leaf. Below are full length figures of four evangelists, and four doctors of the Latin church, with a border of fruit and foliage. This gate gave such satisfaction that he was asked to design a central one that would even surpass the others. For this he took his subjects from the Old Testament, beginning with the creation and ending with the meeting of Solomon with the Queen of Sheba. He wrought on it over eighteen years, forty-nine years in all for both. Michael Angelo said "they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise." They are still among the greatest treasures of Florence. There are splendid casts of Ghiberti's gates at South Kensington.

I must close this letter with a word about Fra Angelico, the heavenly-minded Dominican monk, 1387-1455. It is said of him that "he never took pencil in hand without prayer, and he could not paint the passion of Christ without tears of sorrow." His power lies in portraying the sacred affections upon the human face. He denotes a distinction between heavenly and human beings by draping the former in pure colors, and covering them with shadowless glories of burnished gold. His "Resurrection" is in the Gallery. It contains 266 figures, no two alike in expression or form, but all perfect in grace and beauty, though the representation of Christ is poor and feeble. The angel choirs are very beautiful. He considered himself inspired and could never be induced to make any change in the products of his brush. In him we see the flower of Giotto's idealism.

Emeline A. Rand.

SHADOW SPRITES.

From the wan, white open spaces
Fled the shadows to their shelter,
Huddled, frighted, 'neath the fir trees,
Till at dusk forthcoming, bolder,
From their darkened hiding places,
They emerge and fill the woodland
'Neath a moonless starry sky.

Sounds of music weirdly sighing,
Pulsing faintly, gladly dying
Into vibratory calm!
'Tis the weary wind a-moaning,
Softly crying, low intoning
Woes for which there is no balm.

See! the shadows move to music;
Slowly dance they in the starlight,
In the wan wide open spaces,
E'er responsive to the sighing
Of the weary, weary wind.

And the wind in anguish moaning,
Strikes with heavier, stronger fingers,
Stern upon the boughs of fir trees;
Plaintive send they forth a sobbing,
Louder, swelling into shrieking;
Fiercely crying through the woodland,
See the shadows wildly leaping!
Changed the gentle stately movement
Into wild and passionate leaping,
Till their shapes grow vague, fantastic,
In the moonless starlight night!

All exhaust the weird musician
Ceases more to strike forth music;
And the shadows wearied, wearied,
By their leaping wildly, madly,
Cease their dancing in the spaces
Just before the day is breaking;
Ghostly whispering together
Stand they in the white wan spaces,
Till, affrighted by a sunbeam,
Flee they 'neath the wide fir branches,
'Neath the shelter of their night.

H. T. DeWolfe.

SOME LEAVES FROM OLD LETTERS.

On looking over files of old letters recently, I came upon a large packet, written to me by a friend while he was a student at College. I had not read them since first received, between thirty and forty years ago. I am now getting into grey hairs, but I have re-read these letters with deep interest. I should like to reproduce a good part of them in the pages of THE MCMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY, but I shall content myself with presenting a few extracts for a single number. The youth who poured out his spirit in these old letters, at times so intensely, has these many years been carrying with patience and hopefulness his share of life's earnest work. Few, if any, outside his chosen intimates would guess that his heart had ebbed and flowed like a sea with the mystical tides of being. It is all so fresh to me now! There is so much dew upon the letters yet, so many tell-tale weeds and flowers, so much of impulse and thought intermixed, of yearnings and findings, of the will o' the wisp and true light, that they are a microcosm of many a young life impelled by unwonted energy and touched with something of divine fire.

December, 1855.—"Jones and Harlow went up with me yesterday to the Indian camp at the Point. The snow was freshly fallen, and the tramp through the soft woods—spruce and fir—was full of the hush of expectancy. There was a consciousness of the *ferox*, the wild life, all about us long before we reached the savage life at the camp. Tracks of the squirrel and partridge and rabbit seemed made almost before our open eyes, they were so fresh. We startled a partridge to his wings, and a number of squirrels saluted us with their cachinnating chatter from a hemlock whose fronds were bending with the softest of snow piled with fairy fingers. The chickadee played all his hanging feats as he escorted us in a very smart fashion to the camp. . . . . The easy terms on which these animals live with the wild forest suggest mutual interest and partnership. I

suppose we, too, really have a co-partnership in all natural things. In our higher moods this would issue in fellowship. As all life seems to be kin, there must be elevations and depressions of experience which put us *en rapport* with every aspect of it. . . . I have a notion that a tree, a beech for example, if only its 'being, doing and suffering' could become experiences to it, would be a companion of rare fellowships for many a one over whose spirit the awful mystery of life comes and goes like sun and shadow under swaying leaves. But this most human of all trees has no proper personality, no consciously sympathetic self-hood. I suppose that is the truth from the tree's side. But is it not possible for one to get into fellowship with the tree-life —its active, characteristic being, and to read and take up into one's self its more sensitive and subtle forces? Is it not possible in rare moments, through imaginative sympathy, to cast one's personality into the life of a tree or rose to a degree sufficient to sublimate and lift it into touch with one's own sensitized and spiritual life? And may not the same be said, or nearly so, of what we call lifeless things,—clouds, rocks, brooks, the sea? These have relations with us,—we are in partnership with them. The *modus operandi* may be obscure, but I would not thank any one to assure me that I had fellowship with these things, though perhaps in a realm lying over the border of the merely material."

October, 1856.—"We came down here to the Bluffs a week ago. Harrow and Althorp are geologians indeed. They have collected more fossil fish scales here than would serve for any ordinary college museum. It does me good to see their hearty belief in all these stone markings as significant of previous animal and vegetable life. They are very earnest in their search for 'facts,' and when they discover any rock ambrotype of their 'remote ancestors,' as Lemarque would style them, their joy knows no bounds. Just what it is that fills their dear souls in all this, I have not clearly perceived as yet. They are agape for 'rocky facts.' Harrow declares with great zest that Bishop McKinnon was awed into reverence when he showed him (the Bishop) a full and perfect profile of a fossil fish—concave and convex—in a split stone. The Bishop said he believed the Lord

made the stone just as it was found, markings and all,—'a prophecy of fish.' . . . I don't know whether you are a disciple of Gesner and Lyell. The easy way in which they attribute to nature a quasi-creative potency smacks of what the old folks called 'elemental pinguis,' which, honestly Englished, has a materialistic accent. Althorp and Harrow understand how the whole thing has come about. Fire and water and millions of years, with just a pinch or two of 'something' thrown in! The more of mechanics they can put into the universe, the more universe it is to them. I believe Harrow could make a universe himself,—and this is only his Sophomore year. 'The mystery is all dropping out of the old thing,' he says. We shall surely get very tired of the 'old thing' on these terms. I think something better can happen a fellow than to have his brains run away with him. There is a spirit in us which, if accorded its true function, peers over the fringes of a thousand mysteries, and sometimes sees the shadow of the Hand which turns the world. I believe in celestial mechanics."

December, 1856.—"I could never understand you if you wrote in the high strain of your last letter. I am not out of the woods, for I see ever so many things 'as trees,'—confused masses of shadow. In fact, I don't know whether I see anything at all sometimes. Things are very slow in getting into perspective with me, and there are ever so many fog factories agoing. I have little doubt that one can breed mental and spiritual vapors within one's self, by getting up hot fires near the undrained and swampy tracts so plentiful along the borders of the youthful Ego. It is quite possible that some of our young fellows get up their cloud scenery in this way, and mistake the product of their own swamps for that of the celestial spaces,—of the Over Soul, as the transcendentalists would say.

"Did you ever hear of the apparition which, with hooded face, told Shelley that he was the author of all his troubles, and bade Shelley follow him? As they went, the apparition suddenly turned around, and throwing back the hood from its face, disclosed to Shelley the image of Shelley's self. The sight was so surprising and unnatural that Shelley cried out in horror, and his friends found him pallid as marble and cowering with

fear. There are a good many of us, no doubt, to whom a kindred revelation would be quite as surprising and shocking, and as pertinent too."

February, 1857.—"I believe the doctrine of substitution is revealed in the Scriptures, but I am unable to reconcile it with my intuitions of right and justice. It may be that my view of the doctrine is not at all complete. My intuitions may be perverted or imperfectly in exercise as yet, or of less value as guides or tests of truth than I have supposed. It may be that I have a view of substitution quite out of relation to other truths partially discerned or wholly unperceived. A truth seen out of its relations is doubtless *a* truth, but it is often not the truth one supposes it to be. The wisest can never know the complete relations and interplay of any single truth. Cosmos itself is made up of parts. I suppose by and by it will be demonstrated that our simple material elements are compounds. Or it may be that all the compounds and elements will be resolved into a single element. In this latter event, a new emphasis would be given to place, juxtaposition,—relation, in fine. I am conscious of sin in my life. That is another way of saying that I am, in a very definite sense, not in accordant relations with the Holy One. I am out of life-touch with 'the only living and true God.' I am out of the life-relation; I am, so far, 'dead,' in Scripture speech."

May, 1857.—"Two years ago it hardly crossed my mind that others had been as distressed as I was about 'the ways of God to men.' . . . . When I first read Rogers' Eclipse of Faith, I felt how much help one loving clear-headed soul might give to another in getting over the stretches of bogmire in the path of many a simple pilgrim. One of my greatest difficulties arose from a false notion that demonstration was the only path over which reason can walk, and mathematical demonstration at that. I shall not soon forget what a revelation it was when it dawned on me that the certainty of mathematical conclusions lies imbedded in the hypothetical nature of the data,—the laws of thought being duly observed in the reasoning process. '*If* that is so, this is so also,' is the sweep of the mathematical pendulum."

September, 1858.—"We are what we are, because a bundle of characteristics was equilibriated and came into the world with our name on it. These characteristics are the constants, the permanent capital, with which experience begins the business of life. Our likes and dislikes go back to these constants. Modifications may be effected in them, but only modifications. It is just here, it seems to me, that personality roots itself, and refuses to be blown away by the gusts and tempests of experience—*these* whirl about continually, but return again according to their circuits. . . . I quite appreciate your vigorous words about a common-sense view of things, but it is true that I feel much less interest in common-sense experiences than in those which stir the mystery of my being and bring this mystery under the apprehension of consciousness. Sometimes, almost unawares, I well-nigh yield to the impulse to worship natural things, or more frequently natural phenomena. Perhaps worship is not the true word, but no other seems so nearly adequate. The sunlight, for example, has always had a singular influence on me. It enters into my being, filling me with wonder and awe, and awaking a passionate reverence for its revealing splendors. When it falls over running water or waves, and especially when it falls over grass-fields and wheat-fields in rhythmic motion under a strong wind, my spirit is brought under the spell of the light's awesomeness and soft glory. When I was seven or eight years old I used to lie for hours in the corners of the fences entranced with such phenomena. Sometimes the shadows of clouds driven by the wind, in the rapid contrasts of light and shade, would cause a delight so intense as to be almost beyond endurance. Almost at will, I can bring myself under the spell of the sky. This spell becomes at times a very ecstacy of wonder and sweet awe, as I gaze far into the deeps of heaven, league after league into its impalpable sky-bloom tremulous with soft light. My spirit melts into this radiant atmosphere, and I lose all consciousness of time and place and matter. Vista after vista of light, with pure color only, opens before me. What vibrations of splendor, what seeming sentiency of light! . . . Oftentimes the experience is very different from this. The sunlight falls on still meadows and forests. The grass seems to be a million little torches of light, light, light. The trees are trees of

light. The atmosphere is limpid and fluent, as when one views it in a strong wind pouring over a blade of polished steel, and is of a bloomy azure in tint. The Bay is living light, shading off into heavenly hyaline. Ere I am aware, I am rapt away in adoration. I could kiss the radiant air. . . . I emerge from such experiences with a temporary loss of discrimination between this world and any other, while everything seems universal and without time and space limits; but after I duly *verify* myself, I find again the common phenomena and have again the common experiences."

THE VAST, ETERNAL!

The Vast, Eternal! these are living bread
  To feed imagination all divine;
  Yet doth the laboring soul by boundary line
Mark off the infinite in thought,—thus fled.
Forever doth the universal wed
  The limited, that so it may define
  And tell itself in characters that shine—
Like throbbing stars through boundless azure sped.
As rising waves, rich jewelled by the sun,
  In movement link their brilliants each to each,
  And flash their glories in one crest of light,
E'en so, unveiling, the Eternal One
  Did show Himself by signs and glimmering speech,
  Then flashed in Christ His love-lit glory bright.

T. H. R.

Students' Quarter.

HEARTSEASE.

A wayworn wand'rer stood without a wall;
Within were sylvan shades and blossoms rare;
Summer's soft murmurs mingled on the air
With music and the pleasant rise and fall
Of happy voices, and the wood-bird's call.
"Here were true rest and full farewell to care!
What sesame bring those who enter there?"
"Nought save one humble blossom bear they all."

Alas! no flower had he but bitter rue,
And so, in quest, far far o'er mountain way,
And wild wide moor and desert grim and grey
He sought, that he one day might enter too.
All vain his search! Hopeless he turned once more
His sad steps home,—and found it by his door.

ELIZABETH P. WELLS.

CONVERGENT AND DIVERGENT TRUTHS.

This is perhaps more than any other the age of doubt. On all sides we hear the cry raised: "Bigotry! Narrowness!" The popular preacher is he who makes havoc of doctrinal truth. Men plead for liberality, for broad mindedness, forgetful of the fact that the true child of God can be no more liberal than are the Scriptures, and that broad mindedness is often but another name for shallowness. If either of the banks of the Welland Canal were moved a mile from its present position, we should have a broad sheet of water, but one of little value for the purposes of navigation. Better far that there should be a deep,

strong current of thought running through a man's mind, even at the risk of his being charged with bigotry, than that he should pride himself in a broad watery expanse of shallowness in which the weakest child of the imagination need not be drowned. But while we condemn much of the spirit that characterizes modern thought, we would not forget that there is such a thing as honest doubt, that men after patient study of the Scripture have met with apparent contradictions, and with the earnest desire of obtaining knowledge, have asked the question, "How can these things be?"

Difficulties there certainly are in the Sacred Writings, mysteries that far exceed the power of the human mind to penetrate, but the earnest seeker after truth should never forget that one doctrine is not necessarily false because a second appears to contradict it. What the spectator beholds in a landscape is to a great extent dependent upon his point of vision; with a change of station there is a complete transformation in the prospect before him. Yet the landscape remains the same. May it not be so with Divine truth? From one point we see nothing but contradictions; may not another be found from which we may behold complete harmony?

At the rim of a wheel the distance between two of the spokes is very great, but if the radii be shortened the space between them sensibly diminishes, until they finally lose themselves in one common centre—the hub. God is the centre of all truth, and from Him the doctrines radiate like the spokes of a wheel. The nearer we are to Him, the closer do the different truths seem to approach each other; the further we wander from Him, the greater the apparent distance between them.

Perhaps no two doctrines have been the subjects of more discussion than those of Divine Sovereignty and Man's Free Agency. Of the multitude of books written upon these questions there is no end. Whole systems of theology have been founded on each of these truths, and the tendency on the part of many Christians has been to accept one while rejecting the other. To man's limited vision the two doctrines appear to be as widely opposite as the poles, On the one hand, away in the darkness of eternity, where no star shines and no seraph sings, we see Jehovah determining to rule a universe that He has not

called into being. We behold His purpose to create man; then, foreseeing the fall of the human race, in His counsels slaying the Lamb as the substitute for those He has determined to save. Then, at God's voice, earth springs into being, man is created and falls, the eternal purpose finds expression in the promise, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent," and finally Christ comes into the world and is made in the likeness of sinful flesh. He is crucified on the hill Calvary, but His death is only the result of His "being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. The fountain for sin and uncleanness is opened, but only those bathe therein who have been "chosen in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world." On the other hand man is ever spoken of as a free agent. Jesus Christ, though given over to death by the eternal decree of Jehovah, yet "by wicked hands" was "crucified and slain." Although God elects to salvation, the charge against the sinner is, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life;" and the invitations of the gospel ring out, clear as a silver bell: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," "Whosoever will may come." If the sinner go down to the pit it is because he will not come to Christ.

Again, Jehovah is spoken of as a God of mercy. He it is who hears the young ravens when they cry, and notices the falling sparrow. To man He is revealed as the Lord "long suffering and of great kindness," the One whose name is Love, who has "no pleasure in the death of the wicked," and is "not willing that any should perish." The greatness of the Father's love is shown in the gift of His only Son, and the sinner is pointed to Gethsemane, Gabbatha and Calvary as bearing testimony to the tenderness of God toward a lost world. From this picture some men have formed the impression that the Lord is so tender hearted that tears of pity blind His eyes to our failings, and that His whole nature rebels at the thought of punishing His children. Yet He who forgives "iniquity, transgression and sin" is the same God "that will by no means spare the guilty." The law declares in thunder tone, "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" Justice cries unceasingly for blood, and will not be satisfied until her sword is sheathed in the heart of the transgressor. Every child of Adam is by nature under the condemnation of

God's law, and soon its awful penalty will come upon him in the final issue of the lake of fire. In the eternal wailing and smoke of torment ascending forever and ever we behold the justice of the Most High.

That election appears to be contradictory to free agency, and Divine justice the very antipodes of Divine love, is certainly true; but may we not be regarding the doctrines from the rim of the wheel rather than from the hub? As long as we remain at the circumference the distance which separates the different doctrines must appear immense; but may we not, even in this world, reduce the length of the radii and thus the space between them? Not that we can shorten truth, but as one may approach the lamp and so obtain the fuller benefit of the light, likewise we may approach truth's centre and, without lessening the power of His beams, stand where they may fall upon us in greater glory. If only we can get nearer God this may be accomplished. No one in whom true growth in grace is progressing can fail to become more and more reconciled to the truths of the Scriptures. The things of God are spiritually discerned. When bye and bye we behold Christ and are like Him, when the spiritual eye is strong and clear, we shall understand that all truth is one, that the doctrines which now appear to diverge from, converge towards and lose themselves in one common centre—Jehovah, God of Truth.

EDWARD J. STOBO.

HOPE.

There is a well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left. But what a boon was this to mankind! something which is sweet to every human soul, something which brings joy and happiness—

> "Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grows
> Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
> Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
> The wayworn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
> There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
> What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
> What voiceless forms the Æolian organ play,
> And sweeps the furrowed lines of anxious thought away."

Who shall deny that hopefulness is not *a quality* to be cultivated in every human mind? He who enters life with a hopeful, joyful spirit, does not grow despondent over trivial vexations and disappointments; but rises far above the present, and presses eagerly forward, looking toward the future for happier brighter days. But he whose life is devoid of hope is worthy of our deepest sympathy. His life must be a complete failure. There has been nothing lovely in the past on which to reflect happily, and the future stretches before him one vast unending plain, its monotony is broken neither by refreshing streams of water, nor by dark cool groves.

And not only should one possess this treasure—a hopeful spirit, but he should give of it to others. Perhaps a poor hopeless beggar knocks at your door and asks for assistance. You look on his wretchedness, a wave of pity rushes over your heart, and your feelings prompt you to a generous offering, far exceeding what he had even dared to expect. With great joy he departs and lives in comfort on your bounty. Finally the last penny is expended. Now whither shall he turn? Is his life happier than before? Had you rather spoken to him words of hope and encouragement, and created within him a desire for a fuller nobler life, and a determination to achieve success, he would have left your door richer by far than if he possessed a well-filled purse.

Everything we undertake in life has as its mainspring 'hope.' The farmer in the springtime sows his grain. Does he do this hopelessly? Ah no, but rather with gladness, for so surely as the autumn comes he knows he will reap the reward of his toil, in an abundant harvest. Again, the soldier goes forth to conflict. He undergoes the dangers and perils connected with such a life, and ever hopefully keeps his eye fixed on the future while he "hails in his heart the triumph yet to come." Fame and glory are what he is striving to attain, and when his aim is realized, all past trials and hardships sink into nothingness under the pleasure of the present moment.

And all nature breathes the inspiration of hope. Cold gloomy days come, when all is dark and dreary. Suddenly the sun pierces the leaden sky, it may be only for a moment, but what an amount of cheer is contained in that one ray of sun-

shine. And now the bright summer days full of joy and gladness and succeeded by those of hoary winter. Nature is locked in a profound slumber; no longer is heard the blithsome song of the birds as they flit from bough to bough, but all is still and gloomy, the trees stripped of their foliage stand out grim and grey. Will it be thus forever? No, truly; the season of spring returns, nature wakens into new life and joy once more reigns.

Then who is not familiar with the beautiful and apt comparison of Hope with an anchor? When trouble and discouragements come, when dispair overwhelms and our lives are stirred to their very depths, then does hope buoy us up, drive away our doubtings, and help us to continue firm and steadfast till the storm is past.

And while Hope is often spoken of as particularly belonging to the period of youth,

> "Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power,
> How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour."

It may also with equal appropriateness be attributed to old age. How dark would be the close of life, but for hope's cheering beam, which still shines brightly, and points us to a glorious though untried future.

> "Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
> When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
> Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
> Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal power!
> What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
> The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
> Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
> The morning dream of life's eternal day—
> Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
> And all the phœnix spirit burns within.

E.

BARRIERS TO SUCCESS.

There is a saying that "nothing succeeds like success." Through a chance success, some lives not particularly gifted have become a continuous success; but by the majority of people success has been achieved through the skilful use of each opportunity, the possession of certain personal qualifications.

The barriers to success are neither few nor feeble. Lack of purpose is one. He who has no purpose, no end in view, must ever fail. Without it there is nothing to stimulate or to direct. Good-luck or chance may stumble upon success, only pluck and purpose can achieve it. Much labor may be spent to no profit because to no purpose. Success depends less upon vast expenditure of energy than upon right direction of it. The purposeful life is the successful one, and the life with one purpose is one of positive power. Have a purpose: attain it. To truly purpose is to perform, and to perform is to succeed.

Lack of self-reliance is a barrier, but not an insuperable one. Through age, and personal responsibility, it may be overcome, and a fitting reliance on self implanted and nourished. To think lightly of one's self is to foreclose the doors of success, and to write failure over manifest favor. Such self-esteem need not be self-conceit, any more than the genuine need be the counterfeit, but such an estimate of one's powers as a sober judgment commends, not such as an inordinate opinion asserts. Do you want a thing well done? do it yourself. Do you want to succeed in life? believe in yourself.

Lack of perseverance is another. Ordinary powers extraordinarily applied is the secret of the success of most men. Genius is a grand gift, but the man who has genius without perseverance may be a rocket, but can never be a star, while the man who perseveres continues by the genius of perseverance. To practice the maxim "never attempt—or accomplish," would enable us to surmount apparently insurmountable difficulties. To attempt is but to begin, to keep at it is to win.

> "Still let thy mind be bent, still plotting where,
> And when, and how, thy business may be done."

ALEXANDER WHITE.

"PER ARDUA."

It is an old-time custom in schools and colleges to have some noble precept towards which the students may set their ideals and direct their efforts. Moulton College is no exception to this rule, for doubtless many of you have noticed that on the stained glass window at the top of the stair-way there is the figure of a stag having its antlers caught in a tree and under the device the inscription, "Per Ardua." The stag running swiftly through dense thickets and climbing to mountainous heights, is never daunted by the difficulties which hinder its progress.

This device seems almost prophetic in anticipating the great cause to which this homestead was to be devoted. It expressed, in the first place, for the family to whom it belonged, their practical view of life and their determination to succeed in spite of difficulties. No better sentiment could have been chosen for the school which was to be one of the outgrowths of the McMaster life, and to come into the possession of the McMaster house.

This law of life, that the road to success is always impeded by obstacles which only hard labor and honest effort can surmount, is exemplified in every department of life.

Beyond the Alps lies Italy, sunny Italy, the land of blue skies, treasures of art, antiquities and historical associations; yet the rugged and snow-capped Alps must be scaled before the beauties of the region beyond can be revealed to the tourist's eye. This is an example of the physical difficulties in the way of progress in life.

Little advancement would have been made in the world if its explorers, its scientists, or its philosophers had become faint-hearted at the first impediment they encountered. Our lives would lack much of their enjoyment if we had not the benefit of modern invention. We would still be traversing miles of country by stage-coach, while now trains carry us at the rate of sixty miles an hour; weeks and weeks would be spent in crossing the mighty Atlantic, while now it can be accomplished in less than six days; news from the Old World could only be obtained by letters which would be months in reaching their destination; now

a message can be cabled in less than a minute. An achievement is more precious to us when it has cost us discouragement, anxiety and heart-ache, than if it had been accomplished without special effort, for difficulties prove a soul legitimately great. The bare necessities of life do not come to us of themselves. Our daily bread comes through labor exerted in the plowing and the sowing, in the reaping and the threshing, in the kneading and the baking. Railroad trains, steam-boats and telegraph wires were the outgrowths of deep thought on the part of their inventors, for after their ideas were formed many difficulties had to be contended with before these ideas were matured and really practicable.

Turning from the material to the intellectual world, the same facts are true. Knowledge can never be acquired without personal application to study. There is no royal road to learning, neither can an education be obtained by proxy. If we do not work patiently and diligently for the higher education, then ignorance must be our lot.

In the world of science, scores of men have spent their whole lives in surmounting the obstacles in their path when they are endeavoring to discover the laws of the universe. In the time of their greatest need, they have the sympathy of no one, but when their labor is over, their discoveries are accomplished and the world can profit by them, then all lands ring with the sound of their names.

> The heights by great men reached and kept,
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night.

Faraday, one of these kings of his race, is the grandest living example of what patience, perseverance and genius can do for a man when he has disadvantages of birth, education and fortune to contend with. Galileo, who, by perfecting the telescope, and thus opening out broader channels for astronomical investigation, had indeed to work "per ardua," having to contend with the bigotry of the world of his time; but even when compelled by the Inquisition to abjure his creed of the earth's rotation, he said, under his breath, "But it does move nevertheless."

As in the practical, intellectual and scientific worlds, so in

the spiritual and moral world are these facts equally true. The Bible is full of metaphors representing the Christian's life as that of a race and of a hard warfare. He who would win must run. He who would conquer must fight, arming himself with the sword of the spirit, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation. The spiritual life is always a growth from lower to higher and richer attainments. Ruskin says :—" He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."

Cannot we then take courage and inspiration from our predecessors, and have our ideals the highest and our thoughts the purest, resolving that, although difficulties meet us in our efforts toward advancement in life, the goal shall be ours, though it be "per ardua ?"

Edith M. Wilkes.

A BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN.

At dawn my soul, disconsolate,
Took flight and stood at Heaven's gate.
It opened; and an angel child
Was standing there. She sweetly smiled,
And said: "What wilt thou here, my friend?
Dost come from earth? This thy life's end?"
"O, no! sweet angel, no! But say
If thou dost know our little May;
And tell me, is she happy here?
'Tis all I ask. Full many a tear
Of grief her mother's eye has filled,
E'er since her darling's voice was stilled.
We loved her so! O! tell me this
That here she finds eternal bliss!"

Then spoke the angel child: "Thy fears
Be calmed; and all her mother's tears
Be dried. Her life is full of joy.
Such happiness naught can destroy.
And look, my friend! within the gate!
How canst thou be disconsolate?
Dost thou not see the children throng
That makes Heaven's arches ring with song?
Dost ask me why? — For thy dear May!
To us she's one year old to-day."

The gate was closed. I saw no more;
And as I left th' immortal shore
My soul was comforted. And, pray,
Should I be sad? In Heav'n to-day
The angels love our little May.

LEONARD THERRIEN.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The fine portrait of Dr. Castle, painted by the distinguished artist, Mr. J. Colin Forbes, now hangs in the University chapel, and constantly reminds us of the beautiful character and the devoted life of him whose labors are having their fruitage in our rapidly advancing educational work.

It is a source of much satisfaction to members of the University, that Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, for years an honored member of the Board of Governors, is to return to his native land as Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board. We are always sorry to hear of the expatriation of a valuable man, and the repatriation of such brings corresponding joy.

Mrs. Rand has kindly consented to prepare for the MONTHLY, from her full notes taken on the spot, a series of studies of the works of the great painters in the National Gallery of London. The first of these admirable articles we publish this month. Others will follow at such intervals as may suit the convenience of the writer, or the exigencies of the magazine.

The fine portrait of our Chancellor, that appeared in the June number, has been much in demand. The editor of *Saturday Night* asked for the use of the cut before it was finished and it appeared in that publication in due time. Two editors in the Maritime Provinces likewise asked and obtained the privilege of using it in their journals. In each case the cut was accompanied by an appreciative sketch.

The fancy so graphically embodied in "Shadow Sprites," on p. 72, is, we regret to say, marred by the misprint of "gladly" for *slowly*, in the second line of the second stanza. The first part of the fourth stanza recalls these lines from Tennyson's Princess:

> A wind arose and rushed upon the South,
> And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
> Of the wild woods together.

The library of the University has been considerably enlarged and enriched by the accession of over five hundred volumes from the library of Dr. John H. Castle. This is the gift of the Castle family, whose generosity in this matter the friends of the University will fully appreciate. Although many of the books will be duplicates, it will be a great satisfaction to those who knew and loved Dr. Castle to have his library preserved in the institution with whose founding he had so much to do.

We notice by the *Messenger and Visitor*, that a movement is on foot in New Brunswick, to establish a separate Baptist Convention for that Province. It is difficult at this distance to understand the necessity for such a multiplication of machinery. The history of the Convention of the Maritime Provinces is one of which Baptists the world over are justly proud, and it should seem that unless a spirit of sectionalism is unhappily developed, its day of greatest usefulness and power is before it. In such a compact territory as that of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. Island there must be great advantages in united effort in Convention. Nothing can compensate for any loss of union in counsel and effort in carrying forward the work of Christian Education, Home and Foreign Missions, and all the other common interests of the body. We hope wise counsels may prevail.

The fourth issue of the Papers of the American Society of Church History, edited by the Secretary, Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, M.A., is a well-printed volume of 221 pp. It opens with a bibliography, compiled by the Secretary, of the "Works of Interest to the Student of Church History, which appeared in 1891." "The Religious Motives of Columbus" are ably set forth by Professor Wm. K. Gillett and Rev. Charles R. Gillett. Professor Williston Walker treats of the "Heads of Agreement," and the Union of Congregationalists and Presbyterians, based on them in London, 1691. A paper on "Christian Union, or The Kingdom of God," by Mr. Thomas Davidson, is stimulating and suggestive; though it does not bring forward so obvious and simple a means by which fuller union might be attained as that of the impartial, reverent, and scholarly study of the New Testament. How is it that earnest men acquainted with the history of the church so seldom suggest such a course in furtherance of union? Dr. Philip Schaff's paper on "The Friendship of Calvin and Melanchthon" is characterized by the author's fine historic taste and appreciation of personal character.

Among the remaining papers, that by Professor A. H. Newman, is of special interest and value, "Recent Researches Concerning Mediæval Sects." It is, in fact, as the Secretary of the Society writes, "*the* paper of the volume." Dr. Newman first annotates the literature of his subject, and then devotes five chapters, covering in all 56 pp. to the matters involved. The treatment is searching, judicial and satisfying. A spirited defence of Keller is one of the important results,—a defence all the more gratifying that Keller has so long suffered from unjust and bad-spirited aspersions. Dr. W. Preger, of Munich, and Dr. Herman Haupt, have each spoken in highly commendatory terms of this paper, while Dr. Burrage, in speaking of it, is glad that one professor of history on this side the Atlantic is ready to render a noble service by imparting his information to the public.

This volume of papers most amply justifies the existence of the American Society of Church History.

T. H. R.

The managing editor is indebted to Mr. Henry C. Lea, LL.D., of Philadelphia, for a complimentary copy of his recently published volume, entitled "A Formulary of the Papal Penitentiary in the Thirteenth Century." It consists of the publication for the first time of the carefully edited text of a mediæval manuscript in Dr. Lea's possession, with a learned introduction on the Papal Penitentiary and its influence on the life and discipline of the Church. The Penitentiary is the department of the Roman Curia that has to do with cases of ecclesiastical discipline. The extreme venality of the Roman Curia and especially of the Penitentiary, otherwise well-known, is amply illustrated both in the text and by the independent materials that the editor has brought together in the introduction and in the notes. It is abundantly evident that dispensations and indulgences for almost any transgression of moral or ecclesiastical law could be had at Rome for money. "Rome boasted that it was a haven of refuge for sinners—a mother who welcomed to her bosom her erring children from all lands; in her all found pardon and protection." "These invitations to wrong-doers, these assurances of forgiveness held out to criminals, brought them thither in a constantly augmenting stream, and the fulfilment of the promises rendered difficult the enforcement of discipline and was the efficient cause of a relaxation of morals everywhere." The work is handsomely printed and bound, and has for a frontispiece a *facsimile* page (in colors) of the manuscript from which the text is derived. Dr. Lea is the author of some of the ablest works in any language on

mediæval subjects. His "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages" (3 volumes), "History of Sacerdotal Celibacy," "Chapters from the Religious History of Spain, Connected with the Inquisition," "Superstition and Force," "A History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church," and "Studies in Church History," are masterpieces of historical research and clear exposition; and are as highly esteemed in Germany, the land of research, as in America and England. Dr. Lea possesses in ample measure all the chief requisites of an original investigator: fine historical insight, profound interest in his subjects, indomitable industry, ample scholarship including familiarity with many languages, exquisite literary taste, and last but not least a private fortune, that gives him complete control of his time and enables him to collect all available information in the way of printed books, and personally or through skilled assistants to avail himself of the manuscript material scattered in the various archives of Europe. That he is making the most of the advantageous position he thus occupies the long list of works given above can leave no doubt. Other works of equal importance, among them a continuation of the History of the Inquisition to modern times, are understood to be in preparation.

EXCHANGES.

PRINCETON College papers advocate the abolition of the annual "Rush."

> By Grits considered Tories' works are vile,
> The Tory verdict, "Grits are full of guile."
> The judgment's just says wisdom with a smile.
>
> —D. S. M. in *Grip*.

Grip says, in speaking of the vacant Laureateship, "It would be a graceful act on the part of the British Government to extend the circle of selection, and appoint a Canadian to the vacant office. Archibald Lampman, W. W. Campbell, or Bliss Carman; any of them can hold their own with the present race of English singers"

We are charmed by the entrance of the *Sunbeam* of Whitby Ladies' College. The first number is worthy of the pretty name it bears. Bright and unobtrusive, it wanders over and quietly surveys a variety of topics, revealing dust here and beauties there, and, doubtless, chases away many a lurking shadow from the hearts of home-loving students.

We regret that we have not sufficient space to copy the entire poem, entitled "Prayers," by Evelyn Durand, in the current number

of the *Varsity.* The poem is one of the most thoughtful we have seen from the clever pen of Miss Durand. Three useless petitions are described; in one of these—

"The man beseeches that the past
Be barren to his sowing
And that the evil seeds he cast
Be fruitless in the growing,
In his mild prayer
To God where'er
He may be—
Oh, pity!

The truth is sternly, but with poet's freedom, spoken in the lines,

"And who can hear the voice that rings
From out the hidden heaven;
Seek not irreparable things
For they shall not be given.
For any prayer
To God where'er
He may be—
Oh, pity."

HERE AND THERE.

Women are admitted to the Yale gymnasium. Last year there were forty who availed themselves of the privilege.

Military drill was introduced at Brown University this fall, and is compulsory for the freshmen and sophomores. The drill will be under the supervision of a U. S. officer.

One-third of the University students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits in college; one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies, and the other third govern Europe.—*Ex.*

"A Yale student recently handed in a paper to his professor and was surprised the next day to have it returned, with a note scrawled on the margin. He studied it diligently, but was unable to decipher the note, and so he brought his paper back to the professor. 'I can't quite make out what this is, if you please,' said the student. 'That, sir,' said the professor, 'why, that says—I cannot read your handwriting. You write illegibly, sir.'"

The Baptists are rallying around their University—McMaster—with much enthusiasm. The other evening Dr. Rand was installed as Chancellor, and other ceremonies took place, all of which showed that the church is deeply interested in the success of her higher educational institutions. McMaster was for some time affiliated with us, and even yet among our best men are to be found good and true Baptists, for this denomination has always stood firmly for liberty of conscience and free right of choice for the individual. Success to men who hold such principles is the wish of all liberally-educated men.

VARSITY CHAT in *Toronto Saturday Night.*

Those who think that higher education tends to destroy those qualities we all admire so much in woman, would have had such a prejudice shaken, had they been privileged to be present at the delightful "At Home" given by the Woman's Medical College on Thursday evening, October 20th. That young women should devote themselves to the noble life-saving art is only an extension of their naturally sympathetic nature as permitted in an age when notions succumb to reason. And when such young women turn from thoughts of relieving the afflicted to those of giving enjoyment to their friends who are in health, and do it in the hospitable and genial way shown by our hostesses of the college in question, it certainly is proof enough of what has just been said. Those of us who were there will look back upon this gathering with recollections of pleasure. McMaster offers greetings and good wishes to the Woman's Medical College.

The Convention of 1892 has come, and passed away again, and although it found the Baptist denomination in debt to both their Home and Foreign Boards, yet there was no call for a halt in the good work that is being done. Not that debt is treated lightly by any Baptist, but, if the spirit of the churches is to be judged by the spirit of the delegates, the effort would be greatly increased to wipe out the past deficit and to meet present obligations. The discussions for the most part were interesting and to the point under consideration. A stranger dropping into the Convention during the time for addresses upon, and discussion of Foreign Missions, would easily perceive that there was no lack of interest among Canadian Baptists in that regard. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid's appointment as Secretary, to go among our churches, that he might awaken zeal among them on behalf of this great enterprize, we believe is an excellent move. But his efficiency for the work would be greatly increased by taking a trip to the scenes of some of these missions in heathen lands. The Home Mission Superintendent's report showed much progress, and gave great encouragement for the future. The discussion upon it showed clearly that "forward" is the word for the present year. The young people's part of the programme was no mean feature of the Convention; in fact, it seemed to the writer that their platform meeting was the most interesting platform meeting of all. The attendance at the Convention was large. The Baptists of Brantford will ever be remembered for their royal entertainment of the delegates.

"ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?"

(A LATIN TRANSLATION.)

Lassus es ne, fatigatus?
Ne condolesce!
"Ad me veni, veniensque,
Quiesce!"

Si sit dux, habetne signum,
Sibi dirigens?
Lateri, in manu pede
Eloquens!

Regium suam diadema,
Frontem decorat?
Ita, vero — sed corona
Lacerat!

Si reperio, subsequor,
Hic fortuna quæ!
Multum, doloris, laboris;
Lacrymæ!

Tenentique in propinquo
Estne præmium!
Dolor victus; atrum flumen
Transitum!

"Accipe," precatio mea,
Tum me recusat?
Lata terra, cœlum prius
Abeat!

Semper mihi contendenti
Bona, plena stant?
Angelus et martyr, virgo
Assonant!

—J. B. MACKENZIE.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

We are glad to welcome in our midst Miss Dryden, the first of the Moulton College graduates to enter the Arts course. We learn with pleasure that there are others to follow her example in the near future.

It has been unanimously decided that our college colors are both original and artistic in design, and they are worn with pride on all suitable occasions. We feel that nothing but cap and gown is now required to complete the student dress.

The lady students have entered hopefully upon another year of University work, and take pride in their increasing strength. Three years ago they used to meet day after day in the ladies' room to sally timidly forth to lectures. Now the number, all told, is thirteen, but they claim no relationship with the traditional "baker's dozen."

The University Glee Club has been re-organized with the following officers: Mr. Merrill, President; Mr. Therrien, Vice-President; Mr. McAlpine, Musical Director; Mr. Pocock, Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. Farmer, Custodian. With a greatly increased membership, and under the continued leadership of Mr. McAlpine, who so ably conducted last year's club, the prospects for the present year are better than ever before. An excellent quartette has been formed which will, no doubt, be as popular as that of last year. Already the selections given by the club have been an interesting part of the Literary Society's programmes.

Now that work has settled into regular routine, and the ladies have discovered that another straw or two will not be a dangerous addition to their burdens, there is a growing desire expressed to re-establish their Modern Language Club on a new and improved basis. Developments along that line may shortly take place. Two of our new comers are ambitious, and disdaining the "easy" Modern Language Course assigned by general consent to lady students, are devoting some of their superfluous energy to the study of Greek. It will certainly be a matter of satisfaction to them throughout the course to know that their intellectual work cannot be estimated as lighter than that of their class-mates of the other sex, "Because they don't take Greek, you know."

McMaster Residence has emerged from its babyhood. No longer are its daily affairs under the paternal supervision of a resident pro-

fessor. This year the apartments formerly occupied by Prof. Trotter have been utilized for increased class room and residence accommodation, and the duties which formerly devolved upon him are now entrusted to an Executive Committee of six students, nominated by the Faculty. The boys have, without exception, amply justified the confidence reposed in them by this arrangement, and never has order and good feeling been more general among the students than at present. The students forming the committee are: Messrs. Cameron (Chairman), McAlpine and Tarr, from Arts; and Messrs. Warnicker, Freeman and McIntyre, from Theology.

At a students' meeting, called for the purpose of electing the High Kakiac for the ensuing college year, Mr. Alfred Stone was elected by acclamation. The duties pertaining to this high office are varied and important. The High Kakiac represents the students in extending the courtesies of the dining-room to visitors. He occupies the chair at all students' meetings and is, in fact, the generalissimo of the University. Our fellow-student with the hard name, but warm heart, is peculiarly fitted for this position, having had three years' experience in the requirements of this office, and possesses the love and respect of all the boys. We congratulate him upon his appointment, and expect the honors of the University and the dignity of the High Kakiac's office to surpass any previous year.

Some time before last Christmas the students were informed that the Board of Governors had decided to supply the Hall with a much-needed piano. This, though long expected, never came. One afternoon, however, about the middle of last month, the fellows about the Hall were electrified by some one exclaiming, "There's a piano in the chapel!" Every one hurried to see for himself, and there, sure enough, the long-expected instrument (one of Karn's best), was standing in the accustomed place of the old-time cabinet organ. It was not long before fingers, musical and otherwise, were pounding away at the key-board, testing the quality of tone——and powers of endurance, and then rose the inspiring strains of "Ta-rah-rah-boom-de-ray." The instrument was unanimously voted "first-class." No one is more delighted with this acquisition than the chapel organist, or, rather, pianist, Mr. Stone, and certainly the morning service is rendered much more enjoyable by the use of the new instrument.

The welcome accorded our new professor of philosophy has been most enthusiastic. The students are unanimous in declaring Dr. Foster to be the right man in the right place. We can well believe that Prof. Foster was a successful pastor, for he has that quality which Paul deems to be an essential in the Christian minister—aptness to teach. He has the power of awakening the enthusiasm of his classes, and under his guidance the student delights to explore the mysterious depths of metaphysics, or study the various phenomena of the soul. But the place that Prof. Foster holds in the hearts of Clan McMaster is not due solely to his ability as a teacher; we have learned to respect him as a man. Naturally large-hearted, the Doctor's sympathies have been

broadened by the early experiences of his life, and already the boys have learned that "the new professor" feels for them in their struggles for a collegiate training. The man who could start for college in woollen shirt and blue jean trousers, who could travel one hundred and twenty miles and face a college course with seventy-five cents, who could work for thirteen years before attaining the goal of his ambition, has been trained in the school of adversity to sympathize with other toilers in the halls of learning. Every student of McMaster feels that in Prof. Foster he has a friend. The childlike faith in God, the loyalty to divine truth, and the earnestness of purpose which characterize Dr. Foster, have given a new impetus to the spiritual life of many of the students. Already he has been a blessing to the college. May his bow long abide in strength!

O reader! that condescendest to be tolerably amused, perchance instructed, by these notes of ours, and who hast found in them a lullaby of bygone life, a lullaby so admirably conducive to soft, composing drowsiness, pry up, we beg of you, those heavy-weighted eyelids! Listen! We are going to harp another strain, a melody guaranteed new. What saith the chief? "Here, take it! Fail not at your peril! 'Tis 'The New Year.' Be expeditious and short enough! Good afternoon." Thus he spake. Humbly we obey.

October 4th, 1892, began our new year. We are to place before you the newsiness of the newness. This is considerable. We would fain sound the praises of our new Chancellor, but to others belong this pleasure. All we say is that you may watch our growing prosperity now.

We have newness in our Faculty, too. Prof. Foster, Doctor of Philosophy, has made his bow and entered our home. We are duly grateful. Psychology monopolizes our dreams, and slowly rolls the time between his impressive lectures. Doubtless more is said of him elsewhere, and also of Lecturers Willmott and Keys, from both of whom we receive our stores of knowledge with the greatest satisfaction and enjoyment. We have before us many new young faces, eagerly, determinedly, turned Minerva-wards. Some of these belong to young men, many of them to young women. Welcome are they all. We don't mind telling you that we really think we have the best lot of students in the country, on the whole. After that "summum bonum," let us but mention our remaining newnesses. There are our new colors, bright and variegated as the rainbow. New class rooms have appeared, besides new furniture, and a new chapel piano. A new librarian conducts a newly-stocked library. New suggestions are rife, and rumor has it that a new rule exists dealing with finance and gastronomy. Finally, there is a new revolution for our scholastic wheel to complete. We are all pushing hard, and as it is well-greased, it is rolling round with easy rapidity.

The Literary and Theological Society has wakened from its summer slumbers. Thrice have we, since first we came to the Hall,

witnessed it throw off the arms of the drowsy god, but never before did we see it arise so fresh and active and invigorated. Everybody was there; everybody was glad; everybody was unanimous. This unanimity broke forth when hearty cheers sanctioned the choice of Mr. Grigg as President. Prairie suns have shone upon him; prairie winds have sighed around him; and prairie vastnesses have stretched before him, since last we saw him. He has come back from them hale, eloquent, and big-hearted; so we thanked the prairies and made him President. This prairie fever was contagious, for when a man was wanted "To stand at Horatio's right side,' none other was chosen than merry Mr. Doolittle, who a year ago came to us from Manitoba's hall of learning with his Baccalaureate honors fresh upon him. And now up rose brave J. B. Warnicker, and quoth that he would name for secretary a former secretary of McGill University. We have faith in brave J. B.; we have faith in the wisdom of old McGill; and we have faith in the "former secretary," and so we elected Mr. Adams as scribe. But unanimity grows tame, sometimes; so it did now. Two were needed for councillors; and the list of the nominated grew apace. When the votes were cast, the President, beaming from his place, announced, amid great applause, that those two "good men and true," Messrs. Seldon and Sycamore, were elected. Then the elections of officers was concluded by the appointment of Mr. B. W. Merrill, B.A., as editor of the *Student*, with Mr. Clarke as coadjutor. Thus did the Literary and Theological Society do at its first meeting. We augur for it a profitable, entertaining and happy term.

The annual meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, Oct. 26th, when the following were elected as officers for the ensuing year:

Vice-President, Mr. J. B. Warnicker; *Treasurer*, Dr. Welton; *Recording-Secretary*, Mr. E. J. Stobo, Jr.; *Corresponding-Secretary*, Mr. H. C. Priest; *Committee*, Messrs. McAlpine, Freeman, Pocock and Trotter.

Owing to proposed changes in the constitution the representatives from the Faculty were not elected, but will be voted for at a future meeting.

Moulton College.

For the first time the sound of hammering has been musical to the ears of Moultonites. The old buildings at the back of the college are being torn down, and the long-talked-of gymnasium begins to be something more than a dream. But now our only fear is that the gymnasium will be built too soon. Winter is coming and we want a skating rink. The cleared space is just the thing for it. Will the Board not consider the matter? And what of Major? Those who made his acquaintance last year will be interested to know how his education is progressing.

The noble fellow, who was sadly in need of rest, spent his vacation at the college, and now enters upon his second year with renewed devotion to the arduous duties of sleeping and eating. He is also pursuing an elective course at McMaster Hall, thus committing himself to the interests of co-education.

Moulton opens with a larger attendance than usual—ninety-eight pupils have registered, fifty-four of whom are boarders. Teachers and pupils are taking hold of their work with enthusiasm, and everything promises a most successful year. Especially is this true of the spiritual life of the college. The weekly prayer-meetings have never been so well attended, and the interest in Bible study is increasing.

A few of our musical girls attended the Juch-Scharwenka concert the other evening, but although an enjoyable evening was spent, we found that we had raised our expectations too high. Scharwenka, although a thorough musician, and a conscientious performer, is *not* a Paderewski or a Rubenstein. His playing and interpretation of his own compositions was the most enjoyable feature. Miss Juch was not in good voice. A friend who heard her several years ago, tells us her voice now cannot compare with what it was at that time. She has a charming manner, and was welcomed as an old friend. Sig. Pelasco contributed much to our pleasure by his fine deep basso. He sings with much feeling.

What words can fitly express the depth of my emotions as I viewed from the street that colossal structure towering high and stately before me! Ah, it was well enough from the outside, but my first impression on attempting to enter, was one of intensest *blueness*—when I thought of how I should lose strength all winter in trying to open that second door. But arriving at the chapel the terrible sensation of redness experienced on being so enthusiastically welcomed was worse than the other. Alas! I knew not what awaited me—when I entered the classroom and understood how vast a quantity of knowledge was expected of me, my emotions gradually assumed a verdant hue which grew positively painful. And when the august professor pointed his index finger straight at my unsuspecting self, I became so white and frightened that I have never fully recovered from the effect. But they were only first impressions, and the hope yet remained to me that those startling colors would fade into the dull gray of monotony, for I found such variegated sensations not altogether agreeable.

Our Mission Circle held its first regular meeting for this term, September 16th. The principal feature of the evening was a very instructive map-talk on our own Canadian Telugu Mission. As the various fields were pointed out, mention was made of the missionaries in charge, and slight sketches given of the work which was being accomplished. This is what we had felt was needed, and this short and concise summary of the work was very much appreciated. The latter part of the

evening was devoted to a free discussion on the work in its various phases, and helpful suggestions made. Two weeks succeeding this meeting we had the pleasure of listening to an exceedingly interesting address by Rev. John Craig. He expressed the hope that in the near future he might see many of the faces before him as co-laborers in the work.

One bright Saturday afternoon, a party of Third-flatters, escorted by two of the Faculty, set out on a trip to Lewiston. There were nine of us all told, not to mention the lunch-baskets and wraps, of which there was a goodly number. When we got down to the wharf we found the deck of the boat already crowded, but, acting upon the principle of "always room for one more in a street-car," we made our way on deck. As there were no chairs to be had upstairs, and as the gentlemen of our party were invisible, half of the party rushed downstairs for chairs, while the other half kept places for them upstairs. At last the moment for departure came, and with joyous eye we watched the receding landscape, and left Moulton and its cares far behind us. Some read, some admired the view, and all laughed and enjoyed themselves generally. So passed the time until Niagara-on-the-Lake was reached. We paused there a short time, and then came a most delightful sail up the river. At Lewiston we had our lunch and lots of fun. Coming home it grew decidedly colder, and we all huddled together, talking of nothings. Being a very musical crowd, some of us started to sing, but were soon reminded by our "Faculty" that the night air was injurious to high sopranos (the girls have often wondered if they really meant it or if our singing made them homesick.) As we neared Toronto we gained the very front of the boat, and came in where Moulton girls always should, at the head of all. One other bright Saturday afternoon a week later, a crowd (not Third-flatters), set out for Lewiston, but upon reaching the wharf and seeing the boat a short distance out, decided that the Island had more charms for them than Niagara could ever have.

Woodstock College.

The Philomathic and Excelsior Societies have been both started anew, the officers elected and everything done that may tend to make these Societies of interest and instruction. As usual the Excelsior outnumbers the Philomathic.

At our Thursday evening prayer meeting, September 22nd, we had the pleasure of listening to a graphic account of Armenia, both as to its history, and present religious condition, delivered by a native of that country. His dress, and description of the manners of his native land, were interesting and amusing.

The football team has been organized and under its captain, J. W. Hay, is doing some very good work. We think it will give a

good account of itself in the annual University match, soon to come off. Lacrosse is also in a flourishing condition, numbers of the boys playing every day, and the manner in which some of them handle the stick proves them to be, if not professionals, at least exceptionally good amateurs.

With his characteristic punctuality, our worthy Principal Bates opened College on the day announced in the calendar. The number of students present was not very large; as most of them were out on vacation, some many miles from Woodstock, and wished to make the most of their time before they were again at their studies. Since then the number has steadily increased until we have now a full school of remarkably bright, earnest young men.

The members of our Faculty, we are proud to say, are men whom we all "delight to honor." The integrity and worth of Principal Bates, Masters McKechnie, Clarke, Robertson and George, are too well-known to need being mentioned. They have earned for themselves glorious names. Mr. Smith has been with us one year, but that year has shown him to be just the man needed to fill the position now occupied by him. Woodstock College and all her interests are dear to his heart. In Mr. McCrimmon we have the ideal teacher. Though not long with us, he has endeared himself to us by his straightforward manly ways; and the way in which he handles a Greek verb stirs within our bosoms the ambition to become likewise proficient. On the foot-ball field he is one of the boys, while in the buildings he takes the place naturally belonging to him.

A new and interesting feature has been introduced in the School. We refer to double-beds, which enable two students to room together. These are not the cumbersome, ungainly articles of furniture used in bygone ages, and for all we know, still used in some schools; but handsome iron bedsteads, called by the students "double-deckers," from the fact that one person sleeps about three feet above the other. That they are extremely comfortable to sleep in is vouched for by the fact that many of the boys are a minute or two late at breakfast.

Thursday, the 29th of September, the Lieut-Gov. General visited our College which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. With him were Sir Oliver Mowat and the Hon. John Dryden. They were receive enthusiastically by the students. His Honor was presented with an address by Mr. Clarke, and his Lady with a beautiful bouquet by one of the students. He expressed himself as well pleased with the manly faces of the students, the general decorum of the school, and its delightful situation. Lieut-Gov. Kirkpatrick is endearing himself to the Province by the lively way he is interesting himself in educational, political, and social matters. Sir Oliver Mowat followed, giving words of encouragement, and firing the ambition of each boy by his reference to Dr. Fyfe and others who once were students. Hon. John Dryden felt inspired by being once

more in "This Hall," and spoke of the glorious influences surrounding young men in Woodstock College. The "Manual Training" department was highly praised by him. Before leaving the chapel to inspect the rest of the College buildings the Lieut-Governor requested the Principal to grant a half holiday to the students, and, considering the source from which it came, our worthy Principal granted the request. As our visitors drove out of the gate the whole school drawn up in line gave them three hearty, British cheers.

The Annual Games.—The annual games of the College were held on Saturday, Oct. 8th, and were witnessed by a large number of prominent townspeople. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, each event was so well contested that everything proved to be remarkably successful, everyone feeling well satisfied with the day's pleasure. The officers of the day were: Starter, W. G. Clarke; Clerk of Course, A. L. McCrimmon, M A.; Judges, D. W. Karn, C. S. Kerr, B.A., J. I. Bates, Ph. M.; Chairman of Committee, H. S. Robertson, B.A.; Secretary of Committee, A. M. Overholt. At the conclusion of the sports all adjourned to the Chapel Room of the College, where the prizes and badges were presented by Mrs. Bates and Mrs. H. J. Finkle.

The winners were: Bicycle race (5 miles), F. H. Karn, 1; A. F. Gibbs, 2. Throwing lacrosse ball, G. Allan, 1; E. Lenzarder, 2. Standing long jump, Allan 1; McIntyre 2. Standing hop, step, jump Allan 1; Harper 2. Running long jump, Harper 1; Allan 2. Running hop, step, jump, Harper 1; Allan 2. Putting sledge, Harper 1; Collins 2. Kicking football, Petterbridge 1; Gibb 2. Running high jump, Gibbs 1; Wilson 2. Mile walk, Grant 1; Topping 2. 100 yards' dash, 15 years and under, Karn 1; McDonald 2. Wheelbarrow race, Petterbridge 1; Wolverton 2. Quarter-mile, ex-pupils, White 1; McIntosh 2. 100 yards' dash, senior, Allan 1; Petterbridge 2. 220 yards, open to all schools, Gibbs 1; Walker 2. 3-legged race, Thompson and Wright 1; Rattray and McDonald 2. 220 yards, 15 years and under, Karn 1; Rattray 2. ½ mile run, Walker 1; Allan 2 Potato race, McDonald 1; Wolverton 2. Mile run, Walker 1; Petterbridge 2. Obstacle race, Walker 1; McIntosh 2. On account of the rain the tug-of-war did not take place on Saturday. The "Championship Cup" of the College was presented to G. L. Allan, of Goderich, who took the greatest number of points. The tug-of-war took place on Monday, 10th, when the second year pulled the first year senior over the mark, and was declared the champion year of the school.

A. V. Dimpany

DESBARATS & CO., ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS.

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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1892.

AMERICUS V. TIMPANY.

The subject of the above portrait was one of those men who both by their character and the circumstances of their times form eras in the history of the world. The man who first steps out of the light into the surrounding darkness, who throws off the surrounding sloth and elbows his way out into activity is in a sense entitled to more honor than any one who may follow him in that path. The man who originates a beneficent idea, or who picks up and sets in motion one which has been allowed to sleep, does more good to the human race than many who may seem to accomplish much more. As the original germ becomes the parent of myriads of its kind, so this thought or idea goes on multiplying through the eternities.

This it is which gives Wm. Carey his blessed pre-eminence in the missionary world. This alone, had there been nothing else, would have given Rev. A. V. Timpany a first place in the hearts of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. He was neither the first nor the second Canadian Baptist who went to India. But he was the first Regular Baptist educated in Canada, gathering about him the love and loyalty of his college mates from Sarnia to Montreal, gathering unto himself the love, the loyalty, the sympathy, the prayers and the gifts of our churches, and transplanting them among the Telugus. He was the first to carry the life line from our shores to the sinking craft on the

storm-tossed sea of heathenism. It was a great day for these same Baptists when Brother Timpany led them out of themselves—gave them a broader outlook—a readier sympathy with the lost, and brought them into closer fellowship with the Lord Jesus and His plans for the World's redemption.

After that day, Canadian Baptists saw farther, felt more deeply and moved forward more steadily than ever before.

Bro. Timpany was born in "The Lake Erie region," near Vienna, December 1840. Some people still ask, can any good thing come out of Nazareth, and we still answer with Philip, "come and see." There was little Foreign Missionary spirit in that region when our brother was a boy. There might be more now, but thank God it is growing. The type of Christian life in those churches was emotional rather than doctrinal, and Bro. Timpany in his earlier years drank largely of that spirit. But the family to which Bro. Timpany belonged were Bible students and had a love for research, and withal a tenacity of conviction which stood them in good stead when doctrinal preaching failed. Bro. Timpany was converted early in life under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Hall. This man must have exerted a powerful influence upon him, for he loved him greatly and was continually speaking of him in after years. Very early in his Christian life thoughts of the ministry took possession of his sympathetic, ardent nature, and in 1860 he entered Woodstock College. How well I remember him as I saw him for the first time in November, 1861, at the old C. L. Institute. Short and slight in build, black hair, black sparkling eyes and a face almost girlish in its fairness, over which ripples of laughter and tremors of emotion played in succession as rapidly as cloud and sunshine follow each other on an April day. He was intense, eager, earnest, ingenuous. In youth as in manhood he was one whom everybody loved. In his studies he was diligent, faithful, accurate and successful. He was an all round student, equally good in mathematics, classics, science or general subjects; and yet for such a companionable, sociable, entertaining man as he was he had one peculiarity. I do not think I ever saw him on the play ground. No kind of outdoor sport had any charms for him. And in this the boy was father to the man. A long walk with a likeminded companion was his almost invariable exercise. Neither was he

much enarmoured of literary societies. He belonged to them, but only gave them a half-hearted support. His sensitive nature was hurt and his earnest spirit was shocked by the wrangling and license incident to the ordinary society meeting. Midnight howls, or boyish pranks always found Bro. Timpany either sound asleep or tugging away at classic roots. But the prayer meeting, the missionary society or the college revival always found him in his place.

It was during this period that the foreign mission idea laid hold of our brother. Missionaries Telford, Hallam, and the elder Mrs. Vinton visited the college and addressed the Judson Missionary Society. Mrs. Vinton's words they were which stirred his soul and turned his heart and his eyes to Burma and the Karens. She was a woman of unusual power and address, and created quite a sensation in the school. Bro. Timpany's thoughts of the foreign field soon ripened into a conviction that he ought to go, and with him conviction and action were never far separated. He told his story both at home and to Dr. Fyfe at the college. At the former place he met with very unexpected and strenuous opposition. He was refused any further assistance in prosecuting his studies, and had to resort to teaching to finish his education. But the "*Great Heart*" at the college took the little enthusiast into his innermost heart! Here was a great crisis in Canadian Baptist history, and God provided two great men to meet it. Had Dr. Fyfe not been a man of a very broad outlook, a man guided by principle rather than expediency, a man who never chose present success at the expense of the future, he might have said, and in a sense have said truly—"My dear young brother, the thought in your heart does you infinite credit; it is a noble Christ-like and inspiring one, and were the circumstances different, no one would have said 'God speed you' more heartily than I, and have sent you forth with my blessing. But look at the facts of the case. Your parents strenuously oppose your going, and will render you no assistance in your education. Some deference is due to them, and some consideration to your own financial circumstances. Then look at your native land—Canada. We are only a handful of people—14,000 in all. Our Home Missionaries are struggling for an existence. Look at the unoccupied districts in the North-East and West. Along the

shores of Lake St. Clair and Huron, and Georgian Bay, Central Canada and the Ottawa Valley. Look at Quebec with its ever increasing and aggressive Catholicism ; Grande Ligne nearly dead. We ought to do more for Quebec or Quebec will extinguish us, Then think of our educational work. Here we are struggling to keep this college afloat. We need our best men here at home among our churches, to befriend and help it. It is the hope of our denomination, the nucleus of its future efforts, the centre around which our scattered and disunited churches must gather." But no ! he knew that the fire in this young man's heart was from heaven—that this fire if communicated to the churches would help to burn up the remnants of the jealousies, sectional prejudices and national animosities which had been so hurtful in the past. He knew that the love and sympathy which were hurrying Bro. Timpany to India would become contagious, and would not only hurry men into each others arms, but hurry them into home fields and up into the great North-West. He knew that the man whose eye took in the heathen, was not likely to overlook the lost at home. He was sure that money could not flow out of Canada to India without paying interest at home, and that "there is that giveth and yet increaseth," therefore he took him by the hand and said "Dear Brother, your thought is of God, go, and God speed you."

He wrote to Boston, Mass., and along with friends in Canaaa, opened up a path for the young and inexperienced missionary, opened his own ill-filled purse and gave the first $5 for his outfit and support. Thank God for the presence of the man for the hour. This thing which he hath done shall be told for a memorial of him.

I must not describe in detail the visit to Boston, the expressed desire to labor among the Karens—how that purpose was changed by the letter of appeal from Nellore—the return to Canada—the coming first into contact with and afterwards into the family of the seraphic Bates—his visiting of the Canadian Baptist churches—his marriage and finally the great meeting at Ingersoll in October, 1867. This meeting has been called an era-making one. But like many other eras, this one had been in the process of making for some time. The college had been stirred, and the students had just returned from their long vaca-

tion where they had been giving out the inspiration they themselves had received not long before—the new missionary had visited the Associations and the Churches, and his fresh young face and tremulous tones were in the hearts of many—his pathetic appeals and heroic courage were still stirring their souls. What he knew about the momentous subject was a revelation to the pastors and to the people. They had never heard so much about the great lost world before. The ladies had gathered here and there in committees to prepare an outfit; and while they sewed and prayed, they also talked and wondered. How could the young man, and especially the young woman, leave father and mother and home land and go so far away and few knew how far? When they went home the husbands and others had to hear the news. It was talked about in socials, in tea meetings, and some went so far as to preach about it in the pulpit. And so the people were roused as never before. The Convention drew nigh and the people began to come: some in doubt, some in curiosity, some in faith and prayer, and others who were totally ignorant of the whole matter. Men who had discernment of the times came—the students came in scores, and best of all the great Lord of the harvest came, and the enlightening, quickening, joy-giving Holy Spirit came, and that wonderful meeting was the result.

Amid the benedictions and tears of an awakened people they started on their long journey to the scene of their future trials and triumphs. In April, 1868, they landed in India, and at once entered upon the study of the language. He became a good Telugu scholar, and well versed in their history, habits, religious customs, etc. He reached the field just as the *lone star* began to multiply and send forth its healing beams into the surrounding darkness. He entered at once with all his soul into the bright anticipations of the whitening harvest. Enthusiastic, rapturous, all on fire, the life beats of the coming quickening were already in his soul. When he reached Nellore, there were but *two* Baptist stations in the Telugu country. He was the third missionary and opened the *third* station in 1870. There were but 139 Telugu Baptists in the country when he landed. When he died, after 17 years of toil for the Telugus, there were *three* distinct Baptist *missions* in the Telugu country, 20 stations,

28 mission families, seven young ladies, two theological seminaries and over 30,000 church members!

Brother Timpany's work naturally divides itself into three periods—Ramapatam, Canada on furlough, and Cocanada. The Ramapatam field covered part of what was the old Ongole field and had felt the influence of the work there. A church of 35 members was formed March 26th, 1870, of persons dismissed from the Ongole and Nellore churches. Several preachers and teachers were also given to the new missionary. In Ramapatam our brother was in the full vigor of his physical manhood, and did not spare himself. He not only toured extensively, preached constantly, but also busied himself about the earthly welfare of the people. He was the inveterate foe of the oppressor, no matter what his station or race, and the champion of the poor and oppressed of every color, creed or caste. Many a weary mile he travelled, many a danger faced, many a rupee expended in tracking down and punishing petty officials, kinglets or other oppressors. He was largely the originator and for years the heart and soul of the American Baptist Telugu Conference. He took a leading part in the agitation for a Theological Seminary in Ramapatam. He erected the buildings and was its first Principal. For two years he was the only Bible teacher in it, and at the same time found time to write a compendium of theology which was used in our seminaries for years. The church of 75 members had grown in ten years to one of 764.

In 1876, with his wife and family, he returned to Canada, after an absence of eight years. He was the first *returned* missionary as he was the *pioneer* of our churches; and he was the typical man for each. Ardent, hopeful, enthusiastic, there was no pessimism about him. There was no difficulty in throwing the halo of romance about him and his work. While at home he did perhaps as much for the Telugus as during any two years of his life. Besides what he did in individuals and churches, it will never be forgotten that it was he who induced the ladies both in Montreal and Toronto to engage in Foreign Mission work. This was no very easy task, for there were timidity, fearfulness, indifference and direct opposition to be met and overcome; but these were just the conditions which called forth Bro. Timpany's best efforts. How grandly he succeeded the history of the past sixteen years abundantly shows.

In starting the *Missionary Link*, which he did at the same time, the conditions were exactly the same. The first number was printed with his own money, and what a link of blessing it has been between the missionaries and the home workers. A winter was also given to the study of medicine, in which he had become somewhat proficient during his stay in India.

But the hard working vacation was soon over, the eldest children left behind, and the glowing East is faced once more. This time he goes out as a Canadian missionary. There is something peculiar to the Cocanada term of service which does not come out on the Ramapatam one. In Cocanada he met for the first time the Eurasians as a community. He entered into all their needs with his accustomed energy and devotion, and gave largely of his means to further their interests. He also erected the school-house, chapel, and girls' quarters and master's house. Also built a new mission-boat to replace the 'Minnie Wilson,' which was becoming old. He was for a short time a member of the Telugu Revision Committee, and also served for a term as Municipal Commissioner for the town of Cocanada. In all these positions he was himself—loyal to his Master, and faithful to his mission. In 1884 it was deemed advisable for brethren Currie and Craig to go on furlough. This left the care of the three fields and the seminary to Bro. Timpany and myself. Bro. Timpany complained often and sorely of the double load—Akidu and Cocanada. He was afraid and yet in some respects he was better than the year before, less fever but not so robust—not so much elasticity. I remember well the last time I saw him standing at his own door step, bidding me farewell—how long! as I started on my trip to Burma for my life. The far away, sober, subdued look was in his eyes then. In a few short days the last enemy all unannounced entered the mission house and seized the only male missionary on the field. The struggle lasted from 6 a.m. till 2 p.m. and then the weary body was at rest, and the purified soul in glory. A wail of anguish arose in the compound, spread throughout the town, was carried by the wire to Burma and Canada, was passed from lip to lip in his native land, till Curry heard it by the sounding sea, and rushed back to fill the vacant breach, and within one year take his place by his side in the same cemetery. The people heard the voice of God in

this visitation and took it to heart, and at least as a partial result we have on the field, after an interval of only six years, 9 mission families instead of four; five young ladies instead of one, and the income has risen from $13,820 in 1885 to about $26,000 in 1891. "What hath God wrought." And what shall I say more. Time and space fail in which to write the half of what is in my heart.

Mentally, our brother was a man of no ordinary power. Keen and searching he was also fresh and original, ready in speech and fertile in resources, he kept himself well abreast of the age in general knowledge. But perhaps his most prominent characteristics were *earnestness* and *devotion*. He never did anything by halves. Never did anything doubtfully—kept nothing back. He was a man of action—prompt to plan and still more prompt to execute. He was *courageous*, mentally, morally and physically. He feared no man. From the Viceroy to the village kurnam he was ready to face any one who interfered with his Christians.

He was hopeful. A thousand defeats left him with his face to the foe. To him the future was always bright, the dawn just appearing—the golden age in the horizon. In this respect his companionship or presence in a meeting was a tonic and an inspiration to less sanguine souls.

He was a man of great faith. Faith in God, in the gospel to save and elevate; faith in his own mission to preach, and faith in the people. The abandon with which he could throw himself into another's cause was wonderful. His identity with the afflicted was complete. Here lay the secret of his great power with men. He was a man of broad sympathies. All races, all creeds and conditions shared his love and interest. Though a loyal Baptist, his heart went out to all workers, in every sphere of effort.

He was a good citizen. He took a comprehensive view of India's needs and advocated necessary reforms both in private and public.

His life was *short* in years, but long in blessed results. His sun set while it was yet noon, but it set in glory. Being dead he yet speaks—"He fell like a soldier, he died at his post." In the full vigor of life, in the midst of his work, with the sweat of

toil on his brow, he laid his armour by and went to be with the Lord. He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and having finished his course and kept the faith he received the crown of life which fades not away.

Let us be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

SEA FOG.

Here danced an hour ago a sapphire sea;
Now, airy nothingness, wan spaces vast,
Pale draperies of the formless fog o'ercast,
And wreathéd waters gray with mystery!
The ship glides like a phantom silently,
As screams the white-winged gull before the mast;
Weird elemental shapes go flitting past,
Which loom as giant ghosts above the quay.

The vapor lifts! Again the sea gleams bright;
The heavens have hid within their chambers far
Cloud-stuff of gossamer, from which are spun
To-morrow's skyey pomps, inwove with light,
The belted splendors for the rising sun,
And rosy curtains for the evening star.

T. H. R.

Bay of Fundy, August.

From the Lake Magazine.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

Notes of Pictures and Painters.

II.

My Dear Young Friend, — In my previous letter I grouped the earliest Florentine painters as best I could from the few specimens of their art to be seen in the Gallery. Their work exhibits art in its infancy, and wholly under the influence of religious teachings.

As the religious fervor began to cool, the incoming of a new element marks another stage. The revival of classical learning, known as the Renaissance, brought mythology to the front. This gave new subjects, and fresh incentive to the expression of beauty. Fragments of fresco and altar-pieces are displaced by easel pictures, denoting the growing desire for home decorations.

Look at this picture,—The Rape of Helen. It is one of the first in which a classical subject is attempted. It was, doubtless, intended to be the cover of a box, octagonal in form, such as were in common use for wedding gifts. Hence the choice of subject. This panel-picture is nearly two feet square, and is done in distemper. An inlet of the sea, a rocky landscape, a small temple having a gilt statue of one of the Greek deities,—these are the settings. From the temple a beautiful woman surrounded by beautiful women—Helen, wife of Menelaus, and the ladies of her court—are being taken off to a ship by Paris and his companions. Paris, the eager lover, takes giant strides, and the ships seem impatient to speed their errand. The flowers in the foreground are exquisitely painted, but the background of rocks and trees is so unlike anything in nature as to make the contrast almost ludicrous. This unequal finish of natural accessories characterizes the art of the time. This is the earliest picture in the Gallery painted for domestic pleasure, and not for religious service. The artist is Benozzo Gozzoli, born 1424. He seems to be the connecting link between the religious and mythological periods. He was a pupil of Fra Angelico, of whom I spoke at the close of my first letter. The only other specimen of his work to be seen here is The Virgin

and Child Enthroned. It is in distemper, on a wooden panel some five feet square. He was commissioned to make the Virgin similar in mode, form and ornament to one painted by Fra Angelico which is now in the Florentine Academy. It was further stipulated "that the said Benozzo shall at his own cost diligently gild the same panel throughout, both as regards figures and ornaments." In most of the Florentine pictures there is a prodigal use of gold, or "glitter" as Ruskin would say. This painting was an altar-piece of the Campagnia di San Marco, Florence. It is a fine composition of thirteen figures: five angels with outstretched wings behind the enthroned Virgin and Child; the Baptist, and St. Zenobius in a rich chasuble, on the Virgin's right; Peter and St. Dominic on the left; with St. Francis and St. Jerome kneeling in front. On the steps are two sweet little goldfinches, which seem to be in beautiful sympathy with the scene, of which they form no unimportant part.

Benozzo was the first Italian painter whose spirit was moved by the beauties of the natural world, and the first to enliven his landscapes with animals. His best work is in the Campo Santo, Pisa,—the subjects being taken from the Old Testament. As a mark of their appreciation, the Pisans, in 1478, presented him with a beautiful sarcophagus against his burial in the Campo Santo. He died in 1498.

Contemporary with Benozzo was Fra Lippo Lippi, a Carmelite friar. Five of his paintings are in the Gallery. Their chief characteristics are rich golden colors and beautiful draperies—his human figures being surcharged with feeling, and his angels like overgrown high-spirited boys. Some day you may read the story of his life as told with dramatic power by Browning. It is not wholly pleasant reading, nor was it meant to be. Browning is a teacher of high things, and his Fra Lippo Lippi is both text and pulpit:—

> "I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave
> You need not clap your torches to my face.
> . . . . . Paint the souls of men—
> Man's soul, and its a fire, smoke . . No it's not,
> It's vapor done up like a new-born babe—
> It's . . . Well, what matters talking, it's the soul!
> Give us no more of body than shows soul!
> Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising God,
> That sets us praising."

Lippi died in 1469, having left the Convent thirty-seven years before. He was once carried as a slave into Barbary by Moorish pirates, and while a captive in chains managed to draw on a white wall a charcoal portrait of his master. This display of his skill procured Lippi's release from fetters, and subsequent exhibitions of his graphic and pictorial power resulted in the regaining of his liberty. His whole life was a romance.

Here are some eight paintings in distemper of peculiar richness in coloring. They are, indeed, the richest and also the most fanciful of all the specimens of the Florentine school. Note this Virgin and Child, the Baptist and Angels. The scene is in a garden. The Virgin is seated with the Child on her knees, and two angels hold a crown over her head. The Baptist kneels in adoration before the divine Child. The Virgin is reposeful and dignified; the children are full of life and action, and the angels are buoyant youths. The trellised rose-hedge in the background —the rose being one of the flowers consecrated to the Madonna by the painters—serves as a delightful emblem of love and beauty,—"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse." This artist is an inspired painter of flowers, especially of roses, and his name is Botticelli,—1446–1510. His real name was Sandro, or Alessandro, Fillippi. Having been apprenticed to a goldsmith, he adopted his name. He became a pupil of Lippi, and the fulness of human life, blended with religious feeling, which characterizes his work, is manifestly derived from his master. His Madonnas seem so very human as to appear out of sympathy with the divine Child,—their humanity moving towards a lower companionship than that of which the Infant Saviour is the expression. Perhaps Tennyson derived a hint in this respect from Botticelli's Madonnas, in his representation of Guinevere's desire for a less perfect man than was the divine Arthur.

In the latter part of his life, Botticello came under the influence of Savonarola, the great Florentine Reformer. Here is his Nativity of Christ, painted two years after Savonarola died. Much of Botticello's earlier painting was devoted to mythological subjects, over which he throws a great charm. Mars and Venus, and Venus with Cupids, in the Gallery, are interesting examples. Having become an ardent follower of Savonarola he forsook the field of classical mythology and found his subjects

wholly in Biblical history. The Nativity is an inspiring example of his later work. Browning has done much to reinvest the productions of this artist with extraordinary interest.

Thus far I have called your attention to two very marked stages in the Florentine school. In the first,—known as the Giottesque—symbols are used. The story is everything, and religious feeling overtops all. In the second, the artist opens his eyes to the world of natural beauty in which he lives, and tries to paint nature as he sees it,—the naturalistic stage. Here is a picture, The Martyrdon of St. Sebastian, which emphasizes this latter stage as seen in the painting of the human form. How marked are the firm strong muscles in the arms and legs of the executioner! It is very evident the painter took pleasure even in a most painful subject, since it afforded him an opportunity of skillfully displaying, by his brush, his anatomical knowledge. This is the only work of Pollajuolo, 1429-1498, to be seen in the Gallery. He was the first painter who studied anatomy from the dead body, and is a typical representative of the second period.

A third period or stage was the inevitable outcome. Perfection of the technical process of painting, the attempt to heighten form into ideal beauty, and to give it all the energy, grace and life possible—these are the motives which now become operative and find free and masterful play. Leonardi da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian are the four great masters of this period, and indeed four of the greatest painters whom the world has seen. Let me clear the way to speak intelligibly of them and their work.

If we walk observantly through several of the rooms we shall see that we have reached a time when many branches or schools of Italian Art have come into being. The spirit which so long stirred the Florentine artists has spread over all Italy, and found expression in many schools; among them, the Sienese, Venetian, Umbrian, Paduan and Bolognese; while the Florentine has continued to rise in power and influence, filling Europe with its products. I should like to enter fully into the characteristics of each of these schools and note their representative painters, but I fear I should weary and confuse you. I shall therefore say merely a word or two of these, taking care to

mention those names which lead up to the four great Masters to whom I have referred.

The Sienese school, especially the work of Matteo of Siena, 1435-1500, while marked by feeling and grace, is noteworthy for its religious emphasis in early art, and for the persistence of this emphasis. Of the Umbrian I shall speak by-and-by. It is enough to say just now that Raphael was its star of the first magnitude. The Paduan, founded by Synarcione, 1394-1474, a great teacher of linear perspective, was the most learned of all the schools, and the source of the classical and mythological streams. Its treatment of form is also sharp and sculpturesque. Andrea Mantegna, 1431-1506, is one of its great masters, his works being full of old-time feeling. While Botticello "played with the art of the ancients" and put it to modern use, Mantegna "lived and moved in it." He was one of the first to engrave his own pictures.

The first aim of the Venetian school was with light, shade and color as they have to do with the representation of the human form, simply as form and outward appearance. Coupled with this, necessarily, was the representation of dress, furniture, and architecture. In the attainment of this aim the painters of this school, in the judgment of Ruskin, reached perfection. The Bellini brothers, Gian, or John and Gentile stand out most prominently among the Venetian painters. Their father, a painter also, said "he hoped in God's name Gian would outstrip him, and that Gentile, the elder, would outstrip both." But it was Gian who shot ahead in the race. He was born in 1426, and lived till he was ninety. Venetian art had already its well defined character for open air effects. Bellini's pictures, like most Venetian paintings, are marked by rich and subdued tones, interblended with positive tints and shades, seen through a medium of soft haze,—an atmosphere peculiar to countries washed by the sea. An example is seen in one of his sacred pieces, Christ's Agony in the Garden. The picture is rosy with sunset clouds, the first twilight painting with sunset hues. It is, however, as a portrait painter that he commands especial attention. The painting of portraits had already been begun in Venice, but he it was who established the art. You have, no doubt, seen portraits of the Doge Leonardo Loredana, under

whose rule Venice became one of the Great Powers of Europe. He sat to Bellini for his portrait, which was hung in the ducal palace. It is now in the National Gallery, the original of the engravings so widely circulated. It is one of the most striking pictures to be seen here. I cannot undertake a description of it. For perfection of form, color, light and shade, and consummate technique, I have never seen a portrait to compare with it; nor does it lack in forceful personality. Bellini is one of the greatest of the fifteenth century painters, showing, even to the end of his long life, increasing knowledge and power. He had a number of pupils who became famous, among them the great Titian. Bellini's earlier works are in distemper, while his later ones are in oil. It is believed he obtained the secret of working in oil from Antonella, a Venetian, who learned the art in Flanders. Bellini, disguising himself as a nobleman, sat for his portrait to Antonella, and thus detected the secret.

The founder of the Bolognese school of painters was Il Francia (Francesco Raibolini), 1450-1517. He was a goldsmith by trade—you will think that all the old painters were goldsmiths first, but there are exceptions!—and after he was forty years of age became famous in Lombardy and Bologna as a painter. One of his three paintings in the Gallery is An Altar-Piece. It is noble in composition and full of artistic grace and power in expression. The Virgin with the Babe, St. Anne offering the Babe a peach—a symbol of the fruits of the Spirit,—little St. John, a beautiful child form, standing at the foot of the throne, bearing in his arms a cross of reeds encircled by a scroll on which is inscribed *Ecce Agnus Dei*, St. Lawrence with his gridiron and palm branch, and St. Frediana, are on the right; while, on the left are Paul, holding a sword, the instrument of his martyrdom, and St. Sebastian bound and pierced with arrows—his anguish rapt away into heavenly beatitude. Pathos is the distinguishing power of Il Francia's brush. This is wonderfully felt in studying the *lunette*, or arch, of the Altar-Piece. It is a *pietà*,—two sympathetic angels with the Virgin weeping over the dead body of our Lord. He is surely dead, but it is the death-sleep of one wearied with most sorrowful and exhausting labor. The picture is suffused with reverence and tender pity, and something of the restfulness and peace which wait on the

completion of a great and overmastering life-work. The countenance of the angel at the head has a peaceful expression as of one who knows that it is but a little while till He shall make good His claim, "I am the resurrection and the life." The angel at the feet is sorrowful with sympathy for the bereaved Mother. The Mother lovingly rests the body of her Son on her knee as when He was a child. Her face is tearful and very sad, yet bears the assurance of a well-nigh hidden hope, and a manifest content that heaven conferred on her the honor of being His mother. The picture is instinct with ineffable tenderness,—heaven and earth pouring out their founts of love together.

Are you weary of the 'Squint-eyed" Saints and Madonnas, Altar-Pieces and Pietas of the early stages of Italian painting? I should not be surprised if you were. It may comfort you to say that in my next letter I hope to interest you in that period which may fitly be called the meridian glory of Italian art.

EMELINE A. RAND.

MANUAL TRAINING.

The Manual Training Department in connection with Woodstock College is now entering upon the fourth year of its existence, and that which was at first regarded as something of an experiment has now taken settled form and is here to stay. Many of your readers are familiar with the working of this department, and may have visited the shops and inspected their equipment, but for the benefit of others we wish to give a brief description of our outfit and work. First, however, we would like to correct a prevalent impression, that this is a mere carpenter or machine shop where boys are taught to make articles, useful or otherwise. It is really an extension of our curriculum, a new subject, studied not from text books, but by actual contact with the materials wrought upon, and calling for observation, accuracy and skill. The ultimate object is the further education

of the boy, not the making of articles—this last is merely the means to the end.

The outfit for this department is very much more extensive than that required for the other departments of the curriculum, and that in itself constitutes the chief obstacle to its universal introduction into our schools. The best educators everywhere are agreed as to the great advantages of a Manual Training course, but the requisite means for establishing such a course are not easily obtained.

We may perhaps be best able to give our description by following the work of the classes throughout the course. In the junior class boys are supposed to have had little or no practice in tool work. Each boy is assigned a bench provided with a fairly complete set of carpenters' tools, comprising about thirty pieces. To these he is introduced by degrees, made to learn their uses and the care they require, and through a regularly graded series of exercises he developes skill in handling them. His work is so arranged that, as far as possible, his mind is constantly employed. He studies the effect of every stroke of hammer, chisel or saw. General instructions as to how to proceed are given as far as the teacher deems it wise, but, to a great extent, the boy is left to think out for himself the best way to gain his end, and even his mistakes and failures are not without their good results, inasmuch as they stimulate him to forethought, self-reliance and care. In this class we have benches and tools to accommodate twenty-four students working together.

As the thoughtfulness and skill developed by this course are apparent, the class is gradually entrusted with the care of machinery. The turning lathe is the simplest of woodworking machines, and it is, at the same time, capable of a very great variety of uses. The class is made to examine its construction, and to study the relation of the parts and to learn the care that these need. There are in the shop twenty-four wood lathes, with two sets of tools to each, and the students to whom these are assigned become responsible for their care and good condition. On the same principle that has hitherto been pursued a graded series of exercises is given, beginning with the simplest operations and reaching to the most delicate and intricate work.

Thus taste is being consulted and the eye trained to become more observant and appreciative of graceful designs and mechanical accuracy and beauty of finish. The skill that has been thus far acquired is now turned to the construction of simple physical apparatus, so that a boy is allowed to carry out practically what he has been studying in theory in the class-room, and thus both the class-room and the workshop are made to possess a more real and living interest. The work outlined above covers the first year of the course.

In the second year the work, both in carpentry and turning, is mostly in hard woods, requiring more patience, accuracy and skill. The construction of mechanical and physical appliances is continued, and to this is also added a course in pattern making. As a simple illustration of the effects of this training, we may mention an incident that occurred during the past year. When the class was entering upon the course there was handed around for their inspection a very well executed and rather intricate pattern, made by a veteran pattern maker. They all thought it a neat and fine piece of work in its general appearance, but saw nothing more in it at that time. At the end of the course, and after they had had some experience in similar work themselves, the same pattern was again shown to the class, but this time with very different results. Every part was inspected and many features were analyzed and commented upon that had been unnoticed before,—a difficult yet well-fitting joint,—a good expedient for strengthening a delicate part,—the skill shown in the method of building-up the pattern,—these and other remarks showed how their eyes had been trained to observe, and their intelligence to judge of and appreciate the ability shown in the work.

Wood carving is deservedly given a place of prominence on the course. As in the other departments of wood work provision is made here also for a class of twenty-four working together, each student being provided with an adequate set of carvers' tools. The purpose aimed at is to cultivate a refined taste, to develop a keener and more intelligent appreciation for architectural beauty, as well as the power to some extent to reproduce these forms of beauty and ornamentation. The third year of the course is devoted to ironwork. The equipment for this

work is necessarily of a much more expensive character than that of the woodworking department. The class commences with forging first in lead then in iron and finally in steel. The properties of metals are practically and thoroughly learnt. What has been studied in theory respecting the properties of heat, tempering, etc., is now worked out practically; and the principles of metal working, having in this way been learnt, the class is entrusted with iron working machines, the iron planer, the drill, the iron shaper, the milling machine, and that most universal of all machines the engine lathe. With these they learn to give metals every variety of shape, to fit with the requisite accuracy, and also to apply all that they have hitherto learnt to the construction of machines in wood and iron. Among the various exercises made by the class last year, was a very creditable turning lathe. We hope that in the near future the class may be able to undertake the building of dynamos and perhaps a small steam engine. From the beginning to the end of the course great stress is laid upon drawing. Every exercise that is made is first required to be drawn accurately to scale. Boys thus learn both to represent intelligently what they purpose doing, and to work with accuracy and method from plans and drawings that they have made. In addition to the drawing of exercises, more extended work both in mechanical and architectural drawing is given to supplement and complete the course.

The above is briefly a summary of what is done in Manual Training in Woodstock, and of the equipment with which the school is provided. The result so far has been eminently satisfactory, and with the large additions that have recently been made to the outfit better results than ever may reasonably be expected. From all who have been in a position to watch the progress of this part of our school work, and to estimate its utility, we have heard but the one opinion expressed, that the course is worthy of the heartiest support and is designed to supply a very great lack on the practical side of our educational system.

In arranging any educational course and in selecting what are to be the subjects of study two thoughts are always kept prominently in view, the suitability of the subject for developing and sharpening the intelligence and the use the knowledge

acquired may prove in active life. In selecting literature, science, mathematics or classics, these two objects are never lost sight of. The study of literature stimulates thought, develops language and refines the taste, and the knowledge with which the mind is stored by this study is of immense advantage in after life. And so with the study of science and the others; each has this double function and the value of any subject on our curriculum, and the right it has to its place there are estimated by the degree with which it answers this twofold object. Apply this test to Manual Training and it will be seen that there is no subject that meets the requirements better or that has in these two regards a better claim to a place on our curriculum of studies. The pursuit of the study itself calls into play and develops as many of the faculties as any other study that can be named, and some of the faculties that are among the most potent factors in a successful life are developed by this means as they could be by no other, and then as to the advantage accruing as a result of the knowledge acquired Manual Training stands surely second to none. This is an age when science and mechanism play such a part in the world as never before, where the widest fields are open and the grandest prizes are attainable, and that course of instruction which will specially fit a boy for success along these lines has certainly special and superior claims. A man is not by this training made expert in any trade, yet there is no trade the fundamental principles of which he is not made tolerably familiar with. There is no department in all the activities of mankind into which he cannot look with intelligence. In whatever condition he may be placed he is able through his special training and knowledge to profit fully by his surroundings and to rise rapidly to positions of influence and respect.

D. K. Clarke.

Students' Quarter.

THE TELEPHONE.

I.

Speech is vibration: if the ear
Of man, half sensate, leagues away
Doth ken my whispers, heaven may
My prayer-borne joy and sorrow hear.

II.

The wavelets pebble-born that float
And lap at last the farthest shores
Prove distance nought, that pearly doors
Ope to the suppliant's softest note.

III.

God hears, God answers o'er that azure sea
Whose ether waves responsive lave the strands
Of planet isles: worlds thus an infant's hands
May move, and heart strings of the Deity.

B. W. N. Grigg.

DREAM WITHIN DREAM.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The maple leaves had fallen, the lilies and roses had faded, the swallows and robins had flown to a warmer south when the cool graceful hands of autumn drew back the chilly curtains of the north, and the monarch of the winter marched from his arctic palace on the fields and towns of Canada.

The snow had been blown over Ontario's sleeping ground and, mantling the trees and shrubs in white, had decked the hills with pearls and crowned the mountain peaks with sapphires as they towered roseate in the setting sun. It had foliaged the ice-bridged brooks and covered the crevices in the rocks. It had

given the roads a pavement of white, and tipped with snowy purity the church spires' evening gold. The queenly loveliness of summer was now rivalled by the kingly grandeur of winter.

In a village on the slopes of the Ottawa valley a happy group had assembled at the house of the minister to participate, in their merry way, on this Christmas eve in the delights of a family gathering.

The lamps burned brightly as their rays shot quivering out on the growing night, and seemed to struggle with the wooing beams of the moon. How bright the music! It was that good old rousing kind. And the singing, it was varied with those sweet melodies that make a man forget himself and steal at least an hour from the thoughts and cares of life, for it was the overflow of full hearts. Grandmother said it almost shook the rafters; and my aunt remarked, in her own peculiar way, "Never heard the like before, never!"

The fire in the big grate was blazing as only such fires can, as peal on peal of merry laughter made the old hearth ring with youthful joy. In his accustomed rocking chair my grandfather was sitting, his spectacles pushed from his cheerful eyes, arched by heavy brows of grey, to his forehead; the way he always sat when his mind was lingering on past scenes.

Suddenly, up cried a little voice, "A story from gran'pa, a story from gran'pa!" Its echoes went from young to old. Then they all, so fond of those stories the preacher used to tell, sat around, as the tall clock in the corner ticked out the steady strides of time, and drew their chairs closer as the old man began:—

Where once in pre-historic days stood a proud and sculptured temple of the mysterious Egyptian goddess, Isis, there flourished many years ago the rich mansion of a noble family of Palestine—a family whom Roman rule and greed had forced to flee from home by night, and seek shelter in suppressing their name and concealing their nationality.

After three years' journeying across the desert sands in wandering caravans, they found a dwelling in this crumbling palace built on the ruins of a temple on the foilaged banks of the Nile, that for thousands of years has never failed to rise and brood over the fertile soil of the dark land of the Pharaohs.

They were as happy as exiles could be in the robes of a foreign, though friendly, country.

The river flowing past their palace met the waters of the yellow Tiber, that seemed coloured with the gold and stained with the blood of the victims of the haughty throne on the Seven Hills, and so they had the fears of fallen princes. One by one they had taken the fairest hopes to those silent graves beneath the palm trees yonder as they waved beside the flowing Nile.

Now, only two remained. One, an aged woman, waiting for the voice calling across the cold waves; a woman in whose expressive countenance and suggestive form you saw the valour of her ancestors and the virtues of her religion. The other was the woman's grandchild. Elnorali showed the Egyptian neighbors, although she had never spoken to them, the character of her mother. They beheld in the child's dark-brown eyes the mind we at one recognize as the helper of a proud but tender spirit; on her brow they saw the beauty of the Mount of Olives, and in her bearing the suggestion of Him for whom her race waited. For the girl was the scion of culture and of fortune ruled by a queen whose sceptre was supreme—religion.

In the morning when the day was dawning her grandmother would sometimes hear a little child-voice calling, and Elnorali would say:

"O, Grandma, the star is not shining, but I see the golden land!"

For the child of Palestine had often heard her mother tell of the holy words that were written in the sacred scrolls about the Christ who was to come, and show the children of men the life divine: love to men, that golden light, tingeing the waves of time, that guides the soul to God.

The child admired, yet did not love, the large and passionless statues and carvings that stood between the columns of the corridors and adorned the walls of their spacious Egyptian palace. Their unvoiced tale was of the longings of the yearning soul of man, but tainted with long and sullen enmities against the God she worshipped as the Father, the great All-Father of mankind. And so every evening as Elnorali knelt beside her eastern window she used to cast a long, long look beyond her mother's grave

beneath the palm trees as they waved beside the flowing Nile, beyond the blue and distant hills to the darkening sky above the fields of Palestine, and pray that when she awoke in the morning the star might be shining and the golden land grow more golden.

The girl thought often of her mother's words when she lay dying in this foreign land: "Watch, my child, for it is written, 'When the Christ shall come His star shall be seen in the East.'"

And sometimes in the long hours of the dark and silent nights of Egypt her wakeful guardian would hear the voice of Elnorali, starting as the stars cast long golden whispers down to where she slept and dreamed, crying, 'O mother, I am coming!' And then the Father would hear the woman's prayer as she kissed the child and smiled through her tears, sobbing: 'O Elnorali, from these shrunken lips hast thou heard that the streaks in the morning sky thou callest the golden land shall grow brighter and more golden when in the East the star of the Christ shall shine—ah, I fear these eyes, now so sad, so sunken, shall die before that morning I have loved so long shall ever dawn; but thou, my child, thou shalt see it. O, Father, my soul grows weary: O, forgive me! I see the dark river rolling, I hear the cold waves calling. O, my daughter, I come."

And now Elnorali wandered alone among the flowers, for there was another grave among the graves beneath the palm trees by the flowing Nile.

The years went by, and the child became a woman.

Still, in the morning, when the day was dawning. was heard the same sweet voice of Elnorali saying 'O husband, the star is not shining, but I see the golden land.' And still at evening she knelt before her eastern window and prayed the same prayer the Father heard through all the years since Elnorali was a child. Now she seemed more dark, more queenly, for sorrow and faith had graced with more than beauty the olive brow that only lacked a crown. And still the statutes in the silent halls looked down upon the woman as she passed, and the carvings seemed more full of mystery.

Again the years went by. The dark and wavy hair grew grey; and lines, expressive of the mind within, curved about the lovely soul-like eyes, and Elnorali taught her children's children

the same holy tales the prophets had written in the sacred scrolls. And now in her aged night, as ever in her youthful day, the woman knelt before the eastern window and cast long, long looks beyond her mother's grave, beyond the blue and distant hills, and prayed in trembling voice: "O Father, I have waited long. To-night I seem to hear an angel's voice. I see the dark river rolling and hear the cold waves calling, but I have never seen the star shining and the golden land grow more golden—for the Christ has not come." Praying thus the aged Elnorali fell asleep, and the stars cast down long golden whispers as she dreamed in their beckoning rays that she was once more a child.

What a pleasat dream! Again she wandered among the flowers in the sunshine, listened to the singing waters of the brooks, and heard the trees waving in the woodland; to her all blades of grass, all blossom-leaves and drops of dew, warble of birds and insects' hum seemed echoes of voices unknown and messages divine.

What a fateful dream! Again she lingered beneath the palms waving beside the Nile, and the child smiled through her tears as she laid a flower on her mother's grave. Here she lay down to rest; and the twilight darkened and the night, as the child of Palestine slept and dreamed.

Now, again, when the day was dawning, her faithful guardian heard a child voice calling, and started at its words: "O mother, I am coming, I am coming now. O, grandma, I see it, I see the star; how bright our native sky! O, grandma, O, mother, the star is shining, and the golden land grows more golden, for the Christ has come!"

And the child awoke; but the woman, never. Elnorali was in the golden land. And there was another grave among the graves beneath the palm trees as they waved beside the flowing Nile, and the Christ's star in the East was shining above the fields and hills of Palestine.

This was the aged preacher's story.

"Those old tales," said my grandmother, as she brushed the hair silvered by eighty years from off her husband's temples, "are the tales I love." And she kissed his flushing cheek, and he took her in his arms and kissed her—kissed her with a lover's kiss.

Just then the church bells rang out, with silvery tone waving down the valley of the Ottawa, reminding my grandfather and my grandmother that to-morrow was the anniversary of their golden wedding, that to-morrow, nearly nineteen centuries ago, the leader of heaven's starry legions marched from other worlds and halted over Bethlehem in Judea to announce to him who wore the monarch's crown, to him who swung the tyrant's sceptre, to him who dwelt beneath oppression's roof, to proclaim all down the ages with eternal echoes what is and was to be the dawn immortal, Christmas morning.

W. J. THOROLD.

ICONOCLASM.

I said to God,
"My Lord, if Thou wilt order now that I
Shall write, then, Poet pure and perfect, grant
Thy guidance of all thought that visits me;
Let thought and utterance savour of my soul
And that of God. Thus I'll not write in vain."

Thou, first of all, my reader, let thy soul
Have sway, unchallenged, hindered not. Show thou
To it these words, for *this* is thou who read;
The "thou" of God's thy soul, which, then, let read
Else read no more, thou stranger. If perchance
A soul may profit here, my wish is won.

I ask thee, reading soul, thy plans to-day
Or if day's done, thy morrow's purposed deeds,
This that I ask thee, God has asked before,
And thou must needs be candid with me, soul—
The truth is: Half-afraid but wholly keen,
Thou'rt happiest, most rejoicing, when the clay
Of thy frail house outshines in brilliant paint
All other,—when thy house, resplendent, seems

A palace in compare,—when it is barred
And blocked by so much earthy, glittering dust
That God finds ingress hard, oft 'tis well nigh
Impossible. This is thy doing, soul,
And if it slacken but a single day
Thou'rt all cast down and grieved. Now hear thou, soul,
The thing thy deeds proclaim thee in the sight
Of God and man (and him alone I hold
A man who strives towards God)—Thou sordid fool!
Look here, thou fool, thou'rt dying, and thy god
Is dead as soon as thou,—and then,—what then,
Thou poorest of the poor?

Profit and Loss is based on this from God,
"What profits it a man to gain the world
And lose his soul?"

And is it hard then? If
It be not God thou'rt striving after, soul,
With earnest, loving, longing day by day,
Only by His touch animating thee
Roused into action, working not for the
Possession of a god, but in thy God's
Possession working with humility
And grateful gladness—so thou shalt be blest.—
If not, O idol-worshipper, arise,
Departing folly,—darkness too departs,—
Nor fades, nor fails the brightness of the day.

G. H. C.

A MIDSUMMER SAIL AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Who has not heard or read of the glories of this fairy land, where nature seems to have forgotten her stern realities, and has only designs for holidays and pleasure. In childhood's dreamy days we read of this sporting ground, wandered through its channels and sat upon its cliffs. We saw the setting sun paint wave, and bank, and tree, till it was half transformed into the ethereal. We had not dared to hope, at that time, visions would ever give place to realities.

For those who have never passed through these winding channels and skirted their varying shores, there awaits a repast which they have not yet known.

This American pleasure ground begins its display at Kingston, and while the river St. Lawrence decreases in width, it increases in variety for about forty miles to near Brockville, there the deep green waters mingle into one flood and roll heavily toward the sea. Here is where nature has enriched her beauties by mingling and intermingling, land and water, rocks and forests, rugged cliffs and sloping banks, in all the beautiful variety of which nature alone is capable. How beautifully nature can blend her parts! What master artist can paint *one* of these views in living colors and proportions; the mirky atmosphere of a midsummer day, growing thicker as it approaches the horizon; the delicate green of the waters, as they appear in the perspective of one of these channels, with the rippling waves glistening in the sun, and the shadows of the rising shores, with their myriad shades of green, looking up from the depths below; the old rocks with sharp angles and jagged sides, with bush and vine clinging to their weather-beaten cracks; the high sloping banks, or the low sedgy shore, and all the infinite variety of outline, bay, point, ravine and shoal, where the scattered wrecks of rocks lie strewn about in endless confusion. Then think of the thousands of these scenes that nature has not *painted* but really *made* and spread out for our enjoyment.

Leaving Kingston we pass through a narrow strait separat-

ing Cedar Island from the main shore, and from that time until we return under the shining stars that wink down at their faces in the waves below, our eyes are dazzled and our souls absorbed in the scenes spread out before us.

These banks and coves have put on their holiday attire. Here a tent spreads its white wings to the summer breeze, while youths and maidens, in their light airy suits, shake their hats and handkerchiefs at our passing boat. The union jack floating at the top of their tent waves to us their happy wishes. The drooping branches of the old elms close by spread a grateful shade on the soft grassy bank, where the limpid waves lap with their soft tongues the rows of pebbles that line the shelving beach. Farther on, a little bay stretches back beneath the overhanging boughs of its leafy shores as if seeking the refreshing coolness of their shades. The panting cattle chew the cud beneath the neighboring grove, while the little creek close by steals secretly down the woody slopes, murmuring on its way past mossy stones, till it leaps into the great river.

The water-lilies wade out into the shallows till they rest their broad palms upon the surface of the water, and, submerged up to the chin, turn their white and yellow faces up to smile at us as we pass. Now we begin to enter where the islands increase in number and diminish in size. The scene becomes enchanting. We must hasten to take in the view on every side. How can we see or enjoy so much in so short a time? Every pulse of our engine's heart is thrusting us on to other and varying views, increasing, if possible, in interest. Here we are passing a long sloping bank, rising quickly to the height of a hundred feet and beautifully covered with its forest mantle of many colors, from the sombre green of the spruce and pine to the more cheery shades of the maple and birch.

> "The sloping uplands deck the mountain's side,
> Woods over woods in gay theatric pride."

Avenues and vistas stretch to left and to right, in front and behind, and we are lost in a maze of channels and islands. The channels—wide and narrow, crooked and straight, widening and narrowing, deep and shallow, with high and low banks, and variety infinite.

How we would like to pursue them all to their utmost crannies and climb their rugged sides, pulling ourselves up by the bushes and trees, till we could sit upon their topmost pinnacles and let the soul bask in their beauties and swell with admiring emotion. The gentle summer breezes, moist with the freshness of the green waters and fragrant with the rustic verdure of their craggy shores, lightly bowed the heads of the cedars to welcome us to their scenes. The little waves leaped up to kiss the fair brow of the landscape, as if in love with its beauty. The echoes from our steamer's whistle chase each other in sportive glee up the rugged slopes and through the sylvan glades, laughing back at us, till they hide themselves behind some old mossy rock or by the bubbling spring. This is Echo Point, not far from Fiddler's Elbow, where superstitious people declare that on a bright summer's afternoon they can hear distinctly the sweet strains of a violin. Some have even said they can see the picture of an old man and his fiddle at the head of the island. Here the boat has to make so sudden a turn that it seems we had come to the end of our course. If left to our own invention in the lost channel, we should be like the belated traveller in the unbroken forest, not knowing whither to go. A story is told that during the French and Indian wars a vessel was lost here and never again heard of.

Often, on one side of our boat, the bank will be beautifully covered with the primeval forest, while on the other the undulating rocks rise out of the water with their bare sides parching in the sun. But even here Nature has striven with commendable zeal to soften their hard-hearted bosoms with mosses and lichens and shrubs. A few small trees grasp with their fingers the cracks of the rocks which so scantily supply their stunted growth, and with genial effort attempt to drive dull monotony from her ancient solitary reign.

Man, too, in sympathy with Nature's sportive mood, comes here to spend his holiday, away from "the madding crowd's ignoble strife," where the clatter and din of the mirky street gives place to exhilarating freshness.

Here the fantastic cottages, built in all the various designs of the freaks of architecture, peep through the avenues or groves and smile from the lap of their spacious lawns. Some look

down from the side of the jutting crags, where they nestle in the side of the rising rocks to see their pretty faces mirrored in the waters below. Their inmates, dressed in all the gay colors of summer birds, scatter themselves about beneath the shades, or sit in gossiping groups on the balconies and verandas, waving their hats and aprons at the passing tourists, while every pinnacle lifts its flag to the playful breeze.

Surely this is the land where men have ceased from troubling and the weary are at rest. Edenic bliss has once again returned in this small place to smile upon our earth, and men no more eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, but seek to fill each passing hour with varying merriment. Thus "idly busy" roll their days away. Innumerable skiffs and yachts glide about among these islands. Some skim over the water with light wings like the summer swallow, others ply the waters with dripping oars shining in the sun. So here, as little children frisk about their parents' path, running hither and thither, plucking flowers along the way, proud of their nimbleness,—little steam yachts, well decked with flags, skip from point to point and sport with our steamer's course, and hurry to and fro as if to mock our more patient speed.

Gay colors and holiday scenes have here clasped hands and gone courting together. The highly colored paint of the cottages, the flags at the tops of the poles on cottage, hotel and boats, and the brightly colored suits of the yachts' crews, all vie with each other for attention.

Even the old gray rocks have sprung into life, and speak out from their bold faces the names of the adjacent houses: "Point Vivian," "Riverside," "Island Royal," "Hill Crest," "St. Helena," "Fern Cliff."

Rustic bridges, proudly arching over the narrow channels among the branches of the old trees leaning over the edge of the bank to catch a view of their graceful forms in the silent waters, could tell many a tale of lovers sitting beneath the lengthening shadow of ebbing day, till silent twilight crept over the scene and the gentle moonbeams bathed the mossy banks.

Here are the parks where the wealth of American luxuriance has been lavished, to supplement from art the rich bequests of nature. Here are the rows of cottages brightly decorated,

the great summer hotels with their thousands of tourists, where all the ends of the earth meet "to hear or tell some new thing," and the great preachers come to exhibit the depth and height of human thought.

Here is the Presbyterian camp at Westminster Park, the Methodist at Thousand Park Island and the Baptist at Round Island Park.

But who can tell of all these sights and impressions? Any attempt at description seems to pale before the reality of its beauty. Now the day is far spent and we beat our way back along the American channel. The slanting rays of the sun gleam like a stream of fire across the western waves. It is slowly sinking into a pillow of dreamy haze. Its dazzling beams are each moment being shorn of their power, and with bold round face, he takes one last look into the mirrored waves before he sinks to his evening rest and closes his great calm eye in peaceful slumber.

The outlines of the wooded shore grow dim, while the lighthouse raises its torch on each dangerous point and shoal. Our eyes have become tired of seeing, and gentle twilight draws down her veil, to close us in to our own little floating world and make us think of home. Our thoughts are now upon the old limestone city and we are looking for its electric stars to gleam out upon the dark waters to welcome us back from the land of flitting pleasure to the sober reality of life. They soon break on our expecting eyes, and with a few more beats of our faithful steamer's heart we are beside the wharf, and the day is done.

J. E. Chute.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Gouin system of acquiring a conversational knowledge of any language, about which a good deal has been written of late, and by which little Jack Stead is making such triumphant progress, is, without doubt, a very excellent system. There is no reason why a specially trained and intelligent teacher, with abundance of time to devote to a few pupils, so that each and all of them can be kept steadily practising at frequent intervals, cannot by such a system produce striking results, in a comparatively short time. Granting, however, that this system may have some superior features of its own, the true secret of rapid success, by this or any other method, is constant, individual practice. None of the methods will, we fear, give brilliant results where, as in our High Schools, only two or three hours a week are allowed, and that too with large classes.

IN MEMORIAM

ALFRED TENNYSON

AUG. 5TH, 1809—OCT. 6TH, 1892

"NAY—GOD MY CHRIST—I PASS BUT SHALL NOT DIE."

The efforts of the Prison Reform Conference, convened by the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, deserve the support of all Christian men and women. The Minister of Education for Canada, has given a sympathetic response to the recommendations of the Association. It is hoped the Government of Ontario will do likewise. Our legislators seem to be waiting for the moving of popular opinion. We can hardly err in expressing the belief that the best sentiment of the country

is entirely in sympathy with the proposed reforms. Let us have them, and the sooner the better. It is a dreadful thing for society to tolerate immoral and inhumane practices in its penal system; and one cannot command words sufficiently condemnatory of practices which mingle the unfortunate and the insane with criminals, in the prisons of this province. Shame on us!

The voluntary surrender of the exercise of independence and freedom is a novel thing in the history of teaching universities. Victoria, with its list of honored graduates, has consented, at least for a time, to carry on its work in federation with the University of Toronto. The beautiful new building in Queen's Park was, at its opening, thronged with old alumni and members of the Methodist body. The Lieutenant-Governor and representatives of the universities were present. The occasion was one of much interest. Dr. Carman, who presided, said that if federation proved unsatisfactory, Victoria would run up its old flag of independence. It was a very pleasing and graceful act on the part of Mr. Massey, to present a cheque for forty thousand dollars to endow a new professorship. The Methodists are quite able to place Victoria in a position of affluence and power, and we trust Mr. Massey's example will be freely copied by the Methodists of Ontario. In truth, the well-to-do in every denomination should see to it, that university education under healthful auspices, shall not want for means in this Canada of ours. As an older settler in the Park, McMaster may be permitted to extend a hearty welcome, and to wish for Victoria a prosperous and enlarged future.

It was a great delight to us all to hear Secretary McDiarmid at the public meeting of our Fyfe Missionary Society. This, if we mistake not, was his first public appearance since entering upon the duties of his office. It is peculiarly fitting that the first stroke should have been under the auspices of the Missionary Society, which lies so close to the heart of all our denomination, in fact and in promise. The Secretary's words had the right ring. It is clear that he will be true to all our denominational interests, and that means much for the compactness and intelligence of our denominational life. The writer had the experience last May of following at two weeks' distance, Superintendent McEwen's visitation of the churches of one Association, and it was a delight to find the blessing that had been left behind, in the quickened interest, not only in Home Missions, but in other departments of work as well. His visit made that of his successor all the more pleasant, and in every

church there was heard nothing but words of appreciation of his words and work. And we are persuaded Bro. McDiarmid's influence will be equally wholesome and helpful all round. The constant visitation of our churches by these two men is one of the most promising things in our denominational outlook.

EXCHANGES.

B. W. N. Grigg, Ed.

A Reverie of the Editor.

Around me extend a long line of College Journals; the Brotherhood of the Student Editors of the continent are here met in noisy silent conclave. They crack the best college jokes; they chuckle inaudibly; every leaf quivers with laughter as some college quirk goes the rounds. What numberless dormitories contributed their happy secrets to these jovial father confessors; thousands of acres of campus have been scoured for interesting news. A small world of unselfish effort has been expended by amateur journalists, in colleges all over the continent, to send hither this splendid delegation, and this jolly assemblage of rubicund faces shall be grave with affairs of state, and direct American destinies to-morrow. Meanwhile *vive la compagnie.*

Then there are the thousands of the dear wrinkled faces of the old folk at home, who bend over the pages sent them by the boy at College. You dear old souls peering out through dimmed eyes and gold-rimmed spectacles, and whispering your too kind praises through thin and concaved lips, while love quickens your dulling ears and rouses the slumbering love of humor. Stay with us!

Then there are the girls of the boys of the colleges, who scour the nooks and corners of all these college papers for familiar names! Hail ye nymphs of raven hair or gold, and sparkling eyes and laughing lips and cheeks of heavenly bloom. Ye Celias, Dianemes, Antheas, Lucastas, Dianas, under whatever name or sign or configuration, still admirable. Remember us, our feeble goodnesses in your graces, and in your orisons be all our sins remembered.

A Pointer.—A wise old man said to a young brother, "When you go to preach in the city, take your best coat; when into the country, take your best sermon."—*Christian at Work.*

Biological—*The Argosy* of Mount Alliston has the following on the origin of flies:

The Freshies make the *butter*-fly.
The Sophomores make the *horse*-fly.
The Juniors make the *sparks*-fly.
The Seniors make the *shoo*-fly.
The Professors make the *fire*-fly.

A Brother Poet's Tribute.—The following lines are selected from Oliver Wendell Holmes' tribute to Whittier :

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine,
It can but steal the robe that hid thy wings ;
Though thy warm breathing presence we resign,
Still in our hearts its loving semblance clings.

But loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A life-long record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

"As Ithers see Us."—"The McMaster University Monthly for November is a particularly good number."—*Grip.*

"The McMaster University Monthly is well gotten up, and contains about 60 pages of first-class reading."—*University Monthly.*

"The McMaster University Monthly is an unusually well written and ambitious College Journal."—*Globe.*

"It presents the appearance of a standard magazine rather than that of a College Journal."—*Empire.*

We are grateful for these and many other generous notices, and will endeavor to justify them in future.

Study Political Economy !—An age like the present ought to develop splendid political economists. On every side questions that come under this head are meeting the people and demanding their attention. These questions should be met and mastered, not from a political standpoint, but from an economic and business standpoint. The world needs men educated in this line of thought. Some think that it is not necessary to study such subjects unless one expects to become an "office seeker." This view is erroneous. Those who seek no office are most useful to humanity if they possess such knowledge. —"*Athenæum*," *West Virginia Univ.*

This Recommends the McMaster Policy.—It would not be our place, even if we were so disposed, to regard and speak of federation as a mistake. Nevertheless, the most sanguine putting of the case cannot avoid the fact that federation was a forced result. Forced by what ? By the contemptible lack of interest manifested by the Methodist connexion of this country in the welfare of their most prominent educational institution. The idea that one-fifth of the people of this country could not endow and maintain to perpetuity one great university ! It is strange that the hundreds of Victoria's clever graduates throughout the country have not been able to create more of an enthusiasm in her behalf. How explain the anomaly that scores and scores of Methodist young men are paying fees and doing credit to institutions, if not inimical to, at least competitors of, ours ?

While we hope that prosperity ever increasing may attend her in her new capacity, let Methodists bestir themselves, and if the time should ever come that Victoria sees it to be her mission to stand in the lists once more alone, may she not be held back by any craven fear of poverty.—"*Acta Victoriana*," *Victoria Univ.*

A Fad.—A great many of our exchanges burden their columns with a mass of "locals," which, by reason of their obscureness, can be of no interest whatever to any outside the school represented by the paper. Moreover, the arrangement of them must follow the configuration of a right-angled triangle, the first local being monosyllabic, for instance, "Rats," or "Hush"; the next may contain two words, and so on until the line is used. These are intended to be humorous, laconic, and epigrammatic. They cannot, being so evidently forced, contain any of these elements, and are, for the most part, a silly and disgraceful waste of space.

College Briefs.—Harvard has 295 Elective Courses: Tuft's College is to admit women: Rev. W. Whittington, a classmate of R. W. Emerson's, Harvard, '21, died Aug. '21.—*Free Lance*: Cornell sophomores have organized a class for the reading of Greek authors *at sight.*

Freshman year—"Comedy of Errors."
Sophomore year—"Much Ado about Nothing"
Junior year—"As you Like it."
Senior year—"All's Well that Ends Well."

—*Cornell Era, Ex.*

The faculty of Leland Stanford University has demanded the resignations of the entire Editorial Board of the *Polo Otto* on account of certain articles published: Heidelberg University prohibits football, but tolerates duelling: Western Reserve University has appointed Harry, son of the late President Garfield, to a chair: Marietta College published a Columbus number.

HERE AND THERE.

J. B. Warnicker, Editor.

At the University of Chicago, chapel is held at 12.30 p.m. daily and is compulsory.

Lord Salisbury, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, has appointed Prof. Froude to the Chair of History, made vacant by the death of Dr. Freeman.

The University of Chicago has adopted orange as the University color.

The revenues of Oxford and Cambridge represent a capital of about $75,000,000. The University of Leipsic is worth nearly $20,000,000.

We learn that a young Scotch lady has carried off the honors in the London University. There were 1,600 male students.—*Ex.*

A young country editor fell in love with the clergyman's daughter. The next time he went to church he was rather taken aback when the preacher announced his text. " My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."—*Ex.*

" MERIT RECEIVES RECOGNITION more adequately to-day than ever before." Such was the conclusion reached in the public debate of the Literary and Scientific Society of University College, held Friday evening, Nov. 25th. The President's inaugural address, an essay on "The Influence of the Roman Empire," and a reading from Artemus Ward, together with music by the Glee Club and the Banjo and Guitar Club, contributed to make a most enjoyable programme. The presentation of the prizes won at the Annual Athletic Sports and Cross Country Run added much interest to the occasion.

The Seventeenth Public Meeting of the Knox College Students' Missionary Society was held in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 25th. The President of the Society, Mr. W. R. McIntosh, B.A., read an excellent essay on "The Rational Basis of Missions," which was warmly received by his interested audience. "'Field Notes' of the West," was the subject of a paper interestingly and well handled by Mr. J. H. Courtney, and Rev. C. W. Gordon, B.A., drew forth repeated expressions of approbation as he spoke on "Mission Work on the 'Great Divide.'" The selections by the Quartette and Glee Club were excellently rendered.

Some of our students attended "Ye Old English Fayre" recently held at the Pavilion. They went presumably with a view to instruction as well as pleasure, considering it a good opportunity to study England in Shakespere's time in some of its phases. They returned, possibly with full heads, certainly with empty purses, declaring that judging by the prices charged for relics and edibles by the picturesque maidens in the quaint little booths that tempted the passer by at every step Old England must have been a very expensive place to live in.

Wanted, the author of the following beautiful little poem entitled :—" Daily Reflections of Miss McK——, on her way Home."

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
That short horn cow I see,
In vain, I glance the other way,
She always looks at me.
There's some hyena in her blood ;
There's fury in her " ee,"
She might mistake me for her cud,
And then where should I be ?

The poem is full of rich pathos, and poetic imagery. The figure of the reflective lady being slowly munched by the said " short horn " is very touching.

Chesterfield spoke of Christ as the first true gentleman. The Golden Rule of Jesus followed may be said to insure every-day

ideal deportment. But there is a great neglect on our part in applying the Golden Rule to the details of life. Just here the rules of etiquette come in, they are merely applications of manhood (John 7-12) to what are thought the trifling affairs of life's routine. College students should not be oblivious of the fact that " the efficiency and usefulness of a liberal education are dwarfed unless developed under the genial influence of proper decorum." It is a suggestive old saying " that a man's manners are his fortune." One will find that the most desirable positions are reached by men of the most agreeable manners. Fortune joins society in smiling upon *amiable* men. No man, no gentleman, can afford to be without an easy and correct deportment in dining-room, parlor, or on the street. Like any other accomplishment it gives the bearer *entree* into better circles of society, and wider fields of usefulness. If we object that perhaps our sphere may be humble, let us remember that the gentleman is not out of place anywhere, while the boor is out of place everywhere, and in whatever circle we move our aim should be to improve its tone.

The opening of Walmer Road's new and spacious edifice was a grand success. It was not the beginning of the church's history, but it was the beginning of their life and work in a building so commodious that there is abundance of room for the company to become numerous We hope their pastor, Mr. Harris, who has done such an excellent work already, will soon see it thronged with people. This church is in a growing part of the city, and there is evident promise of continual development. For these opening services there could not have been selected a more suitable man than Dr. Gordon, of Boston. He is a man of learning, culture and wisdom. With him these are all upon the altar of consecration, and the whole man is imbued with the power of the Holy Spirit. As you hear him you are impressed strongly with his profound faith in the Gospel, and with his consciousness of the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. On Sunday morning he told us how we ought to behave ourselves, not in the edifice, but in the assembly of God's people, which is the real church. We are to behave not as masters but as servants ; not as teachers but as learners ; not as agents but as instruments. His illustrations made the truth beautifully clear and forceful. Then, on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights he preached the Gospel in a clear, simple and impressive way that captivated the Christian heart, and made others to see Jesus.

He gave a series of three lectures, especially adapted for students, on the Holy Spirit in missions, which were full of interest and instruction. Dr. Gordon is thoroughly at home when he talks on missions. Rev. Hartwell Pratt, an eminent American evangelist, followed these opening services with a series of Gospel meetings, in which he was aided by the singing of Mr. W. G. Tyzzer.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

Prof. T. : "Mr. K., your sermon is to be read in class, January, 7th." Mr. K. : "Let's see ; that's after Christmas, isn't it?"

During the past month visits have been made to the University by Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, and D. E. Thomson. Short addresses were given, pointed, practical, and well seasoned with humor.

Several lovers of Tennyson were heard expressing their appreciation of the recent open literary entertainment by the Heliconians, which consisted of well-rendered recitations from the poems, and thoughtful essays on the life and character of the poet, interspersed with enjoyable instrumental and vocal music. The young ladies of Moulton are to be congratulated on the high literary standard of their society, and on their successful efforts to maintain it.

Should any friend of the higher education of women wish to aid the cause, let such a one place in the ladies' room a set of Encyclopædia Britannica, and an unabridged dictionary, for their sole and especial use. He will be considered a benefactor, since the lady students will be spared the present frequent inconvenience of having to interrupt their studies to repair to the general library to consult a dictionary, and saved the trial of always finding some one else with the particular volume of encyclopædia that they require.

Quite a number of the students were pleased to respond to the invitation of the "Heliconian" to attend its open meeting on Nov. 4th. We felt that the programme, which was excellent both in character and execution, was worthy of a larger gathering, although the audience room was densely packed. However, we were pleased to hear that a more commodious chapel room is to be added in the near future. We noticed with satisfaction that the literary element predominated over the musical, still we felt that we would like to have heard a little more music. The social chat at its close was much appreciated.

The sickness of our friend and fellow-student, Mr. Ed. Seldon, has caused a jar upon the feelings of the students and professors of McMaster University, for here

> "We share our mutual woes,
> Our mutual burdens bear."

To Seldon we feel especially tender, for to some of us he has been a close friend since we first entered "Old Woodstock College" together, and to all of us he is known as one of our most pleasing acquaintances. He is talented, spiritual, and loving. He was taken sick on the 31st of October, with a slight hemorrhage of the lungs, and

after a week of illness the doctor advised his removal to the hospital. While there he has been gradually gaining strength, and will soon be able to be out again. The last few days the boys have been accepting his invitation to visit him. We understand that he intends to leave us, and seek the more favorable climate of Colorado. We are sorry to lose him from the school, but sincerely hope that the change of climate may restore him completely. We can assure him of our good wishes and prayers while he is away, and warm welcome when he returns.

THE ladies recently met to re-organize the Modern Language Club. Miss McKay was elected to the responsible position of president, which she filled last year so ably. Miss Dryden was chosen for the post of Vice-President; the financial interests of the club were entrusted to Miss Timpany, as Treasurer; Miss Wells was re-elected Secretary; and the dread office of Critic was bestowed upon Miss McLaurin; and to the new and important position of Pianist, Miss Johnson was chosen by acclamation. The proceedings were enthusiastic, but brief; several important discussions being unavoidably deferred, and after appointing a Programme Committee to arrange for the next literary gathering, the members of the club dispersed after the customary closing ceremony.

MCMASTER UNIVERSITY has a "yell." There is nothing strange about that. It was to be expected from the moment young fellows began to enter the arts department. It is characteristic of colleges to have a "yell" now-a-days. It is a promoter of *esprit de corps*, and of that we can never have too much. As yells go, we consider ours one of which to be proud. It has, with all its crudeness, the true ring of loyalty to Alma Mater, and the power of kindling enthusiasm in the breast of every McMaster student. That some idea may be formed of what it is, and its worth to us be thereby appreciated, let anyone imagine fifty fellows shouting in spirited unison:

Boom on Mac!
Boom on Star!
Boom! Fitz! Boom!
on
Mac-Mas-Tar!

THE Student Volunteer Missionary Band has re-organized for the year under the leadership of Mr. Merrill. The ranks of the Band are depleted by the removal of several members of last year, but others are richer by our loss. Two men are in the University of Chicago, one in Medical College at Kingston, and another—E. Norman, B.A.—in active missionary service in the French work in connection with Feller Institute. The Band follows these men with prayer. Notwithstanding this loss, the Band now numbers ten members. The year's programme will include a weekly meeting for the purpose of lifting up our eyes upon the great harvest field, and for prayer that the Lord of the harvest may send forth laborers, and may richly bless missionary effort.

On the evening of Friday, Nov. 4th, Professor McKay favored the "L. and T S." with an admirable talk on "Light," which he illustrated with experiments. After explaining many facts of Physics, the Professor described several novel and exceedingly interesting theories concerning the relation existing between the chording of sounds and harmonizing of colors. The experiments with the physical apparatus were very beautiful. The Society feel much indebted to Mr. McKay for the instructive and very entertaining address.

On Wednesday, Nov. 3rd, Mr. F. Keller of Chicago, travelling agent of the S. V. M.F. M., took tea with us. Mr. Keller is a graduate of Yale University, 1892, and is himself a volunteer for foreign mission work. After tea we adjourned to the Chapel room, where we had the pleasure of listening to an interesting address on the above subject. Mr. Keller illustrated and enforced his remarks by a missionary map of the world showing the progress of the gospel in various lands. He impressed the students generally with a sense of his earnest zeal, humble simplicity and whole-hearted devotion to the work. At the conclusion of his address the Student Volunteer Band organized for the ensuing year with B. W. Merrill as chairman, and C. B. Freeman as Secretary. One new member has already been enrolled, and we hope to see still more join our ranks during the College term.

Our annual football match with Woodstock College came off at Woodstock, Saturday, Nov. 12th, and resulted in a tie: 2 to 2. It must be said, however, that the score does not represent the game. Woodstock certainly played the better game. This is attributable to their superior facilities for practice, for one has only to glance down the list of names that compose our team to see that, with proper training, it is one which could win laurels upon many a field. J. B. Paterson, our centre forward, unfortunately had his shoulder dislocated at the end of the first half. His place was taken by Walter Daniel.

Woodstock.		McMaster.
McCrimmon,	*Goal.*	McNeil,
Lobb, Hoyt,	*Backs.*	Schutt, Therrien,
Torrie, McIntyre, Petherbridge,	*Half-Backs.*	Goble, Stillwell, Vichert,
Allan, Welch,	*Right Wing.*	Brown, Mode,
Robertson,	*Centre.*	Paterson,
Huggart, Scarlet,	*Left Wing.*	Doolittle, Merrill,

Some time since, in the dim vistas of the past, a few shrubs enclosed nest which an industrious turkey had taken possession of as a suitable

place in which to carry on her trade. Ten good sized eggs constituted her stock-in-trade, and these she at once proceeded to turn into young turkeys. With what success you might have witnessed had you been privileged to occupy a seat in the dining-room of McMaster University on Thanksgiving day. The student intellect had been greatly exercised for some time previous, in the vain attempt to discover the programme of Thanksgiving dinner. What a relief then to find upon our arrival in the old room at 1.15 p.m. on Thursday, the veritable Thanksgiving turkey and cranberry sauce ! What a feeling of satisfaction was observable upon the faces of the assembled throng as they gazed upon the festive board, laden with its appetizing burden ! But ah ! how quickly did that burden disappear when once the skill and valor of those hungry knights had been kindled for the fray. Here a wing, there a leg, yonder a whole breast passes from view and disappears within the recesses of some capacious cavern, which apparently resembles a point in that it has no definable length or breadth. But there were only ten eggs in the nest, and only ten turkeys was the result. Hence the supply of turkey came to an end, not however, before the hunger of the hungriest man had been satisfied, and his bread basket filled to its fullest capacity.

φάγος.

Moulton College.

The students of Moulton wish to express the most sincere sympathy with Miss Mabel Woolverton, on the death of her little brother, Gordon. He was ill but a few hours, and died on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. Those who saw him when he was here in the spring, will never forget his bright, manly little face, and winning ways.

A jollier crowd of girls never sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner than the sweet sixteen who remained in the College during the holidays. Everything that our taste could wish for was spread before us. Miss Smiley presided, and proposed the following toasts, which were responded to by the following young ladies : "Thanksgiving Dinner," by Miss Dryden ; the "Union Jack," by Miss Wilson ; the "Stars and Stripes," by Miss Johnson ; "Moulton," by Miss Rainey ; "McMaster," Miss Van Zile ; "The President Elect," by Miss Daniels ; "La Belle France," by Miss Shanks.

We, of Moulton College, consider ourselves exceptionally favored in that we are permitted to enjoy two Thanksgiving Days each year. We count several Americans in our number, and on the 24th we all united with them, to the extent, at least, of partaking of a genuine Thanksgiving dinner, in observing their national holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace whose friendly feeling toward our American neighbors is well known, were our guests, and the whole occasion was one of thorough good cheer. At the close of the merry meal the girls from both sides of the line joined heartily in singing the two national

anthems. We are glad that such opportunities occur now and then of expressing the spirit of international courtesy and generosity which prevails in our household.

It is not every college in Ontario that can boast of an omnibus—Moulton has one, and that one is of marvellous beauty. Has anyone seen a carriage with one wheel, two legs, two handles and a man behind? That is Moulton's omnibus. A passer-by cannot help noticing it on account of its color. He experiences a shock when he meets it It is an electric blue. On the outside, in white letters, is painted MOULTON COLLEGE. Moulton College is not in the omnibus, nor is the omnibus Moulton College. It is simply a case of synecdoche. Moulton girls do not often ride in their omnibus, but they often pass it on the street and gaze upon it with mingled feelings of pride and affection.

The Masquerade.—When Moulton goes in for a good time she usually attains her end. Especially is this the case when the time of our annual masquerade approaches. Then even the most dignified and studious allow thoughts of the coming festivities to intrude. First of all comes the momentous question to be decided as to the character to be assumed. And then what hurryings to and fro, and what mysterious looks for nearly a week beforehand. Some of us were foolish enough, on the occasion of our recent masquerade, to don our costumes immediately after dinner, and thus have the felicity of being slowly roasted before the festivites proper commenced. However, eight o'clock found us all safely in the library, each one busying herself in trying to identify her neighbor. Then, exciting moment! came the march down to the dining-room! We must have presented a spectacle to defy the pen of the most ready writer. Marie Antoinette marching down hand in hand with Topsy and Sappho formed an equally incongruous pair. The ridiculous and the beautiful were well blended, and seldom before has our dining-room been the scene of so much unalloyed happiness. Unalloyed? Ah, no. Not quite; for was it not saddening to find that excitement had taken away our appetites? However, we managed fairly to do justice to Miss Harper's spread. When at last we reluctantly qu tted the dining room, it was with "Weary steps and slow" that we ascended the stairs. Though these frolics are veritable oases in the desert of dry study, yet we are glad they do not come oftener, for the next day, ah! they are what we rue!

THOSE CURLING TONGS.

She stands at the mirror and curls her hair
With curling tongs nice and hot,
And thinks what a far-sighted girl she was
When those curling tongs she bought.

Five minutes later, with lip all burnt,
And eye screwed up with pain;
She walks the floor and swears she won't
Use curling tongs again.

Woodstock.

The "Juveniles" and the "Seniors" played a football match, resulting in a score of seven to one in favor of the "juniors." It is rumored that they are to play again.

On the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th of November, the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance of Canada, held its annual meetings in Woodstock. Some of us here have never before had such a spiritual treat as these meetings brought us. The speakers were men true and tried in their respective departments of Christian work. Mission work at home and abroad was dealt with from its different points of view, by men who had for months prepared for the occasion. These papers coming as they did, from men and women of all denominations, were stimulating and broad. The devotional spirit seized every delegate so firmly that his influence as he goes about his work in the future will be augmented very much. As the report of the meeting will soon be out, we forbear giving a detailed account of the meeting.

The "Whiskers" and the "Downs" are at it again. Annually they play football for the championship of the school. They played this year with the result of two goals to none in favor of the "Whiskers." A week later another match was played, resulting in six to nothing in favor of the "Downs." A great addition to the ranks of the "Downs" followed this last event. Some of the "Whiskers," thinking no doubt, that those without were better than those with mustaches, shaved off those appendages from their faces, but in vain, for they were not allowed to join the forces of the "Downs." They are now growing fresh crops.

After practising until they were able to put up quite a game, the first football team went down to Galt, October 29th, to play a friendly match with the team there. The snow which had fallen made the ground almost unfit for playing, but the game was played. One thing that was a great disadvantage to the Woodstock boys, was the short field on which they had to play, it being fully ten yards shorter than their own ground at home. In spite of this fact, and also that the goal keeper stood in about two inches of mud, a remarkably tight game was played, resulting in a score of three to nothing in favor of Galt. This was considered by all who witnessed the match, good, since some of the Woodstock boys were new players, while everyone knows the degree of proficiency to which the Galt players have attained.

At a joint meeting of the Philomathic and Excelsior Societies, on November 8th, it was decided to hold an "Open Meeting," on December 9th. All who have ever attended Woodstock College, all who live in the town of Woodstock, and all who have had the privilege of attending one of these open meetings in the past, know what pleasant times are always spent at them. In fact, when one of these interesting events

is announced, everyone is asking "When does it come off?" and when told the time, they wait anxiously the appointed time. Well, all necessary arrangements have been made, and we are assured that this meeting will come up to the high standard already attained by this College in this line. An interesting programme has been prepared, and by the way they are practising, we know the boys are determined on success.

At our weekly college prayer-meeting of October 20th, we had the pleasure of listening to Bro. Hughson, of Coaticook. The meeting happened to be a Judson Missionary Society prayer-meeting, and Bro. Hughson very kindly came from the Convention at Brantford, to address us. He spoke on "Thought and the cultivation of it," and considering it in connection with mission work, he gave us some advice which we shall treasure for all time. A higher ideal was brought before us, giving us something to strive for. The proper books and the proper use of books in connection with the cultivation of our minds and our abilities for thinking, were plainly shown us, and in all we received many valuable lessons. At the same meeting we had the pleasure also of listening to some words of encouragement from Bro. T. A. P. Frost, one of our old boys, on "The hope that is set before us." It did our hearts good to hear such earnest words from one so zealous.

We are pleased to note that the old barbaric customs, so long retained and practised by civilized nations on Halloween, are gradually but nevertheless surely passing away, to join themselves with the relics of the past. People are at last awakening to the fact that deeds committed on this night, however lightly looked on in the past, and though no doubt winked at, and considered in those bygone ages to be quite a joke, are now held, and looked upon to be as much a misdemeanor as any committed on other nights, or at other times. We are glad to see the lack there was in Woodstock College of attempts to rake up long dead habits. We know not whether putting salt in a person's bed, upsetting a bed, or treating a boy to an involuntary bath, are included in the above category, we only know they are still indulged in, though to a limited extent. In the town, this night is remembered by the sight of sundry articles in rather conspicuous and unaccustomed places.

On the evening of Nov. 4th we had an "At Home" at the College, or, more particularly speaking, in the dining-room. An "At Home"! All the old boys of Woodstock know what that means. In this case it meant an oyster supper, given by the faculty, and, after disposing of it, the carrying out of a short but interesting programme. The masters, with their wives, were there, as well as some other ladies. When all had finished their repast, a toast to the "new boys" was proposed by Mr. Pady in a few suitable words. Mr. Williams seconded the toast, speaking of the influence each boy had, and hoping that influence for good might be exerted by all alike. They were answered by Mr. Jones on behalf of the new boys, who was followed by Mr. Newcomb.

A toast to "the Ladies" was then proposed by Mr. Manthorne, and seconded by Mr. Lobb.

The last toast was proposed by Mr. McFarlane, and seconded by Mr. Bovington, to "the Faculty." Shortly after this quite a number adjourned to the First Baptist Church, to a social, where a nice, pleasant evening was spent.

A very interesting event took place in our chapel room a few days ago. I refer to an auction sale. The magazines and papers with which our reading room is so well supplied monthly, weekly, and daily, have been accumulating so rapidly of late, that all room in which to store them has been used, so the faculty decided to dispose of them at auction. Accordingly, a list of all papers to be sold, with their original prices, having been posted up a few days before, that too much might not be paid for them, they were sold as intimated at auction. All who were interested assembled in the chapel room, and there one of the students sold the magazines, etc.

Bidding was brisk, so that the expectations of all were fondly realized, all the papers, with the exception of one or two, being disposed of. The money thus obtained, we understand, is to be used towards making our reading room still more attractive, by the addition of more magazines, papers, etc.

Grande Ligne.

Thanksgiving Day was a holiday for the school. Some of the scholars went home and stayed till Monday.

There was quite a lot of snow that day, which furnished a great deal of pleasure to some of our scholars.

The ladies signalized the day by forming what they called a Free Mason society, from which we may hear later.

Last Sunday our English students enjoyed a treat, in the shape of an excellent English sermon by Pastor Parent. This is a privilege that we enjoy only once a month, consequently it is just that much more appreciated.

The halls of Feller Institute resound with music this year of kinds almost as diverse as in the days of King Nebuchadnezzar. The banjo, violin, cornet, piano and organ, with occasional strains from our male quartette and chorus choir, falling pleasantly on the ear, tend to cheer and encourage the sometimes weary student and teacher.

Friday is recitation day. Of course, we all enjoy the recitations. Doubtless the authors of the selections would enjoy them too, if they could hear them. We sometimes wonder, however, if something new in the line of recitations could not be found. We imagine that Sir John Moore must be getting tired of being resurrected and buried

again so often. We should think also that the boy will get scorched if he persists in standing upon the burning deck much longer.

Miss Minnie Tenny, of St. Johns, has been engaged to come and give gymnastic lessons in our large gymnasium, to the boys and girls of the Institute. The first lesson was given November 19, at ten o'clock a.m. Although the domestic work is almost entirely done by the girls, every one will agree that dish-washing, etc., does not greatly conduce to the development of either strength or grace of body. It is to be hoped that these few lessons will meet this want.

Our Visitors.—During the past few weeks we have been pleased to welcome as visitors, the Rev. Mr. Bosworth, of Tilsonburg; Mr. Geo. Edwards, of Thurso; Rev. Mr. McEwen, of Vankleek Hill; Rev. Mr. Craig, Missionary from India; and Mr. Lafleur, of Montreal.

Mr. Craig was on his return journey to India, and it was with intensest interest that we listened to his words, and then bade him God-speed. Mr. Lafleur's visit was to consult with Messrs. Parent, Gregoire, and Therrien, regarding the preparation for the press of the Maskinongé correspondence which is shortly to be issued in book form.

On the 10th Nov., Feller Institute was favored with a visit from Rev. Mr Craig, our missionary from India. This being our evening for prayer, it was gladly given up to Mr. Craig, who gave a very interesting address on the great work being done in India. He also spoke of the immediate need of more laborers for that immense field of darkness. Though living in "Darkest Canada" ourselves, it is indeed true that we should remember those who are in still deeper ignorance. The friends of Grande Ligne wish our consecrated brother, God-speed, and pray that he may receive that wisdom from on high which he needs to carry on his work.

We are much pleased to-day to receive the November number of the McMaster Monthly. As we read its bright cheery "college notes," we feel like grasping the hands of our Ontario fellow-students, and saying, "Yes! we have something in common with you after all. We are all treading the same paths, only you have passed on in front of us. You are our big brothers, and we reverence you. True, we live at a distance, and are nearly all French, but we think you won't slight us on that account. We are trying to speak English, and to make the distance between McMaster Hall and Grande Ligne shorter. Help us. By the way, though, what have you done with our boys that we sent you last year? We see that Therrien is still in a poetic mood. How about Schutt and McFaul? We have some more boys to send you soon, and we want to know that you will treat them well.

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Susan M. McMaster

DESBARATS & CO., ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS.

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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1893.

SUSAN MOULTON McMASTER.

"What an amount of assurance these dissenters have!" said the late Lord Houghton, on being taken, at his own request, to view the beautiful exterior of Jarvis St. Baptist Church,—not dreaming that his host for a day was a dissenter of the dissenters, an Ontario Baptist, with the blood of Alexander Carson in his spiritual veins.

Since that time, the assurance of "mine host" has given to the Baptist denomination of Ontario and Quebec McMaster University, and that of "mine hostess" has founded Moulton College as its academic department, for the education of young women. If anyone has ever imagined that the name of "Moulton" has been accorded too prominent a place in connection with the University, I am sure that even an outline knowledge of the personal history of Susan Moulton McMaster, and of Rev. Ebenezer Moulton, whose lineal descendant she is, must lead any such to hope that the coming years of our University life may see the name of Moulton even more conspicuously linked with that of McMaster than it is at present.

Let me rapidly set down two or three facts which cannot fail to kindle the imagination of thoughtful Canadian Baptists even as far east as the Atlantic coasts. In 1763, Ebenezer Moulton left New England for Nova Scotia, where he enjoyed

full freedom to preach the gospel as he found it in the New Testament. So far as known, he was the first minister to declare in that Province—then embracing virtually the present Maritime Provinces—the distinctive principles of the Baptists. Strange to say, by the prophetic finger of God as it would now seem in review of our Baptist educational history from the vantage ground of to-day, he preached with power and effect in the very place which, sixty-five years after, became the seat of Horton Academy, and, a little later, of Acadia University,—the educational institutions of the Baptists of the present Maritime Provinces. One hundred and eighteen years after Elder Moulton preached at Horton (now Wolfville), the Baptists by the sea having multiplied wonderfully, and having through much self-denial established the most influential schools of higher learning in the Maritime Provinces, Senator McMaster, under the gracious inspiration of his wife Susan Moulton, provided means for the creation of Toronto Baptist College. Viewed in the light of the facts I am stating, and indeed from every point of view, it was meet that of the young men trained at Acadia, so able a man as Professor Wells should have been given as a laborious helper of Dr. Fyfe in his great work in Woodstock College. From personal knowledge I can say that Professor Wells' biography of Dr. Fyfe awakened a most tender feeling in Senator McMaster's heart for the educational aims, in all their breadth and fulness, for which his old friend Dr. Fyfe had toiled so unweariedly. About seven years after Toronto Baptist College was founded, having a clear vision of the growing needs of the denomination and the vast import of Christian education to the activities of our churches and to the country at large, the Senator rescued the educational work of the late Dr. Fyfe at Woodstock from its peril and opened yet wider educational doors by the founding of McMaster University. Shortly after his lamented death, Susan Moulton McMaster, by the gift of twenty-six thousand dollars, founded Moulton College, in which the Bible should be a text-book, and none but members of evangelical churches should be on its teaching staff, and whose students should have access in perpetuity to the classes of the University. Mrs. McMaster thus fittingly and beautifully linked her own name with that of her departed husband in the great and needy work

of Christian Education in charge of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, and at the same time enshrined the historic name of one who suffered for our principles, and gave them their earliest publication in the Maritime Provinces.*

To one of Mrs. McMaster's swift and practical mind, quick feeling, ardent temperament, buoyant spirits and great energy, life could hardly be otherwise than full of ceaseless and intense activity. In the fulness of her prime she came to Toronto, in 1871, having married in that year the Hon. William McMaster. Retaining then, as now, a strong affection for the land of her birth and education, she at once freely gave her best to Canadian life, and bore a goodly part in the manifold activities of Jarvis Street Church. Every winter hundreds of the Young People's Association were entertained in the McMaster mansion, the only enquiry being, "Are they worthy for the Master's sake?" Indeed, during all the years of her home keeping, "Salve!" greeted all who crossed the threshold of her house. A

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*Gardner's History of the Town of Wales (Mass.) contains the following "Memorandum":—

Rev. Ebenezer Moulton was among the primary settlers of this Town; came hither from Salem about 1728; was then married and had one child. He made his settlement on the place elsewhere in this Record described as the "Oliver Wales Tavern Stand," and was the primevous occupant of that place, and cultivator of its soil. He was of a religious frame of mind, an ardent and somewhat enthusiastic disseminator of the sentiments of the Baptists, then, or formerly, called Anabaptists, a sect then uncommon in this region. He was energetically engaged in inculcating those sentiments not only here, but in the neighbouring Towns; and through him and his labors chiefly, and instrumentally, were originated the Baptist Church and Society of this Town in 1736, and the first of the order established in all this region of country. He was not then a regularly constituted minister of his denomination, but was a sort of selfmade evangelist or religious teacher, and officiated as such for the infant Church and Society here established under his auspices. Thus matters continued with him and the people here till Nov. 4, 1741, when he was formally ordained to the Gospel Ministry, and set over the Church here as their Pastor and guide in spiritual matters. He filled the pastorate of this Church more than 20 years, or till 1763; then he went to Nova Scotia. He was absent from here a number of years, during a part of which he has been reported to have officiated as Chaplain of the British Navy. Near twenty years after thus going herefrom, he returned, having buried his consort in his absence, and in a little time he died and was buried. . . . . Upon going from here in 1763 he took his family with him, after which none of his children ever returned hither, at least not to make a permanent or lengthy stay. In the above sketch is an omittance of one fact in Mr. Moulton's history. On one occasion, at the close of one of his earnest and enthusiastic discourses in the Town of Sturbridge, he was arrested and thrown into prison for a brief term as a religious fanatic or heretic, a promoter of sedition and disturber of the public tranquility. The persecuting spirit was then exhibiting a ramp.

The Rev. Charles Tupper writes, Nov. 1, 1828, to the *Baptist Magazine* for the Maritime Provinces:

It appears that there were very few of the Baptist denomination among the first emigrants by whom this province was settled after it was taken from the French and ceded to the British. There was, however, a small number among those who came from New England, one of whom, Mr. Moulton, was a Baptist minister, who was probably the first that preached in Nova Scotia. He began to labor in Horton [now Wolfville] about the year 1763, and his exertions were crowned with success, a church was formed, consisting of Baptists and Congregationalists. He did not, however, continue long in the province.

The early churches in Nova Scotia had a mixed membership, which led to much discussion, issuing in their present organization on the basis of strict communion. There is a record, also, in the Church Book, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, of Mr. Moulton having preached and baptized in that town.

prophet's chamber welcomed our ministers from near or far, and, indeed, clergymen of all denominations. Many students of the Provincial University, and from Toronto Baptist College, found a cordial welcome at her fireside, specially those far from the influences of home. At all her social entertainments, of whatever nature, she jealously discarded the use of wines. In fact, she did not permit their use socially, medicinally, nor for culinary purposes. She early came under the influence of the temperance reform, chiefly through the lectures of J. B. Gough, and is to-day an earnest advocate of total abstinence. Her force of character has often been put to the test in this matter. Not infrequently, especially when entertaining distinguished guests from the old country, she has known what it is to assume the responsibility of being thought wanting in hospitality rather than do violence to her convictions. On one occasion a young English Lord said to her after dinner: "I am proud of being the guest of a lady who has the strength to maintain in practice her convictions. I thank you, and I shall never forget it." All moral reforms have ever found in her a willing helper, but the work of Home Missions in the Western and Southern States has appealed most largely to her beneficence. The lack of money and service in this behalf, in view of the great masses to be reached with the gospel, has deeply impressed her. She has unbounded faith in the doctrine of salvation from sin through the redemptive work of Jesus Christ, and nothing less than the proclamation of this gospel can, she believes, save any people or land from corruption or decay. I have heard her speak in terms of unqualified admiration of Spurgeon's gospel message, saying that while listening to him she lost all consciousness of the great preacher in the vision and appropriation of the Saviour whom he so gloriously declared.

Some time after settling at Rathnally, her Toronto country home, when taking their usual evening walk on the hill, she suggested to the Senator that he give Rathnally, with its sixty-eight acres of land, and the grand old Homstead, for the purposes of a Theological Seminary. She renewed this suggestion from time to time, and never ceased to cherish the hope that beautiful Rathnally should be devoted to the preparation of young men for the gospel ministry. She finally obtained a

partial promise that it should be as she wished. When Dr. Castle came to Toronto on a visit, she enlisted his interest in the project, which finally resulted in the erection of McMaster Hall in Queen's Park. She found that theological education had made a large place for itself in her heart, and she counted it a privilege to assist a number of young men in their preparation for the ministry, most of whom are to-day useful pastors. She contributed $2000 to the library in McMaster Hall, and $1500 anonymously as a loan fund in aid of students for the ministry. Her donation to this latter fund will be permanently designated The Moulton Loan Fund.

The first husband of Susan Moulton was James Fraser, of Saginaw Valley, Michigan. In 1850, she left the quiet of a New England village for a wider and more adventurous field where the tireless energy of her young life found full scope. Its new scenes and new life were in almost violent contrast with those she had left behind, but they filled her with great joy. Riding through trackless forests on a trusty steed in spring and autumn, and driving over frozen rivers in winter to bring comfort and cheer to her husband's tenants and employes, were stimulating experiences for her. Many of the people of the country came from the east, having education and means. The society was congenial and the work was pleasant. She organized literary societies, and was actively identified with everything of social importance connected with the advancement of the life of the people. She bore an active part in religious work, teaching a class of girls in Bay City, whom she also invited to her home weekly for prayer. All of these girls publicly acknowledged the Saviour. The fifteen years spent in the Saginaw Valley were busy and profitable ones. It was entirely characteristic of her that she one day informed a member of the Baptist church in Bay City, that if he would place an excellent bell in the tower of the church without any one knowing it, except the workmen engaged, before it should be heard pealing forth a summons to worship on Sunday morning, she would meet the expense incurred. Although the church was in the centre of the city and closely surrounded with dwellings, the offer was accepted. A car was procured from an adjoining town for entrance by night. No sound of hammer was heard, and when the stillness of Sun-

day morning was broken by the pealing of a sonorous bell overhead, people rushed to their doors and windows in blank astonishment. Her husband had given the site and largely contributed to the erection of the first Baptist church within forty miles of their home. He died in 1865, and Susan Moulton returned east a widow, and lived in New York and Newburgh. She had two children, a son who died in infancy, and a daughter, now Mrs. George Blackstock of Toronto. There were three daughters born to Mr. Fraser by his first wife, all of whom are now living. He was a man of noble character, of great physical endurance, indomitable energy and industry, of strong hopefulness and uniform cheerfulness. His large sympathy and open handed liberality made him the friend of the needy and desolate. The impress of his forceful life appears on many important enterprises in the Saginaw Valley. The growth of Bay City rendered necessary a new location of the church. A beautiful new building, towards which his widow largely contributed and for which she procured an organ of much purity and power, was erected,— the building, organ, and bell being memorial of James Fraser.

Susan Moulton was born in Connecticut, of highly respected and dearly beloved parents. They were married in the old Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I. Her father was for a time a merchant in New York, and retired to a beautiful and quiet village on Long Island Sound. Her mother was the daughter of an India sea-captain of Rhode Island; and it has been said of her that she was never known to injure character or reputation by an insidious or malicious remark. Her daughter Susan was converted when about eight years old. The hymns which they sung at the special services she attended at the time,—"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound," "Come trembling Sinner," "Lo, on a narrow neck of land," "Come, ye sinners poor and needy," are fresh in her mind to-day, as is also a great deal of Scripture then learned. But the Congregational church in which she was reared did not happen to be a nursery for lambs, rather the contrary, and for many years she lost her joy and interest in the religious life. During a remarkable revival in Norwalk, Conn., she made a surrender of herself to her Saviour, and was baptized in a river in March, the water being covered with thin ice. "An ignorant prejudice amounting to

hatred," to use her own words to me, possessed her soul towards the Baptists; but from an earnest study of the New Testament with a desire for truth she was herself compelled to become a Baptist. She had the joy of seeing her four sisters baptized during the year, and later her father and mother also. It may be permitted me to say that these proved a remarkable group of sisters. Besides the subject of this sketch, the eldest became a consecrated Christian wife and mother; and the second, one of the most self-denying, beautiful characters, devoted to others, and reflecting in her strong life the image of her Lord. The new church recently organized at Newburgh, N. Y., is named "Moulton Memorial" in memory of her. The third, of strong religious character and clear views, is the widow of Rev. James Scott,—a faithful and honored pastor of Newburgh church, called from active service in the prime of life to his eternal rest,—now residing with her daughters, Mrs. A. R. McMaster and Mary, in Toronto. The youngest, the late wife of deacon J. T. Lawson of Newburgh, was a gentle, loving disciple of the Master, greatly esteemed by a wide circle of friends.

Susan's later school days were spent at Ipswich, Mass., at a school founded by Mary Lyon, and conducted on what was known as the Abbott method. Among the texts studied at the school were Outlines of History, Butler's Analogy, Alexander's Evidences, Wayland's Moral Science, and Abercombie's Mental Philosophy. It is no wonder that New England girls long since became aware of the ability of woman to receive discipline in studies of the higher education. In common with many others, Susan Moulton chafed under the ban that forbade girls to rank in equality with their brothers in literary pursuits. Later in life she joyfully hailed the founding of Vassar College, of which she had intimate knowledge, and followed the fortunes of Wellesley and Smith with peculiar interest.

All who have had the privilege of personal intercourse with Mrs. McMaster know her intense devotion to every worthy object upon which her heart is fixed. Her passionate love for music has been a source of great pleasure to herself and to others. She often says that one of the greatest enjoyments of life was hearing Jenny Lind sing, and that although she has heard many of the best artists she has never heard the equal of

the "Swedish Nightingale." The beautiful organ in the church at Bay City, and in Jarvis Street church, as well as her gifts in assisting in the purchase of others, are the beneficent outcome of her musical taste. The annual gatherings of the denomination in Canada and the United States are noted by her with concern. Her recent visit to Scotland found her searching out the few Baptists to be found there, and while in England she could not forego a visit to the widow of C. H. Spurgeon, or listening to the gospel from the lips of Alexander McLaren. Scarcely had she arrived in Toronto than she was found in her loved Moulton College, in the midst of teachers and pupils, who alike hail her visits as times of special delight. Her words of personal counsel are one of the helpful influences in which the College so richly shares. Her presence in the University is regarded by students and professors, now as in former years, as an event to be greatly coveted, and a precious reminder of her departed husband and our great benefactor. May the names and memories of husband and wife be grandly and indissolubly linked throughout all the growing future of Canadian Baptists with Moulton College and McMaster University!

THEODORE H. RAND.

O LOVE-LIT HEART!

[AU REVOIR.]

O love-lit heart, my laureate of the night,
Unchiding, though the clouds veil deep the stars!
Thy heavenly patience evermore debars,
With angel pleadings, every path of flight
By which my tempted soul would leave the height;
Thy earnest voice has accent caught from Mars—
Nay, not from him, but One who bears the scars
Of conflict sore, whose brows are crowned with light.

Now are the bridals of the leafy wood,
O'er dusky brooks the golden sunbars fall,
Birds fan the moonbeams in the balmy dark—
Look me! the banners of the Holy Rood
Shake in the battle's roar; sweet duty's call
Wings all my spirit like a soaring lark.

July. R.

τὰ πάντα ἐν Χριστῷ συνέστηκεν.[*]

O Christ, in whom all things consist,
The everlasting bond of ease
In worlds around, in human thought,
In life and death's great mysteries!

To Thee, their Master, open wide
The blinding chambers of the sun;
And earth no flower has, but, lo!
Its hidden life and Thine are one.

All that man is of mortal, Thou,
His weakness, his temptations, Thine:
All that God is—yea God himself
Is not more gloriously divine.

Thy breath outgoing giveth life,
Returning, Lord of death Thou art:
O welcome life—more welcome death
That draws us to th' eternal heart!

O Christ, without Thee who would dare
Truth's wildering quest with human powers!
But holding Thee, who holdest all,
The mightiest truth of God is ours.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

Written for Founder's Day, 1892.

[*] McMaster University Legend: Col. i. 17.

THE REFORMATION FROM A BAPTIST POINT OF VIEW.*

The Reformation of the sixteenth century, like any other great historical movement, may be approached in three ways. We may go back into the remote past and trace minutely the course of events that has here and now found its culmination; we may show that the seed-sowing and the soil being as they were, the harvest is precisely what might have been expected. Or, we may take the movement as we find it, analyze it into its constituent elements, trace the motives and aims of leaders and led, trace the immediate and remote moral and spiritual effects, test everything by the eternal principles of right and truth, as determined by conscience and the written Word. Or, again, we may view the movement as a link in the chain of the accomplishment of the divine purposes, knowing that the Almighty is able to make evil forces to co-operate with good thereunto. This last process we ought always to apply, so essential is it to the proper understanding of the ways of God to men. But we must beware of supposing that this process in any way precludes the first or the second process suggested. The knowledge that divine Providence has overruled a particular course of events for the accomplishment of beneficent ends by no means bars criticism of the actors; no more does it affect the fact that this series of events is itself the product of antecedent evil commingled with antecedent good.

And here we must remember that the cause of God on earth progresses not in straight lines, like a railroad train across yonder prairie, but like yonder tossing ship on yonder surging ocean. It makes progress from age to age, but, owing to the perversity of men, not clear and constant progress. Sometimes it seems to lose ground; but, after all, the apparent loss is transmuted by divine alchemy into means of future gain.

Further, it is not enough that the actors in any great movement be shown to have been sincere. We are to judge according to the eternal principles of right and truth, not according to the conceptions of right and truth that may have been in the minds of such actors

* First delivered as a lecture at Point Chautauqua, in 1880, and published in the *Baptist Quarterly Review*, for January 1884.

My abhorrence of Moloch worship is not diminished, but rather increased, by my belief that parents often throw their children into the red-hot arms of the image *conscientiously.* The Inquisition is rendered none the less sickening by the certainty that many of its agents felt that in acting the part of incarnate devils they were doing God service.

And here, also, let me warn the reader against a tendency which Baptists share with others, but which in Baptists is more stultifying than in others, towards a blind hero-worship of certain religious teachers of the sixteenth century. Why, it is no uncommon thing to hear Baptist orators descant upon the virtues of these leaders in language which, *nominibus mutatis*, might properly be applied to the apostles! and that, too, when these very men would not have hesitated to urge our extermination by fire, sword, or water, if we had been their contemporaries, as they did urge the extermination of our brethren in Christ, and some of whose moral teachings were highly objectionable. Let us test the titles of popular religious heroes to our adoration. In so far as they apprehended the Spirit of Christ, and manifested this Spirit in their words and in their deeds, let us honor them. If, however, we find contemporaries who more perfectly apprehended Christ, and who more perfectly manifested his Spirit in word and in deed, let us not hesitate to make these our heroes, although they may not have drawn to the support of their cause the unregenerate mighty of this world, and although they may have been hunted down like wild beasts by the men who, on the theory that might makes right, are generally regarded as the great champions of the truth. *Christ* did not convert men by nations, neither did *Paul. Mohammed* and *Charlemagne* did. *Hübmaier* did not make Protestants by nations. *Luther* did. *Christ* made individual earnest Christians. *Charlemagne* made hypocrites and cringing slaves to external forms. *Hubmaier* made, with divine help, *self-sacrificing Christians. Luther* made *self-indulgent Protestants!*

We need not apply at length this third method of considering our subject. All the world recognizes the fact that the Protestant revolution of the sixteenth century forms a most important factor in the working out of our modern civilization and enlightenment, with its freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, with its spiritual religion as opposed to a religion of dead forms, with its apostolic missionary endeavor as opposed to mediæval religious conquest. This we never weary of rejoicing in and thanking God for. Nay, I maintain that the fundamental principle of the Protestant revolution was the emancipation of the human mind from human authority, far as this was from being consciously recognized by the Protestant leaders.

This is my unwavering conviction. Just so I believe that the capture of Christian Constantinople by the Turks was a factor that can not be estimated too highly in the working out of the divine plan of Christian liberty and enlightenment. No thanks to the Turk. No thanks *a priori* to the leaders of the Protestant revolution. We are thus. I trust, in a position to put a fair estimate upon each individual, in accordance with historical facts, and we shall not be tempted to reverence an individual for the sole reason that he sustained an important relation to a movement which has, on the whole, resulted in good.

To understand the Reformation, we must know wherein the need for reform lay. To appreciate this need we must have in mind, in broad outline at least, the course of events that led to the ecclesiastical rottenness of the sixteenth century, and that made the Protestant revolution possible.

From the close of the apostolic age onwards, Christianity, the universal and absolute religion, soon conscious of its destined universality and absoluteness, shrank not from the stupendous task of realizing this universality and vindicating this absoluteness. Though it sprang up in the midst of Judaism, Christianity was not Judaism, still less did it have in common with paganism. Paganism and Judaism alike must be transformed, must be Christianized. Ere long it is perfectly evident that Christianity is absorbing paganism and Judaism far more rapidly than it can possibly assimilate them. The stomach of Christianity, sensitive at first, vomited forth these nauseating elements in the shape of Ebionism and Gnosticism. But this power of throwing off noxious elements became gradually less and less, until finally Judaism and paganism became part and parcel of the current Christianity. Persecution, while on the one hand it retarded this process, tended, on the other hand, to foster among Christians an overweening desire for such an amount of external power and prosperity as should render persecution impossible, and should give free scope to the world-subduing religion of Christ. The mighty fabric of the Roman Empire may early have suggested to Christian thinkers the idea of a great world-wide ecclesiastical organization, as pure and beneficent as the empire was tyrannical and corrupt. When Constantine decided that his interest lay in the adoption of Christianity as the religion of the State, it was not the pure, simple, spiritual Christianity that Christ had established and that Paul had preached, whose representatives so promptly assumed the attitude of courtiers, and showed themselves at once such adepts in court intrigue. It was Christianity corrupted by two centuries of contact and conflict with heathenism and Judaism. No abrupt turn was made in

the Church's stream of tendency by this imperial recognition. Catholicity, at the expense of holiness, had been for a century the leading feature of ecclesiastical policy. Now, almost the entire pagan populace was dumped into the Church, and the small amount of holiness that remained was driven, from sheer dread of losing itself in this seething mass of rottenness, to withdraw itself to the deserts, and there to devote itself to fruitless strivings after a state of impeccability. The earnest elements of Christianity having thus become *Buddhist*, the guidance of active Christian effort was left largely to worldly-minded, half-pagan bishops. The Roman hierarchy, with its claims of absolute spiritual and absolute civil authority, was a logical result of the sacerdotalism that was already growing apace in the Nicene age; that diabolical theory, in accordance with which a certain class of men, by virtue of ordination, have the spiritual power that Christ has given to his Church, and that, too, apart from all consideration of personal character. The Church is holy, priests are representatives and the only representatives of the Church; therefore, priests, as priests, are holy, and have power to mediate between God and man. Personally, the priest may be a libertine or an unbeliever. His priestly power is not thereby affected.

Moreover, the theory, in accordance with which the end justifies the means, was early developed in the interest of the aggressive hierarchy. The well-being of the Church, now identified with external power, came to be regarded as, of necessity, the thing of supreme importance to God and man. All laws, human and divine, may and must be set aside, therefore, if the interests of the Church require it, and the hierarchy is to decide as to what the interests of the Church require. This principle already acted on for centuries was formulated by Peter Damiani about 1050, and employed with great success by Hildebrand and succeeding popes.

Armed with these principles, with these claims, with the superstitious reverence always accorded to priestcraft by ignorance, the hierarchy was free to use all possible means for its own aggrandizement, and was enabled, by the beginning of the thirteenth century, to well-nigh realize its audacious claims.

The Christian germ was almost lost in this baleful accumulation of human and satanic machinery; but it was not wholly lost, neither, indeed, could it be in accordance with Christ's promises. It was perfectly sure, sooner or later, to come forward with new vigor, to cast off this accumulation of corruption, and to go onward in its Christ-appointed mission of spiritually subduing the world.

The reformation of the Church was not inaugurated by Luther, nor

by the representatives of the New Learning, nor yet by Wiclif or Huss It began much earlier. We see the so-called heretical (properly *Biblical*) parties protesting with terrible earnestness against the corrupt hierarchy just when this hierarchy is attaining to the summit of its power; rigid insistence on uniformity of belief and worship bringing out and greatly increasing the latent Christian life. The very means that the hierarchy successfully employed for its aggrandizement—crusades, inquisition, political intrigue, scholastic theology, indulgences, etc.—co-operated in their after effects for its overthrow. A system so utterly anti-Christian could maintain itself only by the complete dethronement of conscience in its subjects. So long as human nature retains any of this God-implanted faculty of discerning between right and wrong, no such system can long survive its complete establishment.

These Biblical opponents of the hierarchy persecuted, scattered, and for the time almost exterminated; the hierarchy made still more arrogant and unscrupulous by its cruel triumph; the papacy captured by the king of France and made subservient to French interests; the papal schism having resulted from efforts to free the papacy from French thraldom; the national spirit having already, from various causes, been developed; it would have been strange if *Christian patriots* had not arisen in the various states of Europe to cry out against the extortions and oppressions to which their fatherlands were subjected by a foreign and unfriendly hierarchy, and it would have been still stranger if such patriotic churchmen had not met with a hearty response from all classes of society. Such movements were the Wiclifite in England and the Hussite in Bohemia. In these movements the following elements entered: (1.) *Patriotic.*—Directed chiefly against the fleecing of the people by foreign priests, who performed no service in return for their extorted revenues. (2.) *Realistic.*—The leaders of these movements were realists; they believed in the reality of the one universal Church, corresponding to an exalted ideal. The Church of their day had apostatized, financial corruption lay at the root of the degeneracy of the age, the corrupt hierarchy represented in their view Antichrist. They sought to purge the Church of corruption while maintaining a hierarchy. A reform based upon realism could not be radical, could be only transient. Unless the roots of hierarchy are destroyed, it avails little to lop off here an excrescence and there an excrescence. (3.) *Biblical.*—The Biblical element was partially apprehended, but was shorn of its power by the realism just mentioned.

These movements offered, for a time, stout resistance to ecclesiastical tyranny. But they were destined to be swept away in the tide of corruption which they made no adequate effort to stay.

Then came the *Mystics*, men of profoundly speculative minds, led by despair of reforming and spiritualizing the Church, and through the study of the Neo-platonic writings to an exaggeration of the importance and capacity of the inner life—to a pantheistic identification of man with God. Here the vital idea, taken apart from its pantheistic setting, is the need of a personal appropriation of Christ. Outward forms are of no account. We must become united with God. God being in us and we in God. By contemplating God we become one with God. By contemplating Christ we become one with Christ. The pantheistic element was so transcendental as to affect comparatively few. The tendency toward striving after individual and conscious union with Christ had a much wider influence. But mysticism was indifferent to external order, and could not of itself bring about a radical reform.

Next came the *Revival of Learning*, with its contempt for scholasticism, its temporary return to Platonic paganism, its restoration of the study of the Scriptures in their original languages, its contempt for human authority, and its consequent promotion of freedom of thought.

Here, then, we have five grand elements of opposition to the corrupt hierarchy: The Biblical, the Realistic, the Patriotic, the Mystical, the Humanistic. From the Realistic not much could be expected. Its antagonism to the Biblical would be likely to more than counterbalance its power for good; the Patriotic was likely to be contaminated by avarice, and to introduce a vast amount of corruption into any religious movement with which it might be connected. The position of Humanism in a religious reformation could only be an ancillary one, yet its aid was absolutely indispensable. Singly, each of these elements had entered the arena, and each had failed of immediate success. The time was coming when all of these elements of opposition were to combine, and the fabric of the hierarchy might well have trembled in the face of such a combination.

We might form a useful and interesting classification of the various reforming parties of the sixteenth century, on the basis of the degree in which these elements entered into each. We should say, e. g., that the Erasmic movement was preponderatingly Humanistic. The Biblical element was, theoretically at least, taken account of by Erasmus, but with so little earnestnestness as to be of trifling moment—there was no mysticism, no patriotism, little financial interest. The Lutheran Reformation represents a combination of all five of the remformatory forces, with a marvellous capacity to shift ground from one to another, according to the exigencies of the time. Few religious leaders ever expressed greater devotion to the Scriptures than Luther, and in contro-

versy with the Romanists, he made the Scriptures the only rule of faith and practice. Yet we shall see that even Scriptures must adapt themselves to his theories or suffer the penalty of decanonization, and church authority was of some account when rites retained by him were shown to lack clear Scriptural authorization. So, also, Luther was, from the first, impelled largely by patriotic motives. Nothing contributed more to his success than the contagion of his patriotism. "There never has been a German," writes the Catholic historian Döllinger, "who so intuitively understood his fellow-countrymen, and who, in return, has been so thoroughly understood; nay, whose spirit, I should say, has been so completely imbibed by his nation, as this Augustinian friar of Wittenberg. The mind and the spirit of the Germans were under his control like the lyre in the hands of a musician." Like Wiclif and Huss he believed, at the outset, in a universal organic church, with a single head, and desired only to restore the existing church to a state of purity. Again, Luther was greatly indebted to mediæval Mysticism. His personal absorption in religious matters, as well as some features of his theology, are due to this influence. Again, Luther owed much to Humanism, and was himself essentially a Humanist. His contempt for Aristotle and the Schoolmen, his devotion to the study of the Scriptures in the original languages, his love of freedom (for himself), resulted directly from Humanistic influence. Luther's enormous power and success were due largely to the fact that he combined in his own person all the reformatory elements that had come down to him from the past.

In Zwingli and Œcolampadius, leaders of the Swiss reformation, the Partriotic, the Humanistic, and the Biblical elements prevailed, the second in a stronger form, and the third less intensely than with Luther We see in them almost none of Luther's Churchly Realism, and almost no Mysticism.

In Calvin the Patriotic spirit has become cosmopolitan zeal for the spread of the Gospel. He could say, "to the French first," but he was sure to add, "and also to all the world"—at least "to all Europe." He was Humanistic to the extent of fully appreciating the importance of classical and philological learning; but Humanistic indifference and Humanistic liberalism found no place in Calvin. He was Biblical, intensely Biblical, as he understood the Bible; yet he interpreted the Bible by Augustine, rather than tested Augustine by the Bible. The Bible, as he understood it—that is, the Augustinian system of doctrine as elaborated by himself—was to Calvin no loosely fitting garment, which he could assume or doff as expediency might dictate, but rather bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh. He would have died for these views, just as he did live and labor for them.

The Socinians represent Humanism with its Erasmic external respect for authority laid aside. They had all of Luther's contempt for extra-Lutheran authority; and, in addition to this, a contempt for Luther's own. They had no remnant of Realism, no Mysticism. They respected Biblical authority, but insisted on interpreting the Scriptures in accordance with the requirements of reason. Their apprehension of the Scriptures was not profound, and their religious zeal rarely led them to court persecution.

With the Anabaptists the Biblical principle, apprehended on its positive and on its negative side, held the first place. This was combined with Mysticism (in some cases a purely Biblical Mysticism, in other cases a Neo-platonic, semi-pantheistic Mysticism), and, in some cases, with pre-millenarianism; the false Mysticism, when it preponderated, leading to the rejection of fundamental doctrines—denial of the importance of the written Word in comparison with the divine *Logos* always present to enlighten the believer, indifference to external ordinances, modification of the commonly received views of the person and work of Christ, etc.: the pre-millenarianism sometimes leading to fanaticism, and to an utter wrecking of Christian life. Pre-millenarianism, in connection with a desperate and frenzied socialistic movement, is responsible for the Müntster kingdom, with its horrors.

Such were the instruments. Now, just what was to be accomplished? Ecclesiastical theory and practice were to be thoroughly purified. What were the fundamental errors of the mediæval system that needed to be eradicated? I conceive that there were three. First and foremost, *Sacerdotalism.* Given Sacerdotalism, and what follows? If priests as representatives of the holy Catholic Church, are, without reference to personal character, mediators between God and man, have power to bind and to loose on conditions imposed by themselves, men are no longer responsible to God for their lives, but to men. Holiness before God is of infinitely less importance than scrupulous obedience to the regulations of the priests. Religion thus comes to be a mere matter of outward form. From Sacerdotalism flowed, as naturally as a stream from its source, superstitious adoration of images, shrines, etc., all forms of ritualism, the practical repudiation of Scripture authority, the domination of Church over State, the obliteration of moral law as founded on the nature of God.

The second great evil of the mediæval system was the *union of Church and State*, the idea that the Church and State are coincident. *Cæsaro-papacy* is almost as objectionable as papacy. We shall have occasion later to see the disastrous consequences of such union, especially for the Church.

Thirdly, the practical *annulling of Scripture authority*, which, as has been said, resulted from Sacerdotalism.

For anything like a complete reformation of Christianity at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the abolition of the union of Church and State, the destruction of Sacerdotalism, and the reinstatement of the Scriptures in their position of paramount authority, would have been absolutely necessary.

Let us take Lutheranism as the most influential element in the Protestant revolution, and is fairly representative of the entire politico-ecclesiastical movement, and test it by the categories that have been laid down. Did Lutheranism employ, to the best advantage, the pure elements of opposition to the hierarchy that had come down from the past, rejecting the vitiating elements? Did Lutheranism secure the ends whose accomplishment was indispensable to a pure reformation—the reinstatement of the Scriptures as the guide of faith and practice the abolition of Sacerdotalism, the abolition of the unhallowed union of Church and State? We shall see.

I said that in Lutheranism the five elements of opposition to the hierarchy were combined. Yet these elements could not possibly be combined harmoniously. The pure elements could not fail to be vitiated by combination with the impure. The final result could not be pure. If a given movement be purely Biblical, it may be at the same time Mystical, for there is a Biblical Mysticism; it may be at the same time Biblical, Mystical, and Humanistic, in a measure; but Biblical, Mystical, Humanistic, Realistic, Political, it could not possibly be without inner inconsistencies and incoherences. Hence we find the character, the actions, and the writings of Luther—his writings furnish an almost perfect index to his character, all sorts of inconsistencies. Luther could be Biblical when it suited his purpose. When he would refute the claims of the hierarchy no man could urge the supreme authority of the Scripture more vigorously than he. But does he always so urge it? Let us see. When James is quoted against his favorite doctrine of justification by faith alone—with marvelous audacity worthy even of his legitimate successors of the modern Tübingen school, he turns upon the luckless epistle and denounces it as a "right strawy epistle." So, also, he contrasted the Gospel according to St. John with the other Gospels, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. So, also, the Book of Revelation was not of such a character as divine inspiration would have given. Other books of Scripture fared no better. Again, when he came into controversy with rigid adherents of the Biblical principle, he no longer held that that only is allowable in ecclesiastical practice which

is sanctioned by Scripture, but that it is sufficient if prevalent practices are not *distinctly forbidden* by Scripture. His Roman Catholic opponents were not slow to see Luther's inconsistencies, and they made vigorous use of them in their polemics.

Again, Luther apprehended the great Biblical doctrine of the universal priesthood of believers, and the consequent right of every Christian to interpret the Scriptures according to his own judgment, enlightened by the Spirit. Yet, practically, he made his own interpretation the only admissible one, and did not hesitate to revile and persecute those that arrived at results different from his own.

Again, Luther apprehended that most important Biblical doctrine, justification by faith. He saw in the failure to recognize this doctrine, the ground of all papal corruptions. Instead of tempering this doctrine by the complementary teachings of the Scriptures he really made it the supreme criterion of truth. Whatever Scripture could not be made to teach justification by faith alone was for Luther no Scripture at all.

So, also, while professing to give the first place to Scripture, he practically put Augustine in the first place, interpreting Scripture by Augustinian dogma rather than Augustinian dogma by Scripture. It is evident, therefore, that Luther did not hold to the Biblical principle purely and consistently.

How fared it with the Mystical? There is no doubt that the writings of the German Mystics had an important place in Luther's own individual development. I shall not call in question the fact that he remained persistently a man of profound spiritual life, that his personal religion was and remained of an inward character. But I am still more fully convinced of the fact that the Mystical element was almost entirely lost to his followers. The general effect of his preaching, so far as I can judge from his own statements and those of his most intimate friends, compared with those of his opponents, was not in the direction of personal religious experience, but rather of a dead faith and a blind assurance. The preaching and writings of Luther were destructive, not constructive. He could, by his denunciations, undermine papal authority, and bring the doctrine of salvation by works into utmost contempt; but, if I mistake not, he failed signally to develop an apostolical in the place of a monkish piety in his followers. I think, then, we may say that the Mystical element among the reformatory forces was not made the most of by Luther and his followers—certainly little of it appeared among his followers. It was almost supplanted by the doctrine of justification by faith alone, generally apprehended in a semi-antinomian way.

How far was the Humanistic element utilized? Certainly Lutheranism would not have appeared when it did, nor as it did, without Humanism. Certainly Humanism had an important place in the personal development of Luther, and especially of Melancthon, Zwingli, aud Calvin. It was Humanism that led Luther from 1512 onwards to combat with so much zeal Aristotle and the scholastic theology. It was Humanism that led him to study the Scriptures in their original languages. It was Humanism that furnished him with many of his ablest supporters. But this is an altogether different thing from saying that Humanism here found its full utilization. Humanism was liberal and tolerant. Humanists thought for themselves, and were willing, for the most part, to accord to others the same privilege. True, this toleration sprang largely from religious indifferentism; but whatever its source, it was a thing sadly needed in that generation. The Reformers were, for the most part, intolerant. They believed that the truth should have free course; but then each one was perfectly confident that he had apprehended the entire scope of the knowable, and was far from recognizing the right of others to think and teach *perversely* —that is, contrary to his own views.

Again, Humanists were averse to dogmatizing. Lutherans had no sooner thoroughly overthrown Scholasticism than they introduced an era of Protestant Scholasticism, with the same deadening and despiritualizing effect as had marked that of the Middle Ages.

Humanists believed in bringing about reformation through the sheer force of the truth. They did not object to reforms introduced by State authority, but neither did they urge such religious revolutions. The new learning, thought Erasmus, will clear away all superstition and darkness. This done, abuses will vanish in the face of enlightened public opinion. The Reformers had far more faith in external compulsion, far less in the inherent power of the truth. Thus we see that neither the Biblical nor the Mystical, nor yet the Humanistic element, was fully apprehended and made to yield all the fruit that was in it, by Luther and his followers.

The fourth element, the Realistic hierarchical, is to be conceived of rather as a negative than as a positive force, rather as Ephaistos' fetters than as Hermes' wings to a thorough reformation of the Church. Under this head I mean to include all the anti-Scriptural and Romanizing elements that clogged the Protestant Revolution. In as far as this prevailed, the Biblical, Mystical and Humanistic were sure to suffer. I think I can show that more of the accretions of Romanism remained amongst the Reformers than most readers suspect.

1. The most vicious point in Luther's system was the maintenance of the union of Church and State. As the uniting of Church and State had done more than everything else together to corrupt the Church; as this union always furnished the most unyielding obstacle to reform; so its retention by Luther made it absolutely impossible that any thorough reformation of the Church should find place. The impossibility of a purely religious reformation of a State Church lies in the following considerations:

First, the political relations of States are such that they rarely move without reference to temporal interests. Religion may furnish the ostensible motive, but when we are admitted into the confidence of the negotiators in politico-religious movements we shall almost always see that the matter of lands and dollars furnishes the decisive moment.

Secondly, admitting, as a possibility, the purely *religious* motives of the authorities in any politico-religious movement, the consciences of the people and their religious ideas are not the consciences and ideas of the authorities. The people, as a body, were at that time very likely to conform outwardly to the ecclesiastical arrangements of their rulers; yet, who would be so credulous as to think that the entire spiritual status of a nation could be changed in a day or in a year? The Spirit of God worketh not in this wise.

Thirdly, the very process of transferring a people suddenly from one communion to another, without any exercise of volition on their part, tends to foster in their minds the notion that religion is a mere matter of outward form. We might almost say that the heathen themselves are more accessible to purely religious influences than those brought up to believe that they are Christians by virtue of their membership in a State Church, apart from any choice of their own. A sense of carnal security is thus engendered antagonistic to any earnest efforts for salvation.

The leaders of the Protestant Revolution made Protestants by States as far as possible. Temporal advantages furnished the chief motive to most of the rulers. A thoroughly corrupt Christianity could not fail to be the result.

I believe that all the possible ill effects of a politico-religious reformation were realized in the Protestant Revolution of the sixteenth century.

2. Infant baptism has always gone hand in hand with State Churches. It is difficult to conceive how an ecclesiastical establishment could be maintained without infant baptism or its equivalent. We should think, if the facts did not show us so plainly the contrary, that the doctrine of justification by faith alone would displace infant

baptism. But no. The *Establishment* must be maintained. The rejection of infant baptism implies insistence on a baptism of believers. Only the baptized are properly members of the Church. Even adults would not all receive baptism on professed faith unless they were actually compelled to do so. Infant baptism must, therefore, be retained as the *necessary concomitant of a State Church.* But what becomes of justification by faith? Baptism, if it symbolize any thing, symbolizes regeneration. It would be ridiculous to make the symbol to forerun the fact by a series of years. Luther saw the difficulty; but he was sufficient for the emergency. "Yes," said he, "justification *is* by faith alone. No outward rite, apart from faith, has any efficacy." Why, it was against *opera operata* that he was laying out all his strength. Yet baptism is the symbol of regeneration, and baptism must be administered to infants, or else the State Church falls. With an audacity truly sublime, the great reformer declares that infants are regenerated in connection with baptism, and that they are *simultaneously justified by personal faith.* An infant eight days old believe! "Prove the contrary, if you can!" triumphantly ejaculates Luther, and his point is gained. If this kind of personal faith is said to justify infants, is it wonderful that those of maturer years learned to take a somewhat superficial view of the faith that justifies?

3. In the very idea of a religious establishment is implied the maintenance of the establishment. The toleration of dissent is antagonistic to the integrity—nay, to the very existence—of an establishment. The idea that two forms of Christianity could, with any good results, exist side by side in a given state, seemed almost as preposterous to Luther as it did to Philip II or to Catherine de Medici. Though schismatic themselves, the Reformers had a horror of schism almost as decided as that of the Romanists. The tendency of Protestantism to individualism and endless sectarianism was a reproach which Romanists delighted to heap upon Protestants; and the Reformers did not know enough to admit the fact, and to justify it. The necessity for uniformity of religion felt by civil and religious leaders alike, and the necessity of giving the lie to Roman Catholic reproaches, led the Protestant civil rulers, with the hearty co-operation of the Protestant religious leaders, to persecute to the death those that dared dissent from the established religion.

I maintain that it was the most natural thing in the world, circumstances being as they were, that a Reformation should be attempted and carried out, just as it was attempted and carried out. A political revolution seems to have been inevitable. Religious affairs were already

so intermingled with political affairs that we can hardly conceive of a great political revolution which should not involve the overthrow of the hierarchy. It was the most natural thing in the world that the movement should have begun from the religious side. Considering that the hierarchy was sure to make use of civil and ecclesiastical power combined for the suppression of any movement that threatened its overthrow, it was perfectly natural that the religious and the political reformers should have clung close together, or rather that the two elements should have been combined in the same individuals. Again, it was natural that the politico-religious reformers should have striven to retain full control of the movement, to keep the ranks solid. It was natural that the political elements during the times of outward danger should have greatly preponderated over the religious. It was natural that deserters from the ranks on the one side or the other should be hunted down and slain. All this was natural, was to be expected. But in a religious movement we demand not what is *natural*, but what is CHRISTIAN; not the methods of the practical politician, but the methods appointed by Christ. We demand that the men to whom we pay homage as apostles of Christ be swayed not by worldly motives, but by purely Christian motives. We demand faith, not in the arm of flesh, but in the Lord, such faith as does the right regardless of consequences, assured that God will take care of the consequences.

Let us then sum up concisely the achievements of Luther: (1.) He overthrew the papal authority in Germany. (2.) He secured the recognition of the doctrine of justification by faith, and thereby overthrew a vast amount of mediæval superstition, to a great extent sacerdotalism, on which the whole mediæval system rested. (3.) He greatly promoted individualism,—freedom of thought on the part of individuals; although this was not his desire, and he fought against it with might and main.

These things he accomplished in part voluntarily, in part involuntarily. Thus, I trust, we have seen alike the defects and the merits of the movement.

But the *truth* was not without its witnesses in that generation. Hosts of men were to be found among those that came under the influence of the leaders of the Revolution, who laid hold with eagerness upon the Biblical aspect of the movement, and who had faith enough to adhere firmly even unto death to the teachings of the Bible. They believed that the New Testament sets forth a church of the regenerate. They read Christ's words, "My kingdom is not of this world," and they had faith enough to take Christ at his word. These men were the choicest fruit of the Protestant Revolution, men of learning and

profundity of thought, men of conscience, consistent men, men who could abide no dallying with the truth. Luther and Zwingli had professed to make the Bible the supreme and all-sufficient guide. These men demand something more than outward profession. They recognized the principle as true, and they demanded that it be unconditionally adhered to. If the Bible be the standard, they argued, why retain papal forms which have no sanction in the Bible; why allow the unregenerate and evidently irreligious to partake of the ordinances of the Church side by side with the truly regenerate; why baptize infants, seeing that there is no Scriptual authority for it, and that it is utterly antagonistic to pure church-membership? At Zürich these consistent reformers early became dissatisfied with the temporizing course that Zwingli was pursuing. They urged upon him the necessity of abolishing every vestige of popery. They urged upon him the unsuitableness, the unscripturalness of carrying on a religious movement in subserviency to the civil magistracy. Zwingli justified his course in retaining the unregenerate in the Church by a perversion of Christ's saying, "He that is not against us is for us;" and of the parable, wherein it is commanded to let the tares grow with the wheat till the harvest. He answered in a similar way their objections to his subserviency to the civil magistrates. He admitted that adult baptism was preferable to infant baptism, and that baptism was commonly bestowed in the early Church only after candidates had been instructed in the Word, and were able to give an account of their faith. But Zwingli's faith was weak. He could not consent to forego the patronage of the mighty. When the earnest Christian men of Zürich withdrew themselves from the established Church, and instituted worship of their own, making re-baptism a condition of entrance, Zwingli saw at once that in this separation was involved the rejection of infant baptism, and he set himself to defend infant baptism, and to malign and persecute the men of God who dared to be loyal in the face of danger and death.

"The truth is immortal," wrote Dr. Balthazar Hübmaier, the great Baptist leader of the sixteenth century, on the title-pages of all his books.* He thought he possessed, and he did possess, the truth. He preached the truth, he lived the truth, he died heroically at the stake for the truth. The principles that he taught were too exalted for his age. He was hunted down by Protestant and burned by Roman Catholic Scribes and Pharisees. But these principles, the supreme lordship of Christ, the supreme authority of Scripture, the necessity of

*I have used the language of this paragraph in an article entitled, "Baptist Churches Apostolical," printed in Jenkins' "Baptist Doctrines."

regenerate Church membership, the independence of the local Church, absolute freedom of conscience and freedom in maintaining religious thought and feeling in religious life and in Church organization, have, in their marvelous extension and general recognition, justified abundantly the faith of this man of God.

It is never really expedient to sacrifice the truth. Let us teach the truth, let us live the truth, let us suffer for the truth, if need be, and our reward will not be wanting when we come to stand before Him who is the Author of truth, nay, who is the truth himself. Verily, the truth is immortal!

Hübmaier or Luther—which? The man that, at the very beginning of his career, could write the ablest plea of the age for liberty of conscience, who showed forth an apostolic faith and suffered an apostolic martyrdom, or the man who put himself at the head of a politico-religious movement, who drove to despair and to death such as refused to yield to his *ipse dixit*, whose controversial language was more becoming to a fish-woman than to a theologian, who did not blush to hold out the most unworthy inducements to those whose alliance he would gain, whose arrogance was equalled only by his exceeding bitterness of spirit?

ALBERT H. NEWMAN

Students' Quarter.

ACROSTIC.

In heaven's twilight from celestial towers,
So runs the mediæval legend, bells
Angelic summon from a myriad bowers
Bright spirits blest: Elysian hills and dells
Echo their vesper ringing.
Love! to thy life may this sweet power belong
Love's slumbering to wake, and Virtue, Prayer and Song,
A sweet-chimed peal out flinging.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

A VISIT TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

To one who has never visited the White Mountains and seen the wonder and grandeur of their lofty heights a description by an eyewitness may seem exaggerated. As I wished to see them from the best possible points, I decided to take the Maine Central railroad. Leaving Boston one fine afternoon in July, we proceeded by the B. & M. to the town of North Conway in New Hampshire, in order to make connection with the M. C. After staying over night in this pretty village, which is quite a summer resort, we took the M. C. train next morning for Crawford's, a ride of about an hour and a half. Speeding along we passed Intervale, Glen, and Bartlett, the last station before we began to ascend the mountains. Here the engine was taken off, and a heavier one, with better climbing powers, substituted.

The day being fine an open observation car was attached, in which, comfortably seated, we pulled out of Bartlett at 7.30 a.m. To Sawyer's River, a distance of five miles, we ran at full speed, there being nothing of importance to necessitate our travelling slowly. Then gradually we approach and enter the hills. Behind and above them is seen height rising upon height, outlined clearly against the sky, and seeming to make a connection between earth and heaven. Wonderful are these piles of granite, which have given to this state its name—the "Granite State."

Suddenly rounding a curve we enter into the mountains and our sightseeing begins. On our left, but a few feet from us, a huge mass towers above us. Looking down to our right we are almost shocked to find that the track runs along a shelf cut into the side of the solid rock. Upward we go to Avalanche, passing a couple of sawmills which are doing a thriving business. Here in a slight depression the train stopped at a tank to take water. Improving the opportunity some of us get off and learn that the name Avalanche was given to this place because some years since a huge mass of snow rolled down the mountain side and striking a summer hotel at the base completely demolished it, with the exception of a small porch. Luckily the inmates were in this part and so escaped.

The spot upon which I stood while this house was pointed

out to me, was over a thousand feet above it. Warned by the bell we sprang aboard, and once more began our ascent. And now the grandeur increases! Deep down below us we can see what seems a purling brook, but in reality is a wild mountain torrent. Across this valley and about three miles from us Bald Mountain raises his lofty head, and on each side and behind him many others, making a huge wall along the ravine.

The track still runs on a narrow ledge. Presently we reach a spot where great care in handling the engine is required, the Frankenstein trestle. This is an iron structure nearly four hundred feet long, built across a gulch to connect two mountains. The danger arises from its peculiar shape, that of a half moon. It is capable of sustaining seventy tons to the foot. Having safely crossed this we go on through the heart of the mountains, past Wiley Brook and finally reach the celebrated Crawford Notch. Here, cut through the solid granite, runs the track, while thousands of feet below is the valley and thousands above towers the mountain summit. Peak piled upon peak, height upon height they rise, till one is lost in wonder and awe, as he beholds this grand display of nature, and wishes that he were a Wordsworth, that he might picture it to those who, perhaps, may never see it. Here, on a level plane, the highest point reached by the railroad, is the "Crawford House," a celebrated summer resort.

Passing this, we descend gradually for four miles to the famous "Fabyan House," which we find filled with tourists. Here we take up our quarters. The railroad to Mount Washington runs through Fabyans, and trains leave twice a day for the mountain top. The car in which we were to make the ascent seemed to us a very strange affair, being quite low forward and high behind, as was also the engine. This we found was in order to accommodate them to the grade, for, as we began to climb we found ourselves, as usual, placed on the level.

Nearly an hour is occupied in the ascent. Some places were so steep that we seemed to be going up almost perpendicularly, but when we reached the top, what a sight met our eyes! Stretching out far and near was the grand scenery we all had been expecting. It was a sight beyond description. With my feeble pen I will not attempt it.

During our stay of three weeks at Fabyan's we visited many of the peaks, saw the Old Man of the Mountains, the hermit at Crawford's, and all that was of interest, and returned to Boston feeling well repaid for the time and effort expended.

J. I. Manthorne.

IN THE SILENCE.

Sometimes the vexing murmur loses, lulls,
And hearing faints,—
The wild rough world sways darkly by in throes
Of pain and 'plaints.

And I am compassed by the calm of God,
Who tells me, "Rest!
Be still, and know my Being. I am He
In Whom thou'rt blest."

And lo! before me seems a Brightness dim
To reach and wane,—
Joy! Heaven! A quick uprising,—then I find
The world again.

G. H. Clarke.

A MINISTER'S ROMANCE.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

A house in Brooklyn.

A bright fire blazing in the grate of the study.

Books in various bindings, and of more various contents, ranged up and along the walls.

On the carpet five or six newspapers and as many magazines thrown in orderly disorder.

In the centre of the room a writing table; on it several books of reference, half-finished sermons and outlines of stories.

And at this table a man.

The marble clock on the mantel was striking three.

"Did the postman bring all of these?" said the Rev. Leonard Morgan to the retiring servant who had just handed him two letters and a card, a visiting card.

"No, sir, only the letters. But they both came to the door at the same time."

"And you told the gentleman—"

"That you were engaged."

"And then?"

"Then he wrote something on his card, handed it in, and walked away."

"Oh! yes, yes—I see," said Mr. Morgan. "I did not notice that there was anything written on it."

Looking at the card again he read the printed name: "Mr. Harold Granton," and underneath in lead pencil: "Will call again at five."

"Why, of course; that explains the matter," said the clergyman. "All right, Tom, let me know as soon as he calls; and then tell cook to prepare dinner."

It was not very often that the Brooklyn preacher met any of his old college chums from Philadelphia, and the prospect of a chat with Harold Granton, who for years had been his bosom friend, gave him no little pleasure.

He began to wait almost impatiently for five o'clock. How many things Harold and he would have to talk about!

"Let me see," he said half-aloud as he read over the announcements for the Saturday press, which he had just filled in on the blank form used for that purpose, "morning subject: 'Christ's First Miracle,' and evening subject: 'The Mission of the Nazarene.' Yes, those are correct. And both sermons completed to-day; and it is only Friday! I am ready for Sunday in good time this week. Now I will have a little leisure. But I have forgotten to open those two letters."

On doing so he was pleased to find that the first contained a cheque for a pleasing amount from his publisher. Mr. Morgan, in addition to being a preacher, was also a novelist. And he was something more than pleased to find that the second contained an invitation to Mrs. Clarence Tupper's At Home, which he had heard was to be held in about a week.

"Now," thought he, "I will surely meet my queen; Mrs. Tupper is the one she always comes to our church with. I wish I could have *Corthaeni of Naples* printed by then. The last of the eleven chapters is nearly finished; why not complete it now?"

So, suiting the action to the thought, he took out the manuscript and commenced to write.

Scarcely a paragraph had been added, however, when his thoughts began to be more taken up with the heroine than with the story—if such a thing be possible. And it was in this case. For, although the scenes of the story were imaginative and were laid in the fourteenth century, yet the heroine was a real personage and lived in the nineteenth.

Little more than a year ago Mr. Morgan had come to Brooklyn, and at that time he almost regretted that the Presbyterian church had not monastic orders like the Episcopalian. But these mediæval longings soon spread their wings, and before Leonard had time to realize it they had flown, and he—he was in love!

Ah, Cupid, you have much to answer for!

But to Corthaeni—for he nearly always thought of his queen by this name—the minister had never yet spoken. Nor did he even know her real name; for on account of his position he did not like to make inquiries which might arouse anyone's interest in his intentions. With the exception of the few evenings that this young lady had attended his church in the

company of Mrs. Tupper, he had seen her only on the street. True he had gone to several evening parties of various kinds in the hope of meeting her there, and each time was disappointed; but at this one he felt sure she would be present.

Was he to be disappointed again? Who can tell?

Sometimes as Leonard sat in his study, toying with his pen, he used to write little fanciful tales—full of meaning though—about the one who dwelt, unconsciously to herself, in his fond admiration. This was what he was now doing. Could you have read his day-dream as he sat there writing it you would have seen that it was about a young man—none other than Leonard himself, of course—standing beside a river and looking up at the thousand stars that shone in the night sky. But to this young man one star seemed brighter and more beautiful than any other; and as he stood and watched it, suddenly the star became a queen! And then this queen came and stood beside him, and they talked a long, long while as they walked together by the river. And then, in due time, after the manner of tales, the queen became the young man's bride.

After reading this over and telling himself how foolish he was to write such nonsence, he folded it up, and—

Knock, knock!

"Come in," he answered.

"It is five o'clock, sir," said the servant, "and the door bell has just rung."

"Well, if it is Mr. Granton just ask him to come in here, Tom."

Then Leonard tossed his tale into the grate, and sat watching the flames as he awaited the entrance of his friend.

Punctual to the minute Mr. Granton had come.

Each expressed his joy at seeing the other in that hearty way peculiar to students. Even if one was an eloquent preacher and the other a wealthy merchant, they both felt, for a few minutes at least, that they were boys again.

For a while they laughed and joked about the innocent capers of their college days; and soon six o'clock had come, so they retired to the dining-room.

Here things material and immaterial provided both kinds of refreshment.

For an hour after dinner was over they sat and talked about the old professors, and about the students, where they were now and what they were doing in life, and about many other matters of interest mainly to themselves.

When they adjourned to the study again the bells in Mr. Morgan's church near by were ringing. There was a service there that evening at eight, although he did not have to be present until nine.

Their conversation was quieter now as they recounted the pleasant scenes of boyhood. Then gradually all gaiety passed away, and the faces of both men became thoughtful, almost serious, as they spoke of their early youth and the changes that had taken place since that happy time. It seemed as if Leonard knew what his companion wished to speak of.

Both were silent.

At length Harold spoke.

"Leonard," he said, "do you—do you remember Ethel?"

No answer.

Leonard's eyes were closed. All the past was passing through his mind: the early part of his college days when in Philadelphia, where they both lived, he met Ethel and learned to love her, then that starry night when he saw in her deep blue eyes her unvoiced thoughts of him—and his heart-warm lips gave and felt love's first sweet kiss, and he made and heard the vows that seemed and were so sacred. And then he thought of the story he had written at that time, making her the model for a heroine who was at once noble and beautiful, both in countenance and character. But how brief was his dream! One year of happiness—and all was ended.

Misunderstanding, pride and independence—these tell the story.

Lovers' quarrels are usually childish, and often causeless: Leonard Morgan's was no exception.

For years his faith in Ethel had led him on, telling him that all might yet come right—even as she had said when skating that bright New Year's morning: "All is for the best." But though he hoped this, he also doubted it sometimes.

And so the years went by. How dreary they must have been!

His was a strong passionate nature, and with such love is not a garment that can be thrown aside at will. No; it became part of his very being, and inseparably entwined with his life. Yet some thought him cold and hard; but this—if it were true at all, and it was not—was simply the result of his trying to be self-controlled and self-contained. In reality the fault—for some consider it a fault—was that his love was too intense. His affections could not be divided: with him it was one or none.

It is true that during his college course and more so now that he was attaining eminence as an author and preacher, not a few young ladies sought his acquaintance. Some of these were most estimable; some were mere flirts. But his heart was no longer his to bestow. And so for the former he felt sorry; for the latter—well, it is enough to say that for flirts he had no respect whatever. Neither has any man of worth. Why? Because flirts too often make the wives who prove unfaithful to their husbands.

And so during all these years he had been true to Ethel. And her memory had kept him pure, and helped him to struggle along ambition's uphill path.

"Leonard," said Harold again, "I would not ask you such a question only you know that she is my cousin and that I was your friend, and will be now if you will let me."

Then, as the clergyman's dark sad eyes looked earnestly into his companion's came the answer:

"Yes, Harold, I do remember her."

"And have you forgiven the past?"

"I have—many years ago; and thought that Ethel had, perhaps, forgiven me,—and—and—forgotten me."

"Forgotten you," repeated Harold, taking his hand. "No, that I fear can never be. Leonard, it was she who suggested my calling upon you during my visit to Brooklyn, saying as I bade her good-bye: 'Ask him to forgive me, and tell him I am the same as on that happy day when we both confessed our love.' And so I have come to you, Leonard."

Then for a while both were silent again.

"And now," he continued, "may I ask one question more."

"Yes, Harold, for her sake," was the reply.

"Leonard, you told me you have forgiven her; tell me—do you—love her?"

But the minister could find no words.

His friend waited.

"You will tell me?" he pleaded.

"Yes, Harold, I will tell you, tell you all. How I tried to undo what separated us, you know already; but Ethel would not. And yet for four long years I never ceased to think of her as I had always done before. She was my soul's goddess; and, in hope I waited. But why prolong the story? Harold, there was a time when one word from Ethel would have brought me to her side again; but that time has gone. Yet the past is not dead—but it lives in a sealed heart—and as Ethel told me once, perhaps I was a boy then; but I am no longer. And now with all a MAN'S love, I have given myself to another."

In a few minutes Mr. Granton had taken leave. Those at the church wondered why the minister did not come. But that evening Leonard Morgan scarcely stirred from his chair as he sat thinking far into the night.

Again he seemed to hear the music and the words of the song called "Pansy" which he had mailed to her that New Year's evening long ago, and seemed to see the flower that accompanied it. Then he took up a magazine lying open on the table at a poem he had read that morning. But he little thought that Ethel was its author. Again he read it:

"SOMETIMES.

Sometimes I long in utter loneliness
To see thy face;
Sometimes I picture how thy smile would bless
This empty place:
Sometimes I hear thy voice in accents glad
Or tender tone;
And then I feel that it is doubly sad
To be alone!

Ah, Life is now a weary thing to me,
For gazing on,
I have no hope nor thought of meeting thee,
Beneath the sun.
My life would lose what most I care to keep,
Should I forget;
And yet, remembering, I can but weep
With vain regret.

For I have lost by my own wayward pride
Thy care and love.
I only hope that I may reach thy side,
In Heaven above ;
I only pray that thou may'st find it sweet,
And not in vain,
To know that all my life until we meet,
Is one long pain !"

How strong are these heart-questions ! Laughed at by philosophy, untouched by religion, yet these are at once the power that makes or mars our human lives, and form the master passion that rules nearly all mankind.

Sunday came with all its brightness and its glory. The church of which the Rev. Leonard Morgan was minister was attracting larger congregations every Sabbath. And on this evening it was crowded to the very doors. Never before, the people said, had he been so earnest and so eloquent ; and that night many a man and woman was persuaded to become a follower of the Nazarene.

During the week, in addition to preparing sermons, pastoral work, and novel-writing, Mr. Morgan had much to do. His church had a mission down in the tenement house district to which he went every Tuesday. It was on his way home from there late one night, just a month after his arrival in Brooklyn, that he first conceived the idea of writing the story entitled *Corthaeni of Naples.* He saw a young lady, who had been walking with another, leave the sidewalk, hurry across the pavement and rescue a little street-waif from the blows of its drunken mother. He heard her call the woman by name. This led him to the conclusion that the young lady was probably from some church up in some other part of the city which had a mission in this neighborhood. With her friend and the boy clinging to her, she was standing in the lamplight as he passed. He looked into her face ; their eyes met. And in hers he saw that warm and mellow light which speaks of a soul within burning with human kindness. And this was how he first met her whom he now thought of as his queen, and wrote of as Corthaeni.

And yet about his love for her he felt there was something strange and mysterious. What was it ?

How slowly this week seemed to go by !

They often passed on the street, but nothing more.

At last the looked-for night came, and Mr. Morgan found himself among the guests at Mrs. Tupper's At Home. He was introduced to quite a few literary people; but although he usually found such persons to be kindred spirits and their society most congenial, yet to-night they seemed to be quite tiresome. The truth was he had come with one object, and that object was not a literary one. Accordingly he felt very thankful when Mrs. Tupper came and led him, with several others, to another room. It was the library.

And there before him, stood—his queen!

"Miss Gray, Mr. Morgan," said the hostess, "Mr. Morgan. Miss Gray."

This name set Leonard thinking: could she possibly be a relative of the one whom he had been speaking to Harold about? But he had never heard the Grays speak of having any relatives in Brooklyn; and then Gray was quite a common name. However he would find out. How awkward it would be if she knew the story of his youth! More than once young ladies had told him that they saw in his dark brown eyes the story of some past romance. What if this one should think she saw it too? But he would be bright, and chase away all sadness from those tell-tale eyes—if there was any sadness in them, and he could never see any.

"You are interested in floriculture, I think, Mr. Morgan," continued Mrs. Tupper, "and I know Miss Gray is too. Come, let me show you our conservatory."

And so they followed her to the flower-room—flower palace Leonard would have said, for queens usually live in palaces; and he was with his queen.

Here they talked a long while, alone among the flowers; in her presence he was happy. And who can tell but what she too felt that secret pleasure which all girls love and deny, the pleasure of being fondly looked upon by noble eyes.

As she sat there among the lilies in the palm shadows, Leonard thought she lacked only one thing, and that one thing was—a crown.

At length he inquired if she had any relatives of the same name in Philadelphia.

"Not now," she answered; and he started slightly. "But years ago I lived there myself."

Who could she be?

"Would you mind if I asked what may be your Christian name," he ventured.

"My name is Ethel."

"Ethel?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Leonard, I am Ethel Gray."

Then he drew her to him.

"Ethel," he said, "O Ethel, my queen! After all these years I have found you. And I love you; I love you, Ethel, more than words can tell, Do you—love me?"

And he heard a sweet voice answer softly, "Yes."

Then for a time there was that silence which is so often the language of the purest and most passionate love. And as Ethel rested her head on her lover's breast, and Leonard pressed his lips to those of his soul's joy, they sat clasped in one long embrace, each listening while the other whispered those words which lovers long so much to hear, and told of the past dark years and spoke of the brightening future.

Then from the drawing-room came soft music winging through the palm trees and the flowers, and they caught those words which both remembered so well as they heard a pretty girl-voice singing:

"PANSY.

* O tell me not of the form or hue,
The royal purple or golden eye;
But tell me the thought of the pansy's heart—
Love cannot die.

That so wherever I fondly gaze
Upon thy passionate upturned face
I may hear thee whisper of constancy—
Love's fairest grace.

O tell me not of a new-found love,
As summers blush and fade away;
But still of the old, the tried and true—
Renewed to-day."

* * * * * *

Four months have passed.

It is morning.

Yes, it is another New Year's morning.

And again from the church tower the bells are ringing.

And they ring above the orange blossoms: for beneath them stand the Rev. Leonard Morgan and Ethel his bride.

Thus, in happy marriage, closed—A MINISTER'S ROMANCE.

W. J. THOROLD.

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* The poem "Pansy" was written for this story by O. G. LANGFORD.

LITTLES.

Only a little sunbeam
  Came shimmering on the wall,
But it made me glad, and it made me sing
  Of Jesus, the Light of all.

Only a little shadow
  That fell across my path,
But it made me sad, as it whispered low
  Of sorrow and pain and death.

Only a little songlet
  Fell lightly on my ear,
But it wakened a thousand love thoughts
  Of many a bygone year.

Only a little tear-drop
  In the eye of a loving friend,
But it stirred my soul with a deep desire
  My little help to lend.

Only a little snowdrop
  In the garden beside my bower,
But its pure white sweetness and modest mien
  Make me wish I were a flower.

Only a little brooklet
  Rippling along its way,
But its mirthful song and its dazzling light
  Made me wish I were half as gay.

Away in eternal sunlight,
  Away in the region of bliss,
'Mid the harps and the songs of the angels,
  It may be I'll think of this.

And the glory will be the brighter,
  And the music will be more sweet,
The memory of sorrow and shadow
  Will make the bliss complete.

O. G. LANGFORD.

In Sunday School Times.

THE BERMUDA OR SOMERS' ISLANDS.

Only three days from New York to the land of the lily and the rose! Bermuda, as few people seem to know, is not one island, but a group of three hundred and sixty-five islands. There is a legend that every leap year one springs up to make the three hundred and sixty-six. They are so situated as to resemble a horse-shoe in shape, and are bounded by two sets of reefs, one eight miles out and the other fifteen. Here and there the coral rock juts above the surface of the sea, but at other places it is entirely submerged, and it is therefore always necessary to have a pilot when approaching the islands.

Vessels generally anchor in Hamilton Harbour. It is customary for them to approach the harbour on Saturday night, and as they near the land, the first sight that meets the eye is the light at St. David's Head. A little later is seen the light at Gibb's Hill, at one time the second highest in the world.

There are different theories concerning the geological formation of the islands. One is that they are part of the mythical mountain range of Atlantis, and that the island is a peak of volcanic origin. It is believed that there have been three eruptions and three subsidences, Harrington Sound being the crater. Ages after these disturbances, when all traces of volcanic action were extinct, the little zoophyte, who is too wise to venture to build near any recent volcanic formation, helped to form this little island world. There are three different kinds of rock: volcanic, the main foundation: the drift rock, which in its shape gives evidence of the motion of the waves that threw it up in its plastic state: and the shore rock and sand which is yet to harden.

The principal natural features of Bermuda are the caves, the reefs, and the sea-flower gardens between the bounding reefs and at Castle Harbour. The Queen's White Hall near the Natural Arch at Tuckers' Town, is one of the most beautiful of the caves. Entering by a ladder (the only possible means of access), we see pillars of white stalactite and stalagmite, with ferns growing in abundance. Three other sets of caves are

entered by row-boats. They are illuminated by candles. At the mouth of one of the caves is a tropical jungle of vines and various trees,—coffee, changeable rose, and fiddlewood. The last mentioned is the only tree in Bermuda that sheds its leaves, or takes on the autumnal colors, except the wild grape—not a vine as might be supposed, but a genuine tree—which has its leaves off for two weeks in May.

The ground is fertile. The chief articles of food produced are onions, arrowroot, melons, potatoes. The onion season lasts from April until June: then the streets of Hamilton are crowded with the horse and donkey carts from all parts of the islands, bringing boxes of onions to the steamer, while in the fields men, women and children are packing them. The lilies are planted in August and taken up in July for shipment and transplanting. The bulbs are packed in cedar sawdust, and the blossoms in pasteboard compartments with damp paper or cotton wool.

The principal tree is the cedar or juniper tree, which looks very much like the spruce at a distance. The palms with their feathery leaves, the ponsietta with its flaming red blossoms, the ponsianna with its stone-like trunk and green umbrella-shaped top, the oleander and frangipanni with their waxy leaves and stocks, and pink and white blossoms,—all fill the air with their fragrance, and make it a delight to live and breathe.

The fruits are not so abundant as in the West Indies, but they are very delicious. The avocado pear, cherrymoyia, sugar apple, loquat, banana, paw-paw, and serenam cherry, are the ones most adapted to that climate, and the most common. Flowers are in bloom all the year; roses grow to trees, only resting in March and June, and geraniums, lantana, and other plants so cherished in the North grow nearly wild. Imagine, if you can, a field of five or six acres of Easter lilies in bloom. Among the pleasures to be enjoyed while visiting Bermuda is the taking of a tug to the reefs on a clear day, with row boats, nippers, water-glasses and darkies, to obtain sponges, corals, sea-rods and fans. Fishing is done with only the hook and line, and it affords great sport. During the summer and winter there are boat-races, and gymkanahs which consist of dingy and swimming races, walking greasy poles, and other sports dear to the heart of the negro.

The capital is Hamilton, a town with fine shops, good streets and hotels. Few of the streets have sidewalks. The houses are built of Bermuda stone, which is white, due to the presence of carbonate of lime. They are usually square with verandahs all round, and the roofs are kept whitewashed, as rainwater is used for every purpose. St. Georges, the old capital, is very quaint; it reminds one of oriental towns. The streets, with two exceptions, are narrow, only allowing room for one carriage. St. Peter's Church has a sacramental service presented by King William and Mary.

The island is divided into nine parishes. The Episcopal church is the established church. The Methodist ranks next, then the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic. The colored people have three or four churches of their own, generally having good preachers and music. The colored people, forming two-thirds of the inhabitants, are a very easy-going and happy people. The white men look on the uneducated blacks as little better than dogs—although none of the learned professions are without their colored representatives. The Bermudian is noted for his hospitality, and socially the island is very gay, as it is a military and naval station, and a resort for tourists six months of the year.

The climate is the most equable in the world, the temperature from November to April ranging from 50° to 77°. Christmas is one of the pleasantest times; the flowers are in their glory, and it is warm enough for white dresses. Many wear thin clothing all the year. Such pleasures, together with the picturesqueness of the islands, make Bermuda seem like a dream of Paradise.

E. L. F.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All Christendom on this side the Atlantic will watch with keen, sad interest the "Sturm auf das Apostolicum," so suddenly precipitated on the Protestantism of the Fatherland by recent utterances, especially by the explicit denial on the part of Professor Harnack, of the Berlin University, of the credal statement that our Lord was "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." Harnack's position is that such a dogma is neither an essential content of the Apostles' Creed nor in the centre of Christianity. Verily the times are serious. "God is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat."

We welcome *The American Journal of Psychology* among the recent additions to the periodicals taken by our library. Much interest attaches to its summary of the recent literature on Smell and Taste, senses hitherto considered as unpsychological because affective rather than presentative. It is something, however, that at last the proof seems to be complete that with the destruction of the organ of taste the power of smell is also destroyed. The reference in the Journal to the French work in which it is proposed to treat pessimism under the head of psychiatry is encouraging to all who believe in the saneness and supremacy of the true and the beautiful and the good. Let the Journal be faithfully read by our students.

In his address on the occasion of the formal opening of McMaster University, Mr. Willmott, our Lecturer in Science, referring to his experience of the evils of extreme party politics, struck a clear note when he expressed his conviction that the influence of our schools and colleges would ere long bring about a better condition of things in that respect in Canada. Will not the men now studying history and political science in our universities go forth into the activities of life with high aims and noble ideals before them, something higher, may we not hope, than mere party strength and the holding of the reins and profits of power? Is it possible that students, already taught in our High Schools to appreciate the enlightened and liberal views of John Richard Green, can study through all the years of their course, and under the guidance of highly educated, Christian teachers, all that is noblest and best in literature and science, and ever afterwards, in any way, counten-

ance political unrighteousness either in high or in low places? We believe not, and hope yet to see the end of the humiliating tales of political selfishness and dishonor that have too long defiled the columns of our secular press.

THE *Globe* of November 26, publishes an excellent paper by Mr. Archibald Blue on "Our Race and its Destiny," in which the writer maintains the great superiority of the character, instincts and institutions of the English speaking nations of the world, supporting his theories by numerous quotations from the foremost historians and essayists of the day. He emphasizes the wonderfully solvent power of these nations, the rapidity with which they assimilate the masses of immigration constantly being thrown upon their shores from almost all other nations. Before two centuries have passed the aggregate population of England, Canada, Australia and the United States of America will far exceed that of any other race. If these nations, possessing in common so many of the best qualities and of the noblest institutions mankind has ever yet developed, can be united by high and common interests, they will yet control the political, and, to a certain extent, even the material and spiritual destinies of the world. Mankind will then be infinitely better and happier than when the world owned the sway of imperial or papal Rome.

THE chief aims of our University Courses in Modern Languages should be, just as in English, to enable students to cultivate as wide an acquaintance as possible with the best productions in the literature of these languages, and teach them to read these works with pleasure and profit, so that they will desire to continue their study in after life. To obtain satisfactory results in this direction, within the limits of the course; it is highly important that students shall have thoroughly mastered the elements of grammar before matriculation. In fact, they should begin the study of French or German, as far as practicable, with the same advantage as in English; and here, too, the great aim should be to become acquainted with the lives and masterpieces of the great writers. In many of the colleges in the United States, indeed, foreign languages are studied just in this way. Students are not troubled greatly with technical grammar or prose exercises, but they are encouraged to read widely to ascertain what there is that is worth reviewing, and thus lay the foundation for future courses of study.

EXCHANGES.

B. W. N. Grigg, Ed.

Big.—Chicago University has received an additional bequest of $750,000.

The Girls in it.—The University of Heidelberg has recently adopted co-education.

Gold Cure.—Mephisto (meditatively), "I should judge now from the way that last arrival smelts down that he was one of these Gold Cure victims I've heard so much about lately."—*Grip.*

Kind!—One of the latest editions to our exchange list is the McMaster Monthly Magazine, a monthly magazine of fifty-six pages. It is one of the best edited and finest-looking magazines on our list.—*Colorado Collegian.*

A Notable Building.—University College, Toronto, has been described by the eminent novelist, Black, as, "The only college building in America worthy a place in the classic streets of Oxford."—*Varsity.*

A Ray of Hesperus—

Red lips they never grow weary—
No never—of tempting the boys all the while.
Blue eyes, they never stop sparkling,
No never—they'll conquer the world by their wile.

—*The Hesperus:* Denver Coll.

Home.—Like the bird of India, which, by means of clay, fastens the glow worm to the branches above her nest that it may afford her and her little ones light through the dark night, so man by industry and sobriety may attach to his home an abiding sunshine; making it the centre of life, its solace and its refuge, around which may cluster every endearing association.—*Free Lance.*

Purgatory.—*The Owl*, for November, contains an interesting article from the pen of the very Rev. Æneas Dawson, LL.D. It is based on the phrase used by the late Dr. Macleod, "Education beyond the grave." It is used to substantiate a belief in the existence of Purgatory. It is evidently a perversion of Dr. McLeod's meaning, since *education* is persistently confounded with *expiation.*

Shall we Speak or Write?—*Trinity University Review* has a short editorial on spoken vs. written sermons. Power with either

method is lodged in the man. The speaker should consider himself and his audience. Some readers are much more powerful than some extemporisers, and *vice versa*. Ultimately effective pulpit work depends more largely upon the condition of the speaker's own heart than is usually allowed.

The Free Lance publishes in the October number an excellent little paper on the German university at Göttingen. It says: "It is a university famous for the great men who have lived and studied within its walls. 'Twas here that Gaus deduced his celebrated mathematical formulae; that the brothers Grimm discovered the famous Law which in philology bears their name; that the Philosopher Lotze conceived his idea of the soul; and here it was that Wœhler worked out that famous synthetical preparation of Uræ, which so startled the entire scientific world. The laboratories of chemistry, mineralogy and zoology are complete in every detail, each department having a new and extensive building. The university library is found on the Alle Strasse, and contains more than 500,000 printed volumes, and over 5,000 manuscripts; among the latter are some of the most valuable papers in Germany."

Rich in Verse.—*The Brunonian*, of Dec. 10, is a very interesting Christmas number. It is especially rich in verse, sustaining well the reputation in this department, which it has so long held. We copy the following:

Sail on, thou ship of state!
Sail on!
Though hard luck pursues me and gives me rough knocks,
Though papa won't answer my pleas for his rocks,
Though I flunk at exams. and get into a box,
Still never mind me!
Sail on!

Sail on, thou ship of state!
Sail on!
Though often I've longed for a nice easy berth,
Which thou, in thy wisdom, hadst seen I was worth,
I might just as well say I wanted the earth,
So never mind me!
Sail on!

Sail on, thou ship of state!
Sail on!
Though here I sit, dreaming in youth's giddy prime,
That some day the hill of Parnassus I'll climb,
I wouldn't advise you to wait for that time,
Pray, never mind me!
Sail on!

HERE AND THERE.

J. B. Warnicker, Ed.

As things are now, the columns of Acta are filled—*Acta Victoriana.*

Pope Leo is a poet of the Virgilian school. He writes in Latin verse with great facility; and a volume of his poems is to be made public shortly.

Blue Eyes and Great Men.—According to the 'Optician, blue eyes have always predominated among the great men of the world. Socrates, Shakespeare, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon, and Renan all had blue eyes. The eyes of Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow, and Buckner are also of this color, and all the Presidents of the United States except General Harrison enjoyed the same cerulean color in their optics.

Quite frequently incidents are occurring which call our attention, at least indirectly, to a fact which is becoming somewhat plain to all. We speak of the tendency to a secularizing of the pulpit and its offices, of the tendency which, in the first instance, is placing prominent pulpits up to be knocked down to the highest bidder, and which then leads the preacher to publish a program of his services well nigh outstripping theatrical notices in their strong coloring. This leads a preacher, perhaps gifted with a fatal fluency of speech, to make scientific and philosophical common-places take the place of honest, sturdy utterance; and finally, in its most advanced stages, leads the preacher to relegate the entire evangelistic element to after-meetings, etc., so that the flow may not be broken.

It is a question whether, before long, the sober common-sense of any given community will not, with absolute nauseation, revolt against such a contemptible travesty of the duties of the pulpit.

A NEW LEAF.

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done—
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said;
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf, so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his bright eyes smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done—
"Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now my child."

"A Martyr meditating" would have been suggested at once to the artistic onlooker (if any such had happened upon me) as I leaned dismally back in my armchair the other evening, with a rueful countenance, prominently placed pedal elongations, and hands clasped tightly about my bursting cranium. Thus I reclined, but that unreasonably obstinate, grey-eyed lady Pallas Athene hazarded not an approach. I waited long, sleepless, watchful, anxious. But at length :—"She cometh not," I said, "thou art fickle, Athene, and by my troth, haughty dame, I will no more this blind observance of thy uncertain humour. I myself, forsooth, alone and undeterred, will essay the arduous task. And yet, aha! my lord-editor perchance may wax wroth at the result. Gramercy, if I can but make it so!" Now it so happened that the intellectual goddess, intensely annoyed at these irreverent remarks, bade Somnus, son of Nox, appear. He comes and *knocks* the *son* with one insidious swoop into the land of Nod. Here I beheld a wondrous prodigy. The floating phosphenes resolved themselves into a spacious and lofty building, imposing and beautiful in the extreme. Breathless I entered the portals, which were adorned with a tasteful crest, consisting of four connected arcs, encircling mystic runes. Above the whole was written : "Arts College, McMaster University." In the entrance-hall flitted a juvenile freshman arrayed in a flowing gown. "Your name?" I said, dreamily. "Percy," he began. "Enough," I exclaimed, "I have heard of you, but never understood,—till now! *Per se*, yes, I thank you." The interior arrangements were superb, but I devoted little attention to them and turned instinctively towards the old familiar bulletin-board. These legends were affixed :—"This time-table, provisional only"; "Super-specialists in Mathematics finish fourth dimension today"; Notice to Freshmen :—"If you don't see the salt, ask for it;" "Sub-demon-startor in Geology is absent to-day"; "Football-match tonight at 8 o'clock,—Electric light,—Grand stand,—University band in attendance,—in the lower college field. Come!" Below all was—"The Executive of the Land T. S., having devoted thorough and exhaustive consideration to the selection of a new subject for debate next evening, have the honor of announcing as follows, 'Resolved, that annexation would be beneficial to the Dominion of Canada,'"—Here I groaned involuntarily. The indignant and startled Somnus sneaked off in a very cowardly manner. The prodigy collapsed, and the armchair nearly followed suit.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

And now there has risen in the Junior Year that old question that has filled the thoughts and directed the pens of so many scholars, and will never cease to perplex the eager student while Shakespeare's plays are read—"Was Hamlet mad?"

A number of the students repaired, Tennyson in hand, to Association Hall a few evenings ago, to hear Prof. Alexander, of Toronto University lecture on "In Memoriam." They came away feeling well repaid, having greatly enjoyed his masterful and thoughtful interpretation of the poem.

(Literary.) *Annexation* or *Independence*,—which? This serious question has been lately taken into consideration by the members of the Modern Language Club. Independence gained the day, as it is wont to do with 19th century women, and the little society will still preserve its individuality, and strive to gain a place and a name for itself in our University.

Prof.—"Mr. S., please take that lump out of your mouth and you will recite better."

Mr. S.—"Can't sir."

Prof.—"Why?"

Mr. S.—"It's a gumboil sir."

1st. Student of Church History.—"I am really afraid Mr. —— is developing Gnostic tendencies."

2nd. Student.—"Why so?"

1st. Student.—"Because of late he keeps the knob of his cane in his mouth so much."

2nd. Student, after a severe mental struggle—"Ah! I see *gnaw-stick*—wretch!"

The Rev. Alexander White of the class '92 has accepted a call from the Claremont church. This church has had for its pastors some of our most eminent men, yet we do not fear for Mr. White. We feel assured he will keep up the high standard of preaching and Christian life which has characterized his predecessors. The Monthly wishes him every success in his new charge.

Annexation.—The evening of December 9 saw the "Lit. and Theol. Soc." in the throes of political excitement. Theologues and Arts men stood shoulder to shoulder for or against Canada's individual existence. Schutt's picture of blue ruin was graphically drawn; but, though his efforts were well seconded, he failed to convince Tarr and

his doughty supporters that annexation was a consummation devoutly to be wished. Thus Canada is saved once more. The vote stood 22 to 13 against annexation.

Among the discussions at the recent meeting of the city Baptist Young People's Mission, held in Walmer Road church, one of especial interest was on the relation of the student to the devotional meetings of the church. The busy student's side of the matter was well represented by one of our number, while another laid emphasis on the danger of cultivating the intellectual life at the expense of the spiritual nature. The matter is a suggestive one, and one that must be settled by each student with his own conscience.

Let us wave our caps and give three hearty cheers for McMaster '96; cheers that will vibrate their jolly harmony into every inch of the space within our noble institution. As an accompaniment the deep-swelling notes of "Boom on Mac" would give the music soul-inspiring volume. You wonder at this enthusiasm, do you? Well, then, let us explain. Our Freshmen make a large class this term. Perhaps you are aware of this. Very well. But they are also proportionally large in enterprise; which, by the way you may not know. The fact of the matter is, they have come to the conclusion that, "in union is strength," and to obtain the strength they have made the union. It is the first Arts year of McMaster that has banded itself into an organization. On Saturday, December 10th, the members of the year assembled; debated; resolved; and when an adjournment was made the organization was found to be complete. It had as President, John C. Sycamore; as Vice-President, Robert Adams; and as Secretary, James B. Paterson. Furthermore, it has assumed the appellation of McMaster '96.

B. Y. P. U.—The annual meeting of the B. Y. P. U., of Toronto, was held on Friday, December 16th, in the Walmer Road Baptist church. The large attendance and manifest interest testify to the success of the Union. The afternoon session was spent in discussions regarding the Y. P. Society, ten minutes being allowed for each topic. There was a free expression of opinions, and many suggestions helpful and practical were thrown out. Mr. Wallace then gave his "Illustration from outline study," and fairly captured his audience. Over three hundred people then sat down to a temporary repast furnished by the good people of Walmer Road. In the evening the audience nearly filled the large auditorium of the new church. The popular president, Mr. Harry L. Stark, spoke of the success of the past year, the first year of the Union's existence, and the bright prospects of the future. He was enthusiastically re-elected president for the ensuing year. A delightful programme followed, consisting of three minute addresses on live subjects connected with the young people's work. They were mostly pointed, brilliant and spiritual, coming from consecrated hearts. A promising feature was their intensely evangelistic tone. Every one felt that the meeting was a brilliant success, and went away stimulated to a fresh consecration.

Moulton College.

We invite inspection of the new carpet in "Harmony Hall." Its soft velvety texture, its rich coloring and artistic pattern make it particularly fitting for a hall with such a name. We scarcely dare tread on it for fear of marring its beauty, which feeling accounts for the light foot-falls and dainty steps in that corridor.

Extracts from *The Heliconian*—Major no longer haunts the dining-room at meal-time, for he has espied in each corner objects that appear like formidable rivals, at the sight of which he slinks away in abject terror. They are two beautiful specimens of the canine race—the ones that formerly adorned the front lawn—and since they have retired to the dining-room he has invariably said: "Two is company, three is none."

The Toronto people were favored during the latter part of last month with a visit from Bishop Vincent of Chautauqua. A number of the Moulton girls took advantage of their privileges, as Moulton girls are apt to do, by going to hear him lecture on "Tom and his Teachers." It was most instructive and entertaining, and quite as applicable to girls as to "Tom." The next morning Bishop Vincent addressed us in our chapel. Those who heard him the last time he visited us, went in confidence of getting something valuable to carry away, and they were not disappointed. His advice was so sound and practical that it will be sure to be remembered. We are very grateful to him for spending a part of his time with us, and for leaving us so many good thoughts.

Prof. Trotter was present not long ago at one of our Tuesday evening prayer meetings and gave us one of his refreshing talks. His subject was taken from Proverbs: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." He compared the heart to the city reservoir, and the different channels of life to the system of pipes which lead from it in every direction If the water in the reservoir is pure, the supply in the remotest home will be clean and wholesome; if contaminated, no amount of cleansing of pipes will avail. So with the heart. But how shall we keep it pure? The answer to this question lies in a seeming paradox: *we are to keep it by giving it away.* Only by giving the heart to God can it be kept, by Him, in the state necessary to control rightly all the issues of life.

When the Millennium comes the Moulton students confidently expect to have new limits set for the daily walks. If some one would only smuggle a new street in, Moulton would rise with one accord and call her benefactor blessed. A student coming to the College, and taking her sixty minutes stroll for the first time, exclaims at the generous portion of the Queen City which it is given us to explore, unaided by our beloved preceptresses. Alas! after three year's residence, and a walk

every day, she begins to pine for new specimens of architecture to study new clay roads to lose her overshoes in, and more sign boards to translate into French. A stranger in the city recently made enquiry of one of the Moultonites as to where Rosedale Road was to be found. Happy woman ! it had never entered the head of our Rosedale strollers that there lived a being so blessed that the whereabouts of Rosedale Road was unknown to her. *We* know where it is, and how many trees there are on it, and how many broken boards and knot holes there are in the fences. It is well-nigh impossible for a stranger to Toronto and Moulton to lose her way in the winding paths, so deeply are they furrowed by the feet of those who have gone before ; we feel a veneration for the shining nail-heads beneath our feet when we remember how many of our sisters in affliction have toiled wearily over them. Oh ! ye free men ! as ye tread the streets of the glorious capital of Ontario, breathe a prayer for the Moulton girl, who is wearily plodding over the same old sod ; then add to your faith works, and in '93 let us tread where never Moulton students trod before. When the first intoxication has passed away, for six long months Moulton will daily bless the man who gave us new limits.

The following programme was presented at the Musical Recital on Friday evening, December 16 :

PART I.

Duo—(Two Pianos)—{ *a.* "Gondoliera." . . . . / *b.* "Under the Cypress Trees." } . . *Reinecke.*
Miss Lailey and Miss VanEtten.

Cantata—"The Flower Pilgrims." . . . . . *Redhead.*
Miss Maud Millichamp, Soprano.
Miss Dryden, Mezzo-Soprano.

PART II.

Piano Solo—"Sonnete de Petrarca," . . . . . *Liszt.*
Miss Florence Johnson.

Songs— { *a.* "Open Now Thy Blue Eyes," . . . . . *Massenet.* / *b.* "Winds in the Trees," . . . . . *Goring-Thomas.*
Miss Maud Millichamp.

Piano Solos— { *a.* "Poeme Erotique," . . . . . *Grieg.* / *b.* "Grillen," . . . . . *Schumann.*
Miss Wilson.

Song—"Spring-Tide," . . . . . *Becker.*
Miss Jarvis.

Piano Solo— { Andante Molto / Alla Menuetto } from Sonata, Op. 7, . . *Grieg.*
Miss Florence Johnson.

CHIRONOMIA,—COUNTER-POINT AND HARMONY
(In Drapery.)
Miss Jeffrey, Miss Porter, Miss Fowler, Miss Scarfe, Miss F. Johnson, Miss M. Bertram, Miss Houston.

The evening's entertainment was pronounced by many of our guests to be the best ever given at Moulton. The Art Exhibit, though perhaps not so large as usual, was, as always, a credit to the department, and received much commendation. A new and very pleasing feature of this evening was the Emotional Tableaux, under Miss Hart's direction, which, notwithstanding the disadvantages connected with the lighting, were highly successful.

Woodstock.

We are pleased to chronicle the revival of a good old custom of Woodstock, and one which of late years has been allowed to connect itself with the history of the past. We refer to the Sunday evening prayer meeting. This is held after all the regular services in the town are over, and is a splendid way of closing the Sabbath. Its effects have been felt already.

Christmas exams. are fast drawing near, and that worst of all features of school life has commenced. We mean "cramming," or, in other words, trying to learn in a few hours what has been neglected during the former part of the term. True, the studies are hard, indeed much more difficult than they have been in past years, yet that is no reason for a person overtaxing his strength in trying to make up for lost opportunities.

"Rugby Football" seems to be gaining favor with the students here. Nearly every afternoon they may be seen on the *campus* pulling, tugging, and kicking, while the cry of "forward" now and then proclaims a foul. Although every one who has played it declares himself interested, yet all seem to prefer "Association," and do not wish Rugby to take its place.

During the last week or so, the question to be heard on all sides was, "When will the 'Gym.' be opened?" This arose from the fact that this very necessary building was undergoing repairs. It is now in good condition and presents quite an attractive appearance, besides affording an excellent opportunity for everyone to obtain the requisite amount of exercise. Health can be retained only by exercise, and the reputation of Woodstock College for turning out strong, robust men is well known.

We were pleased to have with us at our last "Judson Missionary Society" meeting, Mr. Lebeau, of Grande Ligne, who spoke very encouragingly of the work being done in Quebec. He first gave us some idea of the state of the Province, and the work of evangelization as carried on at Grande Ligne ten years ago, and then told us of its present condition. Rapid progress has been made, as the number of workers now actively engaged testifies. Within the past few years,

seventeen have been added to the staff of missionaries. One very interesting, and at the same time encouraging, feature, is that the young men and women are doing God's work in this part of His vineyard, instead of old men, assuring us by their enthusiasm and zeal of glorious results in the future.

Woodstock College is an institution that has stood for a great number of years, and has sent forth upon this world's arena men who are to-day filling positions that can be filled only by those who are educated and who are what the world calls "smart." Of such men Woodstock is proud, but to the students now attending the College belongs a peculiar power. We, who are now filling these old halls with our presence and noise, have often wondered why the men who were here in the past did not invent a College "yell." Is Woodstock not worthy of one? I need but refer to what has already been stated. Well, she now has a "yell," one that will in future bring to mind the boys of 1892-93. Now, instead of Ta-rah-rah boom-de-ray, may be heard:

W. B. C.,
Re, Rah, Re,
C-O-L-L-E-G-E,
Bizz! Boom!! Bah!!!

echoing through the corridors.

On Thursday evening, December 8th, it was the privilege of the people of Woodstock to listen to a remarkably able address on "Imperial Federation," delivered in the Town Hall, by Mr. Parkin. This being a subject in which everyone is interested at present, many of the boys went to hear this great advocate of closer union with the home land. The expectations of all were fully realized, and we know that many who had before upheld independence or annexation have been converted to the side of federation. Canada's true position in relation to the rest of the world, and her condition as a dependancy of Britain, were clearly shown. It was also demonstrated how impossible it is for Canada to remain under British protection, deriving great benefit from her thereby, without bearing some share of the burden and responsibility. Canada's national interests are at stake. Her people must arouse themselves to a realization of their greatness, and their needs. As the fourth commercial nation in the world she should rise out of her present state and by imperial federation form a more real part of the British Empire. The idea of annexation with the United States was shown in its true light, and the impossibility of Canada reaping benefit from it in the social, political, moral, judicial or commercial line. We would advise everyone who can, to hear Mr. Parkin, who is not an Englishman, but a Canadian, having been born in New Brunswick. That he has his country's welfare at heart, is clearly seen from his earnestness, and the zeal with which he advocates this important political and national question.

One afternoon a week or more since, instead of attending classes the last hour, all the students were gathered in the chapel. There a

pleasant surprise awaited them. Mr. Cole, the Travelling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and Mr. Eliot, Y. M. C. A. Secretary of Woodstock, were present. After the latter had read the 119th Psalm and led in prayer, Mr. Cole was introduced by the Principal, and given a hearty welcome by the students. Although he did not come prepared to address the students, since Prof. Hunt, B.A., of Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, was expected to be present, he said a few things which were of interest to all. He spoke of the influence of church members and ministers on all with whom they came in contact. Beginning with Abraham he traced the "Power of the word of God on, and in, individual life," through all ages up to the present, Taking those men who heard the word and let it influence them so that they were enabled to do great deeds for the Lord, he showed what every Christian should do. He held up Earl Stratford, John Bunyan, Richard Weaver, and others as worthy examples of those who had "heard the word and believed it." Mr. Cole was not through speaking, when Prof. Hunt arrived. He spoke on the Y. M. C. A. work in the world and the progress made by this organization since the first College Y. M. C. A. was formed in the University of Virginia, thirty-four years ago. To-day there are four hundred college and university Y. M. C. Associations in America, and fifty in Europe, all doing good work. He spoke of the aims of this Body: 1st To win the college men for Christ; 2nd To guard men; 3rd To train men; 4th to develop men, and 5th To hold up before men the ideal of the perfect man. As to whether this object is attained, he referred to the Northfield Convention at Moody's Summer School. The Y. M. C. A., Prof. Hunt said, forms another link in the chain that binds all colleges together. Inter-collegiate relations are athletic and literary and to these may be added Christian. The latter tie is as strong, if not stronger than any other, as the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance clearly proves.

Grande Ligne.

Our brass band is still improving the quantity, as well as the quality, of its strains. We are expecting books, drums, cymbals, etc., with which we hope soon to be able to create sweet melody that will charm the hearts of all our hearers.

It is with great pleasure we announce that Rev. Mr. Bosworth, who lately visited us, has accepted a call to collect for the Grande Ligne Mission. We all feel that he is just the man for this work and wish him God speed in his arduous undertaking.

We are still receiving additions to the number of our students, some new and some old. Last week we were pleased to welcome back again our old friend Mr. Malboeuf, the champion gymnast of last year. We are expecting a number of others after Christmas.

We notice by the *Montreal Star*, that the McMaster boys have in

solemn conclave decided that the future destiny of Canada is to be annexed to the United States. In this decision, however, you are anticipated by the debating society of Grande Ligne. With us Annexation gained the day over Independence by a plurality of two votes.

ENGLISHMEN are noted as big eaters. We think, however, that we have here a Frenchman who can keep pace with most of them. One of our boys has distinguished himself by disposing of seventeen slices of bread at one meal. Now, Woodstock and McMaster, you are ahead of us in some other things, but can you show a healthier state of affairs than that? Perhaps Moulton would like to try.

Last week our worthy Principal had the pleasure of visiting and addressing the Ladies' Association of Brooklyn, N.Y. He reports a most enthusiastic reception and an almost royal entertainment. Grande Ligne does not lack for friends in Brooklyn. It is assuredly very gratifying to us to know that the work of the mission is so much appreciated by our Baptist sisters of this the American "City of Churches."

OUR monthly temperance meeting came off on the 9th inst. The Secretary reports forty-five new members to our society since the opening of school. At this rate it will soon be a disgrace to be seen without the "blue ribbon." Our programme was one of unusual interest, from the male trio and banjo solo, to the thrilling temperance oration by Mr. E. Norman, and the closing number, a most affecting night scene in a bar room.

LAST Saturday's mail brought a neat parcel of programmes, which since that time have not ceased to arouse the greatest interest amongst the students. Every one of the old pupils knew that it meant that a fine "musicale," was to take place on Friday, the 16th; and that as Miss Scofield had so well succeeded in charming them in the past years, with her most interesting and well-selected concerts, so Mrs. Arthur Scofield Massé would not fall short of their expectations this year. The freshmen on the other hand seemed not to know how to take it. One of them very anxiously inquiried of one of the teachers, "Is it true that next Friday the boys are going with the girls?" For programme later.

The hot air pump used for the purpose of raising the water to the tank in the upper flat of this school having given way, the boys and also their professors had a hand in working the air and hand pump. The first of which required from four to five to keep in motion, the second two. There was a change of hands at the expiration of about every three minutes, and if any one could have seen the pumps in motion, and also the drops of water wiped from the brows of the workers, during the space of the two days which the pump was broken, would not have wondered at the signs of relief which were noticeable when our most worthy engineer succeeded in repairing the parts which had been damaged.

Of all amusing and interesting events that the girls of Feller Institute have had for their own pleasure and amusement, the afternoon wedding of Nov. 26th outshines everything. The feminine sex supplied all necessary positions. The costumes were elegant; the bride looking very sweet in simple white muslin and orange blossoms, as she with downcast eyes went up to meet her future partner, on her father's arm. The service was conducted by a "very able clergyman," the ceremony being one of the most solemn and impressive ever witnessed. At its close and while Mendelssohn's Wedding March was pealing forth, the happy pair received the congratulations of their friends, and the whole party adjourned to the refreshment room. This constituted the wedding tour, the honey-moon being spent in these classic halls where they still pursue their daily avocations.

The Temperance Society, in connection with Feller Institute, was organized in February, 1888, by the pupils and teachers. Since that time, meetings have been held every month during the school-year, when a literary and musical programme is executed. The list of membership now numbers two hundred and fifty-six names, of whom one hundred and fifty-four are "for life." Others have signed for the length of term most convenient for them, as, for instance, three-eighths of a year, in the case of a young man who reckoned that this would bring him just to the close of the school year, when he would again like to be free. This modest little society has prevented many boys and girls from tasting the "social glass" during their holidays, and God alone knows how much lasting good it has already done, and will continue to do.

Debate.—An amusing debate took place on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 24th, among the younger boys, having for subject, "Which is the most useful to man, the dog or the cat?" At 2.30 the door was opened and the anxious crowd hastened in. The two opponents occupied the floor first, the colleagues then came up successively and returned to their seats amid great applause. Many arguments were brought up, amongst which were some of the most ridiculous. Sentences of the most awkward construction often made the apartment ring with laughter. This occupied an hour and a half, then fifteen minutes were allowed to whoever wished to speak on the subject. Several rose, namely Messrs. Snay, Bullock, Nicol, but Mr. Philodean seeing the cat abused, gave a very eloquent speech defending the same. But after all Mr. Philodean was sorry for it, for when the time came to decide, he cast his vote on the opposite side. The dog was the winner.

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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1893.

JOHN CRAIG.

John Craig was born on June 4th, 1852, at Yorkville, now a part of Toronto, only a few minutes walk from McMaster Hall.

Of his father, the late William Craig, there is no need to speak in a Baptist magazine, as he was known either personally or by reputation to all the Baptists of Canada. John was fortunate in having a father and mother who were both Christians and both true Baptists. In their younger days they were members of the Baptist church at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and all through their lives took a deep interest in the cause of Christ.

John was carefully and religiously trained. In his home, family worship was regularly maintained every morning and evening. When he was about a year old his family removed to Port Hope, where he received his early education at the Public School. When he was about six years old, the Rev. Mr. Day, the first missionary to the Telugus, visited Port Hope and stayed at his father's house. At that time John lisped, and Mr. Day cured him of this habit, little thinking that he was helping to prepare a missionary for the people he loved so well.

When about fourteen years of age he became a student of Upper Canada College, and there prepared himself for entering the University of Toronto. He was always a faithful and diligent student with good abilities, and on graduating he

obtained a silver medal in classics. He was now a well educated young man. What was his condition religiously?

His early training had all been in the right direction, and at the age of about fifteen he made a public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ, and was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Caldicott, of sainted memory, in the Bond St. Baptist Church, Toronto.

His religion was not one of fits and starts, but steady and true. He had the courage of his convictions, and was not ashamed to confess his Saviour. He was an acquisition to the church, and some will perhaps remember him as one of the faithful few at the Sunday morning prayer-meeting.

While attending the University he became a member of the Toronto Y. M. C. A., and was one of its active workers. He was fortunate in being associated with a man who will long be remembered in Toronto for his earnest and quiet Christian work, the late Robert Baldwin.

Together they used to visit the sailors on Sunday morning, distributing tracts and talking with the men about the Saviour. John had resolved to devote his life to the service of his Master in preaching the Gospel. This had been the wish of his parents from his childhood, and after graduating at Toronto, he entered on his Theological studies at Rochester Theological Seminary. He afterwards spent some time in London, England, and in Hamburg in study and mission work. While pursuing his studies at Rochester, he employed his vacation by acting as pastor for the church at Beamsville.

Having completed his education, he was ordained at Whitby, Nov. 17th, 1876, and became pastor of the church there, which was recognized the same day. His work here lasted only about a year, but was characteristically thorough. This was his first pastorate, and has always been a pleasant memory to him; and he has a warm place in his heart for the members of his first flock. But his work was not to be in Canada, his native land. While pursuing his studies at Rochester, he heard a voice calling him to the foreign field. For some time he struggled against the call. The voice would not be silenced, and at last he yielded, and his mind was at rest. Having once decided that God had called him to carry the Gospel to the heathen, he never hesitated nor faltered. The matter was settled between him

and his God, and henceforth all his thoughts turned to the distant East.

While he was a boy attending the Sunday School at Port Hope, Martha Perry, a little girl, attended the same school. Her mother was a member of the Baptist Church there. Subsequently her family removed to Rochester, and while John was there pursuing his studies he visited them. The friendship between Martha and himself deepened into love, and on Sept. 20th, 1877, they were married. She was a gentle, earnest Christian, and for the few years she was permitted to live in India, was her husband's true helpmeet.

Before his marriage he had left Whitby, and was preparing for the long voyage. The time for their departure was now approaching, and on Oct. 10th, 1877, a farewell meeting was held in the Baptist Church at Port Hope. At this meeting in addition to addresses by the ministers of the town, there were addresses by Rev. John Dempsey and Rev. A. V. Timpany.

On Oct. 18th, 1877, the annual meeting of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec was held in the Jarvis St. Church, Toronto. Rev. Dr. Fyfe, President of the Society, was chairman. The *Year Book* for 1878 contains the following interesting report:

"The Rev. John Craig, B.A., missionary elect to the Telugus was then set apart for the foreign work. The services which were of an exceedingly impressive and solemn character were conducted as follows:

1. Welcome to the work, by Rev. A. V. Timpany.
2. Prayer of Designation, by Rev. G. Richardson.
3. Hand of fellowship, by Rev. Dr. Davidson.
4. Charge to the missionary, by Rev. Dr. Stewart.
5. Response by Rev. John Craig.
6. Valedictory hymn, 'With you always,' composed for the occasion by Mrs. J. C. Yule.
7. The hand of fellowship and farewell on behalf of Jarvis St. Church, of which Bro. Craig is a member, was tenderly given by the pastor, Dr. Castle.
8. Collection, after which the President pronounced the benediction, and a meeting which will long be remembered, was brought to a close."

Only about fifteen years have passed, and yet in that time four who took part, and one who was the most interested spectator, have passed away, Fyfe, Timpany, Davidson, Castle, and the father of the missionary. The Rev. J. L. Campbell was Secretary at that time, and near the close of his annual report he says:

"It is with devout gratitude to God, and with a solemn consciousness of our increased responsibility that we to-night set apart our beloved young brother, John Craig, B.A., to the great work to which God has called him. The son of one of our honored and esteemed Baptist families, called to go hence among the Gentiles by a voice which he dared not refuse; having fully completed his literary and Theological courses of study, we joyfully received him as God's gift to our Telugu Mission. Bidding farewell to country and kindred, with his consecrated companion, he is going far hence into heathen lands to dwell. They will leave New York on Wednesday next, Oct. 24th, by the Cunard steamer *Abyssinia* for England, from which place they will take steamer direct for Madras.

With the Divine blessing they anticipate arriving at Cocanada about the close of the present year."

Early in January, 1878, they reached Cocanada, and were welcomed by Rev. John McLaurin and Mrs. McLaurin, with whom they resided in the mission house.

Their first work was to learn the language, and Mr. McLaurin, in his report, mentions that Mr. Craig also took an active interest in the general work of the mission, and that he had already rendered valuable aid on the field.

The following extract from Mr. Craig's first report gives an idea as to how his first year in India was occupied:

"In presenting my first report to the Board, I can only repeat what other missionaries have related as to the experience of their first year or two, namely, that most of my time has been devoted to studying the language. I have had the privilege of preaching in English to a small congregation, and also of teaching in the English Sunday school, ever since I reached Cocanada. I have also paid many visits to the Seamen's Hospital, and read the Bible to a great many European and American sailors there. However, I have never forgotten that I came to India to work

for the thousands of Telugus, and not specially for the tens or hundreds of English-speaking people we find here."

The report goes on to tell of a tour he made, and concludes by expressing a wish that he may soon have a station of his own.

His wish was soon gratified, as the Board decided to open a new station at Akidu, and the land for a compound was purchased.

On Jan. 1st, 1880, he took charge of his new field. Before doing so, he and his wife, in company with Mr. Timpany and his family, made a tour over the field, and after going over it he had an almost exact list of the church members under his care.

Now he has his work before him. No time is wasted, for in January he made another tour, taking with him two native preachers, Josiah and Peter. This tour lasted about five weeks, and he visited eighteen villages and saw the homes of nearly all the Christians on his field; and, best of all, eighty were baptized.

On April 2nd, 1881, a great blow fell on him. His loving wife was taken from him. Far from home and friends, in that distant land she closed her eyes in death, and was laid to rest under the Eastern skies. Sustained by Divine help, the bereaved husband labored on. He built a mission house and chapel—no easy task where every part of the work had to be superintended by the missionary, and especially difficult at a place like Akidu, where the brick, lime and sand had to be brought a distance of forty miles.

Early in July, 1883, Mr. Craig was prostrated by fever, and was compelled to go to Samulcotta and Cocanada for a change; but he soon returned to his field and continued his work. He was now in his seventh year in India, and on Feb. 20th, 1884, he left his adopted land and turned his face to Canada. On this long journey he had as his companion his little girl, Mary, then three years of age. After seven years' work in that enervating land, the time had come for a long rest. The report of the Board for the year ending Oct., 1885, written by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, tells how he rested:

"The report of the Rev. John Craig belongs this year to the Home Department. It covers the period of fourteen months, which elapsed between his return to Canada, May, 1884, and his departure on the 1st of August of this year. Your Board would

embrace this opportunity of referring to Bro. Craig's whole-souled devotion and untiring energy in this cause. He came home, professedly, to rest but there were very few of his waking hours while in Canada which were not in some way directly occupied with the interests of the work to which he has consecrated his life. The intense cold, the frequent storms, the heavy roads of last winter did not prevent him from pressing on in his work of visiting churches in remote districts, and if the same energy and determination which he displayed in Canada characterize his work in India, then we have one reason for the remarkable prosperity of that work."

In his brief report Bro. Craig says: "In June, 1884, I attended the meeting of the Middlesex and Lambton, Brant, Toronto, Ottawa, and Central Canada Associations. During the winter and spring, I visited the principal churches in the Niagara, Grand River, Elgin, Western, and Huron Associations, in all about one hundred and nine churches."

The months fly quickly, and the furlough is nearly over! On July 16th, 1885, he was married to Miss Ada Sumner, of Beamsville, and a few days after they sailed for India. During his absence in Canada, the mission suffered a great loss by the death of A. V. Timpany, and, in consequence of this, Mr. Craig had to remain at Cocanada for some time. He endeavored to look after his own field of Akidu as well, but the work was almost too great. During part of 1887, he was the only missionary able to do full mission work, as Mr. McLaurin was in very poor health, and Mr. Stillwell was just learning the language. On June 1st, 1888, he returned to Akidu. The extra work he had been doing now began to tell on his health. He went to Bangalore for a short rest of two months, and was thus enabled to prolong his stay in India.

However, as he had some touches of fever, he decided to take a trip to Canada in the beginning of 1892, leaving his wife and children in India, as his stay in Canada would be short. He came by way of British Columbia, and spent a few days at Victoria and Vancouver, speaking to the churches about his work. He also called at Winnipeg, and attended the Convention. A great change awaited him on this visit. On May 29th, 1891, his father had died, leaving a great blank. No one else took

so great an interest in John's work. Every week his father's letter started for India with its loving words. John's letters were anxiously looked for, and carefully read and laid away. Only two days before his death, his father was unable to go to his office, but said he must go down the next day to write to John. But no more letters were written. Little thinking it at the time, he had written his last letter. His work was done! and John's mother was the only parent left to give him a welcome.

He spent a pleasant summer at his home. He visited some of the churches, and then, in November, returned to his other home, where his wife and children awaited him.

What has been written gives some idea of his character and ability. His untiring energy, his constant, steady work, his attention to details, his concentration of purpose, all speak louder than words.

Our Foreign Mission Society is fortunate in having a staff of missionaries not excelled by those of any other Society, in ability, education and devotion. They are willing, nay, anxious to do their work, and only ask in return that the Baptists of Canada sustain them by their prayers and offerings.

T. Dixon Craig.

SUMMUM BONUM.

Man's *highest good* is a very important subject. That it cannot be discovered by the careless observer is evident from the different views held respecting it. It is needless to enumerate the various objects which have been fixed upon as affording that good. I intend merely to map out what seems to me the true answer.

To get a true solution we must take into account the kind of being for whom we are seeking this highest good. We find that he is an intelligent, self-conscious, responsible free agent. Farther, from his very position in relation to the world, from his unfulfilled capacities, by reason on every side, he proclaims himself not merely a creature of the present but one giving every promise of future life.

Men choose so many different ends and seem to identify their being with such a variety of pursuits that it would be hopeless to endeavor to find a common good in some particular choice. We must, therefore, search for some common principle under which all these particular ends may be subsumed. For what purpose does this or that man live? We can get no consensus of opinion in present or future pleasure, whether selfish or altruistic. The only principle we can fix upon, it seems to me, is that of *satisfaction*. What seeks the Christian in his devotion to himself, to other men, to God, but the satisfaction of the growth and development in the spiritual life, the satisfaction of aiding others and glorifying his Creator? What seeks the man of science or the litterateur in his pursuits but to satisfy himself in thus obtaining knowledge and rising to greater efficiency in his particular line? And so, the debauchee and the spendthrift, the philanthropist and the moral crusader, all seek satisfaction in worthy or unworthy objects, in selfish or unselfish aims.

Now satisfaction is measured by degree, intensity and duration. That is a greater satisfaction for the present which is the more intense and of a worthy degree. But duration is a factor of prime moment. No one would consider that satisfaction which endures merely for the present instant—no matter how intense it may be—greater than one which endures throughout life. Allowing the immortality of man, that is a still greater satisfaction which assures us for the future life. And if we can find an object in life which gives us not only the greatest satisfaction in the future but also in the present, it must be accepted by all men as pre-eminently the greatest satisfaction. Can we find such a principle of action, such an object in life?

If duration is the important factor, we must look for something that we are sure will exist beyond the present. The only thing upon which we can fix in this world of ours as giving promise of permanency is the soul of man. The external world comes and goes, our physical organism is no exception; our opinions, emotions, concepts are in constant change. The only thing of which we are certain is that we abide while experiencing these changes. "Men may come and men may go but *we* go on forever." Therefore, to give the greatest satisfaction the supreme object in life must bear the closest relation to the soul

—in fact, must be the soul-life. External things, earthly possessions, fame, pleasure—whatever you please—have value only in so far as they affect the soul-life. The external good which we pursue is a good only in so far as it is conducive to the development of man's true character. This is the only theory which gives the devotion of self-sacrifice its proper place. To all hedonistic schemes there must be a loss in some direction or other. But in the one which we present, every true and noble thought, every high and exalted motive, every compassionate throb of emotion brings its reward. It developes the man, it tends to his highest good, no matter how his actions are interpreted. "Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted; if it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

But it is a significant fact that this highest good of man cannot be obtained by himself alone. The full development of his powers depends upon his environment, upon his association with kindred spirits. The external factor of his development depends upon the society in which he moves, upon the manner in whieh he affects that society and upon how he responds to the influence of those around him. It is to his advantage to do what he can for mankind—to be as unselfish as possible. It is advantageous to him to sacrifice self for their good because he not only gains by the very act of self-sacrifice but he also reaps his reward in the reaction upon himself.

But does this bring the highest satisfaction? Emphatically it does. There is nothing that can move man so intensely as to feel himself growing better, to realise that day by day his powers are developing. He is growing. He is forming a pure, unselfish, devoted, true and sublime character. To see men around him growing better from his influence, to know that that vast desert of depraved humanity is beginning to blossom with the white flowers of blameless life, to feel the moral thrill and experience the spiritual elevation on beholding such lives, is an impetus unrivalled in its potency and uneclipsed by anything in this world.

The highest present satisfaction then is secured by internal character building. This presupposes the approach to an ideal.

The highest future satisfaction, the ultimate good, would be the attainment of that ideal. Therefore whether realised by man or not, it is essential to the greatest growth in the shortest time that we should have an ideal. The architect lays his plans and makes his specifications before the contractor builds. We have seen the picture of this building, or of that, long before the foundation was laid. It exists in the mind of the architect. It is the ideal towards which he builds. The contractor would scout the idea of going at it otherwise. So we need an ideal in character building. There is so much haphazard building in this line in the world that it is imperative for growth, that we clearly define our ultimate good.

But where are we to find such an ideal? What must be its characteristics? To my mind all that the best philosophy can say is that we can define the ideal only in so far as we have made progress towards it; that we must follow along the lines that has in the past produced true growth; that the present carries with it a halo which gives us a hazy idea for future attainment. Would any builder think that such specifications were sufficiently satisfactory for right construction? How infinitely better it would be if we could place before us the ideal in its complete state; and although we could not comprehend it to the full, yet could have it before us and not wait for the influence of any "power that makes for righteousness," or for the unseen "reproduction of a self-objectifying consciousness which makes the processes of life organic to its progress." There is an element of truth in these, but it is a truth gained not from immanent human reason but from transcendent power. If we had to depend upon man as we know him, we never could tell with any adequacy what his capabilities are. The very limitations of our being render us incompetent to judge of what we might be. There are dawnings of greater light and promises of future greatness, but the delineation of this greatness by this better light is bedimmed by our position, by our felt deterioration from type. There may be much speculation regarding an impersonal spirit, but such never could explain our existence, much less present the means for development. If there is anything in man that may be called great, it is his personality. And to talk of spiritual progress is but a play upon words unless we distinctly hold by our personal character and present to ourselves higher

personal character for attainment. We must insist upon our right to determine our actions and, hence, our growth. No matter where the strength comes from, no matter how better stages of existence are placed before us, there is need of our exercise of will and self-determination. We do not passively grow into ideal shape as the block of marble under the hands of the sculptor. The waves of influence, whether of impersonal spirit or of self-conscious, self-objectifying spirit, may surge around us but they are not of us. We receive no direct benefit or injury until we identify ourselves with such influences—*i. e.*, until we exercise the power of our personality.

But we have seen that the ideal personal character for us cannot be given among men constituted as they are. Therefore we must look beyond mere human means. The very fact that we can draw the line between our finitude and infinitude opens up for us a higher ideal than the finitude we see in this world. Our ideal must be pure, sublime, perfect manhood dwelling in immediate contact with Deity. In fact, owing to the circumstances and position of men it can be given only by the interposition of Deity. It must be a living ideal possessing personality, and, if so, of authority over those for whom he is the ideal, because it is the very essence of his competency to prescribe the conditions upon which he is accepted as an ideal. If he possess such prerogatives and is so related to Deity, the only way in which he can be known to man is by a revelation from God. And a revelation prescribing an ideal having the requisite characteristics must be accepted. The highest type of human character is therefore the Christian character. The ideal for the Christian is Jesus Christ, as revealed in the word of God. By this theory we are relieved from an ascetic moralism or a shallow deism, from an unsanctioned spiritualism, or a stupid necessitarianism. Here we have combined the absolute surrender of individuality and its most intense assertion. It is by its exercise that Christ is chosen; by it we grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth; by it we lose our selfish lives, and, abiding in Christ, we stretch forward unto the perfection of that Spirit in whom we live and move and have our being. Therefore for man the highest good, the supreme object in life, the *summum bonum*, is the Christ life.

A. L. McCrimmon.

CÉLESTE LUMIÈRE.

I.

Grand Dieu ! conduis moi dans la penombre
Oh ! conduis-moi,
Je suis seul et le chemin est sombre
Oh ! conduis-moi,
De mon sentier, je ne demande a voir
Qu'a chaque pas, pour remplir mon devoir.

II.

Je n'ai jamais en toi voulu croire,
Oh ! conduis-moi,
Toujours je cherchais la vaine gloire,
Oh ! conduis-moi,
Je viens à toi contrit, mais sans frayeur,
Pardonne mon passé, O mon Sauveur.

III

Tu m'as fait jouir de ta présence,
Oh ! conduis-moi,
Je suis heureux, plein de confiance.
Oh ! conduis-moi,
Souvent les anges aux regards radieux
M'appellent, vers les demeures des cieux.

IV.

Cependant, sur l'épineuse route,
Suivant tes pas,
Comme un enfant qui jamais ne doute ;
Prenant ton bras
J'irai jouir au céleste sejour
Acquit par toi, mon Sauveur, pour toujours.

S. D. P.

Grande Ligne, Jan. 1893.

NEWS IN QUEBEC.

For a good number of years Christian people, in Ontario and elsewhere, have been hoping to see a better day dawn on the Province of Quebec. But this new era was a long time coming. Has it come at last? Will the young sprout of the old French nation transplanted on this continent, full of sap and vigor, allow itself to be trampled upon by the proud foot of clerical tyranny for ever? Will it not raise its head toward light and liberty? Powerful agencies have been at work for the last fifty years to bring about this result. The distribution of the Holy Scriptures by thousands of copies, the preaching of the Gospel in hundreds of places where the French are located; last but not least, the Christian education given in the mission schools of four Protestant denominations, these ought to bring forth some visible fruit. We would be careful not to imitate the fly of the fable that buzzed about the horse's ears and attributed to himself the progress the carriage was making on its uphill journey: but we are sure the work of evangelization has been a mighty leaven reaching out with its influences far beyond the little circle of our converts. This could be proved in time and place. Apart from this, there is a class of people to whom we have little access, I mean the wealthy and educated, who have been abroad, who have seen and admire *la France republicaine,* who have lived among those who speak the same language as themselves, have the same habits of thought. Such notions they vainly try to adjust to the present state of things in Canada. All these forces combined could not, it seems, allow the *status quo* to remain very much longer. A last straw has broken the camel's back—a heavy straw it appears to be in this instance.

For the past few months a whole series of scandals caused by the Catholic clergy have put in motion minds, tongues and pens. First it is reported that a priest refuses to administer the all-important sacrament of baptism to a new-born babe, because his father is unwilling to pay an extra tax; then an eminent lawyer of Montreal suddenly discovers one hundred and sixty-five letters which a young *abbé* has been writing to his wife—letters in which he does not pose as a spiritual adviser. An

electrical current seems to run through the liberal press of this Province: the educational system shaped by the clergy, the abuses of clerical power, the culpable leniency of bishops towards corrupt priests, all is condemned in the boldest terms. This is allowed to go on for a short time, when crash! comes down upon them a pastoral letter. A pastoral letter in which bishops call the faithful "beloved brethren," does not seem such a terrible thing at first sight. But very soon the brother becomes a *father*, and the father becomes a *master*, and the master becomes a *tyrant*. In this letter the bishops neatly divide the church into two sections, those who *govern* and those who *are governed;* the latter having no right whatsoever to judge or criticise in any way the former. That is to say (and that has been said) a priest may be a confirmed rascal; he may insult your wife and corrupt your children, but you must not say a word.

Le Canada-Revue, a weekly publication, commenting on this, wittily adds—"*Paye, Baptiste, et à quatre pattes les Canadiens!*"—a slang expression, but brim-full of meaning and quite untranslatable.

Weeks pass, *le Canada-Revue* and *l'Echo des deux Montagnes*, *la Patrie* and other papers continue their campaign, asking reforms. Asking, for instance, that when a priest is found guilty of immorality, he be not sent from one parish to another to continue the same practices, but be placed where he can do no harm. The Archbishop of Montreal issues a letter, to be read from every pulpit, forbidding the people from reading or in any way encouraging *l'Echo des deux Montagnes* and *le Canada-Revue* under the penalty of refusal of the sacraments. *L'Echo*, being a local paper read by very submissive people, received in this a death blow. It issued a last number in mourning, having at the head of its editorial column the picture of a tomb with the inscription—"Here lies l'Echo des deux Montagnes, killed by clerical despotism." Dead but yet living: *et bon chat bon rat;* the Archbishop may find his match. The church of Rome has taught a game two can play at, a morality that cuts both ways. *L'Echo* has simply changed its name and goes on. The *mandement* condemning *l'Echo des deux Montagnes* does not say anything concerning a new publication called *La Liberté*, don't you see? The *Canada-Revue* stands erect in the storm.

A short time ago a delegation composed of friends and contributors of the C. R. (prominent among whom was Mr. L. Fréchette, a distinguished *littérateur*, known both in Canada and France,) went to see the Archbishop. In this interview, the old gentleman, who appears to be under the thumb of a clique, could not point to any paragraph where the C. R. taught unsound doctrine, or even where church discipline was openly broken,—it was to the *tone* of the paper he objected to more than anything else, and the liberty of criticising one's superiors. He finally said there could be no understanding unless he could count on *unconditional submission*. He was told frankly that the editors of the C. R. would only make such concessions as are worthy of honorable men. Moreover, if no agreement could be arrived at, they were ready to sue him for damages and appeal if necessary to the Queen's Privy Council. They added, there is a storm rising in the social atmosphere, the people are getting excited and speak freely. Everything is known and indignation is coming on like a tide: be careful lest it overflow. They left him silent and thoughtful.

Meanwhile the fight continues. I have before me a spicy article on the education given by the clergy, in which you find the following sentence savoring of 1789: "We shall have to get rid of them (the masters—the priests) by means of a violent blow!" This, of course, is the saying of one man, but there seems to be a movement in public opinion deep and broad; will there be a skirmish only between these opposite forces, or will there be a regular pitched battle? *Qui vivra verra.*

M. B. Parent.

Grande Ligne.

Students' Quarter.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

The Old Year's hours were spent, and in my thought,
The New, dark-stoled, was coming on apace,
"Go not, Old Year, I love thy waning grace,
All thy dear days in patterns fair were wrought,"
I cried, as boding fears my heart distraught,
"Perchance this stranger with the veiléd face,
Brings to my portion sorrow-burdened days,
Whose weight shall crush my cherished hopes to nought."

This, midnight's mood; but dawn saw the young year
Robe soft the scarred old earth in sparkling white,
Till pure and fresh it smiled with promise bright.
Then hope's glad chime rang out the knell of fear,
And life's fair future hid the past from view.
"Farewell, Old year, true hearts must greet the New."

E. P. W.

THE TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

Eleven years have elapsed since the promptings of a Christian heart were translated into action, and Toronto Baptist College dedicated as a hall of learning in which those whom God had thrust into His harvest field might be trained for the highest of all services, the ministry of the Word. As William Carey heard the divine call and had the burden of the heathen world laid upon his heart, so the young men who formed the first class in McMaster Hall heard the voice of the Son of God peeling through the ages: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." They resolved to band themselves together for aggressive work, and with prayer and humble consecration laid the foundations of our Society. Some of them had been students under that grand old man, Dr. Fyfe, who, for a quarter of a century

* Read at the Annual Meeting, Nov. 24th, 1892.

was the recognised leader of the Baptist denomination in Canada; they remembered the earnestness of purpose, the untiring energy, the childlike faith in God which characterized their old teacher, and resolved that he though dead should yet inspire his boys to do and to dare for Christ. The Fyfe Missionary Society aids in perpetuating his name.

It may not be out of place to note the fact that this year which marks the centennial of foreign missions, marks also the decennial of our Society. To-night we enter upon a new epoch in our history. As we stand upon its threshold we would catch something of the spirit that animated the founders of the Society; we would, like Carey, see the awful condition of the world that lieth in the wicked one; like him we would hear the Man of Calvary saying: "As the Father hath sent me into the world so also send I you into the world," and with humble dependence upon God we would go forward.

Glancing at the past, we find that when the Society was first organized, a prayer meeting on the first Tuesday evening of every month was held in the interests of missions; now one day is set apart as monthly missionary day, in which lectures are suspended and the hours devoted to the consideration of missionary topics. Then the Society worked along independent lines, becoming responsible for the financial support of its missionaries, and, to a certain extent, controlling the fields upon which its agents were placed; now all this work has passed into the hands of the Home Mission Board, and the Society exists mainly for the purpose of developing and fostering the missionary spirit in the University. Does it realize its aim? We believe that it does; the churches testify to its value, and former members now in the pastorate bear witness to the power it has exerted upon their lives.

The success which has crowned our efforts during the past year calls for the deepest thankfulness to Almighty God. We do not forget that we are but beginners, and that the work which we have attempted to perform, must, of necessity, be very imperfect; but we rejoice that God has "counted us faithful, putting us into the ministry," and through us has gotten to Himself some glory.

That the missionary interest of the former members of this

Society does not diminish with the flight of years is abundantly evident. Since our last annual report H. G. Mellick, one of our earlier members, has been invited to aid in shaping and furthering our mission work in Manitoba and the North-West, and has entered upon his duties as general superintendent; Ernest Grigg, formerly an active member of this Society, who, by his Christian character and Christlike devotion, won for himself a high place on the honor roll of the Fyfe worthies, has sailed for Burmah to labor under the American Board. May God's richest blessing rest upon both of these brethren. Another of our members, E. G. Smith, M. B, is under appointment by our own Board as their first medical missionary to the Telugus. He expects to sail next Autumn for India's shores, and carries with him the sympathy and prayers of every member of the Society.

Early in the year the Foreign Mission Board hung in the College chapel a beautiful portrait of William Carey, which had been presented to them by Mr. Charles Hatch, of Woodstock. The face of the great missionary as it looks down from the wall cannot but influence many a young man to "expect great things from God," and to "attempt great things for God." At the opening of the present College session the Alumni Association, in conjunction with the friends of Jarvis Street church, presented to the Board of Governors a portrait of Dr. Castle, the first Principal of Toronto Baptist College and an ex-President of this Society. With Carey he will speak to us of heroic service for God.

The annual sermon was preached before the Society by Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A., of Woodstock, in Jarvis Street church on the evening of Sabbath, the 1st of May. All who have heard Mr. Dadson can judge of the character of the discourse.

Since our last annual meeting we have had the pleasure of coming into contact with some of the men who are toiling in the most difficult parts of the great harvest field. La Grande Ligne Mission has been represented on three different occasions, and in turn Brethren Edwards and de St. Dalmas, Ayer and Therrien and Bro. Lebeau have spread before us the needs of the work. So successfully have they pleaded for Quebec, that one of our number, Ernest Norman, B.A., has been led to give himself to French educational work at Feller Institute. Thus the ties that bind

the two institutions together are being increased and strengthened. We have also had a visit from Rev. John Craig, of Akidu, India, and our interest in his work has been deepened by our intercourse with him. Rev. Mr. Anderson representing the McAll Mission, and Mr. Frank Keller, the Student Volunteer Movement, have also addressed the students. We feel that we lie under the deepest obligation to Rev. Elmore Harris, pastor of the Walmer Road church, and to the Faculty of this University, for the thoughtfulness that made it possible for so many of our number to hear Dr. A. J. Gordon's lectures on the "Holy Spirit in Missions." These addresses, as well as the words that Dr. Gordon spoke at the morning chapel service will live in our memories, stimulating us to greater earnestness in the Lord's work.

There are in the College at the present time no fewer than ten young men who look to the foreign field as their prospective sphere of labor. It must not be supposed, however, that the spirit which dominates the College is one that is captured by the mere glitter and glamor of foreign mission work as the only field in which true Christian heroism and self-sacrificing devotion may be manifested. The great commission is recognized as embracing also the home land; and much as we rejoice that so many of our members are looking over the sea to the millions in darkness, we thank God that there are found in this Society men who consider it their highest honor and count it their greatest joy to spend their lives on the hard and discouraging home mission fields. The College life of last session gave abundant evidence that the spirit of Him who came as the first missionary to a lost world characterizes our members. Early in the year the Society opened up work at Kew Beach, Little York and New Toronto. These missions were sustained by the voluntary labor of the students and at the closing of the College taken over by the Home Mission Board and supplied with preaching during the summer. In addition, Pape Avenue Mission was regularly supplied by the Society during the winter, and Eastern Avenue Mission and Hillcrest Convalescent Home were provided with occasional services.

Let us glance at the work of the past summer. The first thing that strikes our attention is the immense area of country

over which the labors of the students have been distributed, no fewer than seven states and provinces having shared their ministrations. From the Atlantic almost to the Pacific Coast our present members have been stationed. Some have found their fields of labor amid old home associations down by the sea; some in our benighted sister province, surrounded by error and superstition; many in our own loved Ontario, while yet others can relate thrilling experiences of their summer's work in the wild West. It is almost unnecessary to state that the fields which claim student labor are, for the most part, such as require the experience and wisdom of veteran pastors. The student, in some cases, has to perform pioneer service, but in many others has to lift the church out of the slough of indolence or despondency into which it has fallen. Is it to be wondered at, that as he looks forward to his work at the close of the College session, a sense of his own weakness should take possession of him, that he should tremble in view of the task set before him, and that the throne of grace should be his frequent resort? To sum up the heart-aches, the prayers, the tears, which these churches cost the missionary student would be an impossibility. Into them is poured his very life.

The following is an approximation of the work accomplished by the members of this Society, during the five months ending Oct. 1st, 1892:—Number of preaching stations, 86; number of sermons preached, 2,281. Additions:—By baptism, 137; by letter, 38; by experience, 15; total, 190.

At South Indian a new church edifice has been erected, and a beautiful chapel is approaching completion at Fort William. Six church buildings have been repaired during the summer, and a heavy debt that rested upon another has been removed.

These figures necessarily give but an imperfect record of the summer's work. Much there is which only the recording angel can tabulate. Earnestness and devotion have characterized the labors of our members; they have verified the statement with which he of sainted memory, whose name our Society bears, was accustomed to address his students: "Success in life depends more upon what one can bear than upon what he can do"; they have proved themselves men of true missionary spirit, unceasing in toil and possessed of a heaven-born enthusiasm.

Conscious of many defects in the work of the past year, we would yet lay it at the feet of Him, who, even out of imperfection, can ordain praise. For the measure of success which has attended our efforts we would ascribe all glory "unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

EDWARD J. STOBO, JR.,
Rec. Sec.

DUX FEMINA FACTA.

These words are among the most striking lines of Vergil, and are used by him in his account of Dido in the Æneid. Her he pictures as a powerful woman, the leader of one of the greatest nations of the ancient world. She was not only their queen, but had guided them to their home on the African coast, and had held the ruling power through all the difficulties that surround the founding of a new national home. Dido stands out prominently among classical women, and whether the stories of her are founded on history or are purely fictitious, we are compelled to look upon her as a true leader of a growing nation.

Later, among historical leaders, we see Maria Theresa, who, in time of peril, both personal and national, rose against all Europe and fought for union and the preservation of liberty.

In many a great political contest a woman has played a leading part. Students of history are familiar with the story of Madame Roland, who, as the wife of a prominent mover in the French Revolution, wielded a strong influence over many famous leaders in that terrible struggle. Possessed of unusual talents for observation, a calm manner and wonderful reasoning powers, she gradually influenced the frequenters of her salon, themselves men of talent and power, to adopt her idea, that the France of 1791 was a France of transition and a republic alone was its destiny. But although the revolution which she had aided in raising was carried to an excess of which she had no idea, and finally reached a point where its promoters no longer had her sympathy, still her work was not lost. To-day her

dying words "O liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name," are remembered and quoted by vast numbers of people. These are but representatives of numbers of historical women who, in government, in politics, and in war have played prominent parts.

During the last few years remarkable advancement has been made in the educational advantages afforded to women. In our universities they now stand on an equal footing with the men. When they were first allowed to enter these halls of learning they were regarded, by both professors and students, as types of an entirely new species, and when the learned student raised his eyeglass to behold these interlopers he wondered what would happen next.

The benefits derived from a thorough course of training, combined with the natural abilities of women for teaching, make them particularly well adapted for holding positions of different degrees of advancement in the educational world. The vast majority of teachers are women. It is to them that the early education of children is entrusted, and when we consider how great an influence these first teachers have upon their pupils, is it not important that they should themselves be both mentally and morally qualified to hold their position of trust. The higher education also induces women to enter upon scientific and literary work, in which they are meeting with wonderful success. No better example of this can be cited than Amelia Edwards, who, at an early age, distinguished herself as a novelist. From writing works of fiction she went on to scientific study, and finally directed her attention almost wholly to Egyptology. In this most difficult science she acquired more definite knowledge than any of her predecessors, and when she died a few weeks ago she left a lasting memorial of herself in her books on the Nile, Pyramids and the Pharoahs, and in the Society for the Study of Egyptology, founded by her, which numbers among its members some of the most learned men of our time.

But the liberal education of to-day not only leads women into what may be called distinctively literary work. It also enlarges their sympathies, trains their minds and broadens their sphere of thought and action. Nothing can so effectually fit a woman for any kind of philanthropic work as associating with

the great minds of both past and present. To fit her for such society an education is required that will draw her out of herself into a larger field of mental activity. It is the influence of these enlarged minds that prompts so many of the women of our day to devote themselves to the cause of brightening the lives of their sisters all the world over. It would be amazing if we knew and considered the number of societies that are in existence formed either for the purpose of self culture or of advancing different projects in the interest of humanity in general. The majority of these societies are led by women, and who can say what their results will be in the coming centuries! Already the great missionary movement, in which women have been so prominent, is beginning to have some effect upon the heathen millions of Eastern lands. At home, also, these noble women are carrying on a great work among the sick and the poor.

But this is by no means all, every woman has in her own home a kingdom where she may lead in the truest sense. The source of power is in the home, and here every true leader may shape ideas and instill principles that will show their results not only in time but also in eternity.

The history of our country is being developed day by day, and when it is read by the sons and daughters of future generations they will be able to point to the influence that these high-minded women have exerted and say, truly they were leaders of these noble deeds.

CLARA TOMLINSON.

Moulton College.

A NIGHT IN CAMP.

Few people really understand the meaning of the expression "roughing it," until they have "roughed it" themselves for a few days. I have had some experience of camping in its different phases during late years, and it occurred to me that a description of an incident in camp life might be of interest to some who have had similar experiences, as well as to others who have, perhaps, never spent a night under canvas. Therefore, I have chosen the following incident on account of its recent occurrence, and its consequent freshness in my memory.

It was late in the day when our party of six, after a hard day's portaging, reached its destination. This was a lake of very fair size, which had been explored by some of us a short time previously, and had proved to be well stocked with game and fish. Slowly we paddled along the eastern side of the lake, and drew up our canoes on the point of a small island, just as the last rays of the setting sun were disappearing behind the tall pines on the opposite shore. Without delay we began to make everything snug for the night. Some of us put up the tents and stored away the provisions, while other cut wood and built a fire on the rocky shore.

Our best cook was Mr. M., and he proved himself exceptionally apt at the art by serving up a supper of fried fish, which would have tempted the appetite of the most dainty of princes.

The fate of some of the fish, which came into our power, was very sad. Not more than an hour after they were first allured by the glittering bait, their only earthly relics, in the shape of a few bones, fins, scales, and such, lay scattered about on the rocks.

After this bountiful repast, which we ate from tin plates, and finished in the darkness, a camp-fire was started. What a delightful thing a great booming, roaring camp-fire is! There was no scarcity of fuel, and we all worked with might and main to get our cheering camp-fire well under way. Here came one man dragging a whole tree, root and all, there another tugging away at a section of log several times his own size, while to and fro went the two boys carrying armfuls of sticks and brush-wood; till, before long, we had a great pile of blazing, spluttering timber, large enough to burn, without further replenishing, until the early hours of the morning.

Then came the stories and jokes. Mr. W., our best story-teller, gave us some of his latest and most interesting; we all cracked our share of jokes; there was a little music produced on that classical instrument, the mouth-organ; and then, crouched around the fire at a comfortable distance, we all lingered, meditating and resting our weary bodies, until some sleepy one informed the others that it was bed time. I hate bed time more than anything else, because I have to struggle so hard for

sleep, which I know I need; nevertheless, I always have to "turn in" with the rest.

We divided up, three to each small tent, rolled up in our blankets, and some went to sleep almost immediately; while others lingered on for some time in a wakeful condition. Although I am always one of the latter class when in camp, I did my best, and lay still for a long time trying to think of something else besides sleeping, but this was a dismal failure. I tried to persuade myself that I did not care whether I ever got any sleep or not, but I was not to be taken in that way. Then, after what seemed to me an age, I began to doze, when an owl on the mainland, began his "too-whoo," rendering me as wide awake as ever. In a few minutes his owlship calmed down, and I dozed again, only to be suddenly aroused by the popping of an ember in the fire, which went off like a small cannon. Then I determined to try a third time, which ought to have been lucky, but it didn't work. For, as soon as I became still, an insect in the moss, which I used for a pillow, conceived the idea, which he immediately put into practice, that his special mission in life was to squeak in my ear, and thus to keep me from wasting my precious time in idle sleep. With cruel hand I tried to quiet him by means of heavy pressure on the moss where he had taken up his abode. This composed his nerves for a time, but he soon recovered his self-possession, and began again with renewed vigor. Not being able to appreciate his good intentions, I threw the pillow, and him with it, out of the tent, and thus rid myself of my persecutor, at the price of having to lie with my head on the ground for the remainder of the night.

After a long, long time I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and must have slept for about an hour, when I was greatly startled by a loud splashing and spluttering just outside the tent; this ended my night's sleep. The noise which awakened me was occasioned by the swimming exploits of one of the party, who, being sleepless like myself, and thinking that a cold bath would do him good, had taken a dive off the shore into shallow water, which, I suppose, appeared quite deep to him, in the moon-light. I did not envy him his swim in the least.

Soon afterwards I heard whispering close by, and, stepping out of the tent, I saw two shivering figures, standing in the

gloom beside their canoe. In subdued voices, they asked me if I would go fishing, saying that it was after four o'clock and nearly sun-up. As I was tired of sleeping, I readily agreed to the proposal, and off we started for the morning's fishing.

While out on the water, I learnt that Mr. M. had spent the night in a position compared with which mine was unalloyed pleasure. When picking out the place for his tent, he had chosen a beautiful soft spot, especially so towards the middle, where he preferred to sleep. His two companions, who were sound sleepers, placed themselves one on each side of him, and were soon settled down for the night. Althought Mr. M.'s bed was quite comfortable for a while, it soon became hard as his weight pressed down the moss, and, as he twisted and turned considerably, what moss was left was soon worn away, leaving bare a branching pine root, four or five inches in diameter, running longitudinally down the middle of his bed. Being a kind-hearted man, and not liking to disturb his sleeping companions by making them move over, he lay carefully balanced on this for the greater part of the night, and I firmly believe that he bore the impress of this root down the middle of his back for some hours afterwards. I really pitied him, and was thankful that I escaped so easily.

After a successful morning's fishing, we returned to camp, breakfasted and cheerfully prepared to spend the day in the most advantageous manner; but I am sure that, while we enjoyed ourselves to the utmost, some of us were heartily dreading the approach of the coming night.

I may just say in closing that the next time we camped, Mr. M.'s tent was pitched on a more level piece of ground, containing fewer roots.

H. H. Newman

AN APOLOGUE.

I had been ill for many days until my weary emaciated body had wasted to a skeleton; my long thin hands were cold and I began to feel a numbness in all my limbs. One evening when the sun was gently sinking beyond the gray old hills in the West, and the song of the birds was hushed for the evening, and all about me was silent as the grave, suddenly I felt a dizzy flutter in my head and heart, and then everything in the room faded from my sight.

I knew no more of that room, that sick bed, or those kind watchers who had ministered to me in my long illness, but I found myself being whirled along through space, seemingly higher and higher, ever brighter and brighter. It was not an unpleasant feeling, a sensation of restful consciousness that all was right, calmed my mind and told me I was nearing heaven, the place of my eternal rest. As soon as I had fully realized my position an unspeakable desire seized me to see my Lord, and in my intense eagerness I spoke. My voice had changed, I did not recognize it. Onward and upward, still upward I took my flight for I only now recognized, that my motion was flight. Two others were with me, though up to this moment no word had been spoken. At last one addressed the other: "He's nearly home." And then I began to understand where I was. All the glory I had anticipated had been far eclipsed already, my heart was fluttering with delight, my mind was clear and calm, rested and peaceful. A gentle song was murmuring from my lips, to a tune entirely new to me, although the words were old,

"Nearer my God to Thee,
. . . . .
And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to thee.

I cannot tell you the feelings I had when the glory of the

celestial city burst upon my loving gaze—the "Home of my Redeemer." No feeling of awe or wonder, no strange sensation of anything new or unfamiliar. No feeling of loneliness or even a craving for anything I did not already possess, except the gentle heart-longing to see Him. My guides, who were the King's messengers, took me into a beautiful mansion near the gate, one of many thousand provided for this purpose, and proceeded to disrobe me and give me new apparel. Their actions, although so far almost silent were so inexpressibly gentle and kind, that I wondered whether they were men or women, so gentle their manner. As I entered the mansion I took one look backward and downward in the direction I had come, and saw many companies of three, making towards the celestial city and I reasoned that they were pairs of messengers, each bringing home a redeemed one. My toilet was soon adjusted nothing I did not expect, for though all was in a sense new to me, I had no feeling of surprise. I had scarcely thought that *He* was gently soothing my mind so that I could bear all this glory without pain. A large mirror reflected my whole person, and for the first time I saw my glorified face. There were traces of the original, just sufficient for me to recognize, but all so changed. Radiant with peaceful happiness and every trace of care lost, a light of inexpressible content shone in every lineament and a very halo of glory lit up the eyes. And were those my eyes? Yes, I was a wonder to myself; and then I remembered that He had said, "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." I now learned with joy that I was being prepared for His presence and should soon "gaze on the form that redeemed me" Taking out a casket which had long been sealed, my attendants took from it a beautiful studded coronet of gold and pearls, which they told me had been kept prepared for me for some time past. They carefully counted the pearls and looked happily to each other and said, "Nine.' This I did not understand, and I said, "Why nine?" I then learned that nine was the number of souls I had won for my Lord, and that I was to be reminded of this as long as eternity should last. I had won nine souls for the kingdom. A thrill of satisfaction was the joyful result, for

there can "be no sorrow there." I wished it might have been a larger number, but gratitude overcame desire.

Now I was to see the King and I walked out with my two loving attendants to see His face. My heart quivered with delight, a holy eagerness seized every nerve of my frame, it even shook with emotion. I was now to realize the very highest desire of my whole existence. I might now see *Him.* Nor was I disappointed. He was looking for me, and the same eager expression rested on His glorious brow, that I felt possessed my own. I could restrain myself no longer, I fell at His feet and kissed them, weeping tears of joy. I plucked the crown from my brow and placed it at His feet and felt my soul would be eternally satisfied to remain there, so near to the footstool of Him who had died for me. Never was the memory of Calvary so vivid as now; never did my soul feel its own unworthiness more, never had I had such ecstatic joy. And it was *to last for ever.* Lifting me to my feet He kissed me lovingly and wiped away my tears, for I still remembered the words, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Music now, sweet, soft, still as the evening shades, stole over my heart and I sang,—no old-time melody but a new song—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing." The angel choir hearing my voice, at first listened with rapt attention, but soon joined in the heavenly harmony. Not loud and harsh and discordant, but sweet as the sough of the summer breeze; at first but a few joined in the anthem, then gradually it swelled in volume, spreading wider and wider and growing deeper and deeper till the grand "Amen," of united heaven blent with the feeble tenor of my own voice.

O. G. L.

LUKE XIII. 9.

Too quickly speeding time has past
Since we two sat together, love,
And heard the words on New Year's last
That turned our hearts to things above.

"Lord, let it stand yet this year more,
If it bear fruit—well: and if not,
The tree that now makes thy heart sore,
Shall be cut down."

And such the lot
Of men may be, whom God has spared
This year, but still no fruits can show!
And should our lives to view be bared,
Would fruits 'mong leaves be found to grow?
Thank-offerings have been ours to give
To God. What blessings he has poured
Upon our heads! But do we live
The lives that prove Him our Adored?

LEONARD THERRIEN.

THE PHARISAICAL SPIRIT.

There never was a good work undertaken in this world without drawing to the scene a set of murmurers and cavillers. If something is done for the benefit of humanity and the glory of God there is always some one to object, and very frequently those who are the objectors ought to be the helpers of the cause which they hinder. Let it be no discouragement to any one if somebody doesn't fall into line when that one is persevering in a good work. The Son of Man was upon the earth that he might be the channel of God's grace to men, and yet the Scribes and Pharisees, blind to his claims, blind to his character and

blind to his mission, murmured when he forgave sinners and cavilled because, on the Sabbath day he lifted mens' heavy burdens and undid the wounding chain of disease, thus leading the way to true rest of which the Sabbath was but a type. Right and sincere criticism is always valuable, for it removes the dross and leaves nothing but the pure gold. Difference of opinion on many things is quite natural and consequently quite proper, but the common objectors, disputers and carping critics are, for the most part, only a nuisance. There are a great many people very like the good brother who desired to become an elder in the church. He was asked if he could lead the people in prayer. He replied that he could not. Then he was asked if he could exhort or instruct the people. Again he promptly replied that he couldn't. Well! what can you do? He said, "I can object." To object sometimes is to turn a stone that is better turned, but the action of those, who leave their proper sphere to find fault and criticize, generally proceeds from a supreme love of preëminence and an astounding indifference to the importance of others. The Pharisees were noted for their indolence, hypocrisy and formality. The One they persecuted most was noted for his toil and self-sacrifice for others. That is generally the way. The Pharisaical spirit is not extinct in the world. We have the superfine lady, with culture and polish, priding herself upon her religious attainments, who will draw in her robes from the sinners, scout the idea of their betterment and elevation and disclaim all connection with those who raise the fallen. We have religious teachers whose velvet mouths can't use language that will reach the ignorant and sinful: and so they hinder those whom they ought to help. We have many people in the church and in the world who never do anything but busy themselves picking holes in the coats of those who are diligently employed in service for men.

W. Pocock.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

I SHOULD have stated in my sketch of Susan Moulton McMaster, in the January number of the MONTHLY, that Mrs. McMaster's interest in our educational work has embraced Woodstock College as well as the other departments connected with the University. She assisted me by a subscription of $500 towards the erection of the New Hall at Woodstock, in 1886. On the 22nd of October, of the same year, she publicly laid the corner stone of that building, saying, as she did so, "We lay this stone to the praise and glory of Jehovah—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Here may the principles of Christian education be exemplified with ever-increasing completeness. From age to age may there go forth from this College those whose earnest lives shall ennoble every department of human activity, and hasten the triumph of the Kingdom of Christ in all the earth." The silver trowel used was fittingly inscribed, and presented to Mrs. McMaster, by whom it is preserved as a souvenir. When the stone was declared to be well and truly laid, Mrs. McMaster informed all of the workmen employed on the building that while she could not comply with the common custom of "wetting the stone," she wished to present each of them with a "Sunday hat." The announcement was received with much applause, not only by the workmen but by the large assemblage present. I may add, also, by way of correction, that the name of the Homestead in the sketch referred to is properly spelled Rathnelly, rather than Rathnally. T. H. R.

AT the end of the Place Verte, Antwerp, amid a crowd of little shops and mean dwellings, rises far into the heavens the beatiful spire of the Cathedral, unharmed to this day, despite all the wars and sieges from which the city has so severely suffered. From this spire of "Mechlin lace" in stone, the carillon of sixty bells chimes out its aerial music, far off and nigh; while the melodious tones of the great Carolus which throbs so near, sweep these skyey echoes and accompaniments within its overwhelming current, bearing the soul of the rapt listener forward on one volume of inspiring harmony. These bells echoed in our memory as we read the Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley, by Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of the University of Kings College, Nova Scotia, and published in a tasteful volume by the Williamson Bros. Company, Toronto. It is, indeed, sweet and large music falling from the lofty and ancient Campanile of song—as beautiful and joyous to-day as of old, despite all inroads attempted on its

environment,—over the marts and homes of our own men and women, who are, no doubt, for the most, wondering what poetry has to do with this commercial Canadian life of ours. The Ode is of thirty-one stanzas, rich in charming echoes of the Idyls of far off Bion and Moschus in its introduction, and of the nearer Lycidas and Adonais in the body of the Ode, and throbbing with the spacious thought and swelling music peculiar in accent, stress and rounded strength to the Muse of Mr. Roberts,—a flowing tide of the purest Canadian song, uplifting to the spirit of everyone who feels the impulse of its moving flood. Notwithstanding the wide range and variety of the poem, its blending of the old and the new, the familiar and the unknown, its unity is complete, and its art without a flaw. The opening stanzas are descriptive of the marshes of Tantramar and the tides of the Bay of Fundy, and this is the deft use to which the singularly beautiful introduction is put :

IX.

" And now, O tranquil marshes, in your vast
Serenity of vision and of dream,
Wherethrough by every intricate vein have passed,
With joy impetuous and pain supreme,
The sharp fierce tides that chafe the shores of earth,
In endless and controlless ebb and flow,
Strangely akin you seem, to him whose birth,
One hundred years ago,
With fiery succor to the ranks of song,
Defied the ancient gates of wrath and wrong.

X.

" Like yours, O marshes, his compassionate breast,
Wherein abode all dreams of love and peace,
Was tortured with perpetual unrest.
Now loud with flood, now languid with release,
Now poignant with the lonely ebb, the strife
Of tides from the salt sea of human pain,
That hiss along the perilous coasts of life,
Beat in his eager brain ;
But all about the tumult of his heart,
Stretched the great calm of his celestial art."

The heart of Shelley beats in this splendid Ode, and his wild philosophy is turned to fine poetic use. His strange, yet explicable, life is touched upon from childhood to its whelming in Spezzia's Bay, and the burning of his body ; while the references to his poems are numerous and of surpassing beauty. The monody, which will take its place in English literature, closes with a returning reference to the " sovereign vasts of Tantramar," and the " wizard flood " of Fundy's

tides. We trust Mr. Roberts will give to the public a new and complete edition of his poems. His first volume is out of print.

THOSE who were fortunate enough to hear Dr. Gordon's lectures and sermons and addresses, a few weeke ago, can not but feel deeply grateful to Pastor Harris, of the Walmer Road Baptist Church, for making it possible for them to have this great privilege.

It will be admitted by all who have listened to Dr. Gordon's sermons, lectures, and addresses, that he is a man of extraordinary power. Many Christians in Toronto are frank enough to admit that their spiritual life has been quickened and deepened by his recent utterances. It is but natural, therefore, for one to inquire to what source can be traced this marvellous influence. Is it to any extraordinary richness and copiousness of diction? No, for many speakers there are who, although possessing, to a large degree, the divine gift of ready utterance, fail, nevertheless, in leaving a permanent impression upon the minds of their hearers.

Again, it is not to sparkling wit, not to brilliant illustrations, not to skillfully arranged and elaborately finished periods, not to any of these sources must be attributed the secret of his power.

What then is the secret? The answer will occur to all. Dr. A. J. Gordon makes you feel that he depends solely for inspiration and power on the living presence and power of the Holy Ghost. You are made to feel that here is a man whose thoughts and utterances are swayed by the Divine Spirit. The Holy Ghost is to him not an abstraction, not an idea, but a living personality.

His prayers, his sermons, his addresses, all serve to remind you that he is a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

An apostle once wrote to the Corinthian Christians "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Could there be any gift for which all Christians in all the walks of life should more earnestly strive than to be filled with the Holy Ghost—for the purpose of unselfish service in the Master's vineyard?

It was when Peter received this pentecostal blessing that he was given the privilege of preaching a sermon that melted the hearts and changed the lives of 3000 hardened and stiff-necked Israelites.

God is no respecter of persons, nor of vocations. What He bestowed upon Peter, and Paul, He is waiting to bestow upon every soul who is absolutely willing and ready to let the Holy Ghost have His way with him. This is the secret of power. That it may be possessed by all who read these lines is the prayer of the writer.

P. S. C.

Professor Dr. Philip Schaff is probably the most distinguished living theologian. His services to the cause of Christian literature have been, during the past fifty years, vastly greater than those of any other man. He is to be congratulated on the completion of fifty years of theological teaching. His work in teaching had its beginning in the University of Berlin. He soon removed to the United States to accept a position in the Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. For many years he has been professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Last summer, for the first time, this prodigious worker was warned by a paralytic stroke that his literary and educational activity was approaching its close. He has recovered in a measure, we are happy to know, and is still able to do some work. It is earnestly to be desired that he may be spared to complete at least one more volume of his Church History. He has just issued Vol. VII. which covers the Swiss Reformation and is devoted largely to Calvin, his associates and his opponents. It is, in the writer's opinion, the most interesting and the most valuable of the series. It may be said almost to supersede all earlier works on the great Genavan Reformer and everything pertaining to the Swiss Reformation. Vol. V. covering the later Middle Ages (1073-1517) is in an advanced state of preparation, and will no doubt be published within a year or two.

The completion of his fifty years of teaching, and the affliction he has suffered, have been the occasion of a multitude of public encomiums. The University of Berlin has sent him a highly appreciative address. The governing body of Union Theological Seminary has shown its high esteem in an emphatic way. The American Society of Church History, of which he was the founder, and of which from the beginning he has been president, has giving fitting expression to its appreciation and esteem of the chief Church Historian of the English-speaking world. Long may he live to enjoy the honors that have been thrust upon him, and to carry forward the work in which he is *facile princeps*.

Chancellor Rand has received an invitation from Hon. W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, to attend the Educational Congress in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition and to accept a place on the list of Honorary Vice-Presidents.

We hope to have another of Mrs. Rand's articles on the National Gallery for our next number. The numbers already published have been highly appreciated.

Mr. McKay's Founder's Day address will appear in our next issue.

EXCHANGES.

B. W. N. Grigg, Ed.

Johns Hopkins' Gym.—We learn through an exchange that a condition of graduation at the above university is the successful passing of an examination in gymnastics.

A World's Fair Boat Race.—A great many colleges so situated as to be able to indulge in aquatic sports, are moving for a grand international boat race at the Columbian Exhibition.

Jonah will Survive.—The *Athenaeum* shows, in an editorial, that in spite of the upgrowth of the Chicago and the Leland Stanford Universities, the smaller colleges are enjoying a more liberal patronage than ever.

Bible Studies.—Rev. Chancellor Burwash, LL.D., is writing a very helpful series of articles for the *Canadian Methodist Quarterly* on Bible Study. The January issue contains a masterly analysis of the Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Haggai and Zachariah.

Agnostic Tendencies again!

"The professors are wrong," said the student at college,
"In giving me marks that are low;
For, with Huxley, I think the height of all knowledge
Is in the three words, 'I don't know.'"—*Trinity Tablet.*

The yell of the theologues of DePauw University is novel, to say the least. It runs as follows:

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
The gospel does away with the law,
We're the boys of old DePauw,
A greater school none ever saw! Amen. —*Ex.*

Hiawatha up to Date:

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
And in ninety days returning,
A divorcelet he brought with him.
To his wife he gave the ha-ha,
Sent her back unto her mama,
In the outskirts of Chicago.—*Echo Exchanges.*

Pathetic Reflections on the Menu.—In a touching ode contained in the *Queen's College Journal*, an Ottawa boarding school student commiserates his meagre diet in the following among other lines as harrowing:

Backward, turn backward, for weary I am,
Give me a whack at my grandmother's jam;
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed;
Let me but once have an old-fashioned pie,
Then I'd be willing to curl up and die.
I have been eating iron-filings for years,
Is it a wonder I'm melting in tears?

OVERLORD.

Lord of the grass and hill,
  Lord of the rain,
While overlord of will,
  Master of pain,

I, who am dust and air,
  Blown through the halls of death
Like a pale ghost of prayer,
  I am thy breath.

Lord of the blade and leaf,
  Lord of the gloom,
Sheer overload of grief,
  Master of doom,

Lonely as winds or snow,
  Through the vague world and dim,
Vagrant and glad I go:
  I am thy whim.

Lord of the storm and lull,
  Lord of the sea,
I am thy broken gull
  Blown out alee.

Lord of the harvest due,
  Lord of the dawn,
Star of the paling blue
  Darkling and gone,

Lost on the mountain height
  Where the first winds are stirred,
Out of the wells of night
  I am thy word.

Lord of the haunted bush
  Where raptures throng,
I am thy hermit thrush
  Ending no song.

Lord of the frost and cold.
  Lord of the North,
When the red sun grows old
  And the day goes forth,

I shall put off this girth
  Go glad and free,
Earth to my mother earth,
  Spirit to thee.

Bliss Carman.

Fredrickton University College.

HERE AND THERE.

J. B. Warnicker, Ed.

Last month street car horses were sold in Montreal for $15 each.

A Presbyterian College with an endowment of $200,000, is to be established in Salt Lake City.

The Freshman class at Yale numbers 507; at Harvard, 409; at Princeton, 302.

Harvard is 225 years old, and has graduated 18,000 students. She has at present 82 professors, 28 assistant professors, and 100 instructors.—*Ex.*

"Young man," said a professor, as he stepped into the hall and caught a frisky Fresh by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," was the quick reply.—*Ex.*

One of the pleasant sights in Montreal during vacation was Mr. Bengough, ex-editor of *Grip*. His perennial stream of wit and geniality cannot be frozen even by Montreal's "40 below." He is fast gaining the reputation there which he deserves.

Don't be a sponger. If you want to get the College news, do not borrow the Monthly from some other fellow, but manfully support the magazine of your College, and thus show your interest in student enterprise.

Walmer Road Church continues in its prosperity. The large building is already well filled, and the quiet revival is unabated. What an energetic church it is! Mr. Harris has the rare faculty of enlisting every one in his purposes. He makes everything he does tell for Christ and Walmer Road Church.

We are exceedingly sorry to hear of the affliction which has lately fallen upon the Rev. Messrs. Grant and Parker. Mr. Grant's boy has had the misfortune to injure a leg; while Mrs. Parker's illness has necessitated a temporary removal from home. We bespeak the sympathy in their behalf which they need in this trying time.

Dr. Newman's article on Luther, in our January number, has interested many readers, from all sides we have heard kind remarks expressed about it. We do not like to call attention to our own articles, but we feel assured that it will repay the time spent upon it. This view of the Reformation and Luther is a view that Baptists ought to know something about.

Democratic Government in the Colleges.—The recent

discussion in this university in reference to democratic government makes it appropriate to direct the attention of the undergraduates to a recent "open letter" in the *Century*, in which the method is championed. We cull the following from the letter, as quoted in the university monthly: "Several years ago Amherst College introduced a similar system into the government of its students. It is based upon the principle that a man admitted to the college 'is received as a gentleman, and, as such, is trusted to conduct himself in truthfulness and uprightness, in kindness and respect, in diligence and sobriety, in obedience to law and maintenance of order, and regard for Christian institutions as becomes a member of a Christian college. The privileges of a college are granted only to those who are believed to be worthy of this trust, and are forfeited whenever this trust is falsified.' This principle, so admirably conceived, resulted in granting to the students greater liberties than they had before enjoyed, and also allowed them to elect a representative body who should consult about such matters as the president might bring before it.'"

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

The Quartette and Mr. Grigg gave an entertainment at Toronto Junction on the 13th inst.

The Rev. Mr. Millard again is seen in our halls; he expects to graduate in '94.

A very neat and useful "McMaster Calendar," containing a time-table for lectures, etc., has been presented to every student.

We are glad to see attending lectures again Miss Bertha Johnson, who has returned with restored health to complete her final year at Moulton.

Mr. Thorold canvassed for the Monthly in Montreal during the Christmas vacation, and met with great success. Our Montreal list is now a large one.

Mr. Ernest Norman has captured the hearts of the brethren at Grande Ligne, by the interest he has exhibited in the work of the college, and by his ability as a classical teacher. He looks hearty and strong, notwithstanding his forty classes per week.

Mr. Edwin Seldon arrived safely in Denver, Col., and was heartily greeted by those to whom he had letters of introduction. Under the exhilarating air of the South he is steadily improving in general health, and expects shortly to take up a charge.

PROF.—"Now, do you not see that when I look through a stereoscope, at a slide, one-half of which is blue and the other half yellow, I see only green? Can you tell me where the green is?"

STUDENT (Timidly)—"Is it in the eye, Professor?"

THE Ladies Modern Language Club has been holding frequent and enthusiastic meetings of late. Some of the members are developing latent talent in the art of *impromptu* debating, which should completely convert the sceptics who claim that a woman cannot argue in a calm and logical manner.

We were called upon this month to bid good-bye to another student. This time it was Mr. Hatt, one of the most promising students of our Second Year Arts. Mr. Hatt has won the love and esteem of all the students, and we shall miss his genial presence from our midst. He has gone home for a few months rest on account of ill health. We wish him every blessing and hope to see him back at McMaster next Fall hale and hearty.

ON January 9th, a special meeting of the Second Year Arts was called to discuss the advisability of class organization. Mr. Langford was elected chairman. After several students had stated their views on the subject it was evident that the class was unanimously in favor of immediate organization. McMaster '95 was then organized under the following officers:—Mr. D. Nimmo, President; Mr. F. Eby, Vice-President; Mr. G. H. Clarke, Secretary-Treasurer. Throughout the entire meeting a spirit of class feeling was manifested. There is no doubt but that under the direction of these officers it will be fostered.

IN consideration of the late unavoidable waste of cold weather (speaking from a dog-day standpoint), we are led to suggest that it might be a new and noble field of research for some of our rising young scientists to devote their energies to the problem of discovering some simple domestic method by which frigidity may be sealed up for future use. Think only, how it would add to the comfort of perspiring humanity on a torrid summer day, to be able to step down cellar and bring up a bottle of "below zero weather," which on being cautiously uncorked would spread its delicious coolness on the parched air. The annual demand for ice-cream, sea-side trips, etc., would thus be largely diminished.

The Literary and Theological Society held its first meeting of the new year in the chapel on the evening of Jan. 6th. With president Grigg at the head, the society had a very prosperous and successful course last term. The programmes were always interesting, the meetings always lively, the debates keen, the literary work of high character, and the whole society work of such a nature as could not fail to foster and develop the literary tastes and abilities of all who attended the meetings. The excellence of last term's work probably cannot be sur-

passed, but with the newly elected management the society cannot be otherwise than eminently successful and popular. The society's success depends in large measure upon the president, and for president we have genial, energetic, enthusiastic J B. Warnicker. With J. B.'s popularity, ability, and energy the society must prosper. Then for vice-president we have Mr. H. P. Whidden, B.A. Mr. Whidden is a worthy supporter of our noble president. To the position of secretary Mr. H. S. Stillwell was appointed. He will inscribe the proceedings of our society for the edification and delectation, etc. of posterity, and will do it well. Messrs. H. H. Newman and S. R. Tarr were elected editors of the "*Student.*" Their journalistic abilities ensure a paper both profitable and brilliant. For councillors Messrs. J. B. Paterson and G. H. Clarke were chosen. Wise heads have they, and we doubt not they will counsel wisely and well. With such a president and vice-president, with such supporters as they have, with the hearty and enthusiastic co-operation of the students, the society of this term will be pre-eminently pleasing, beneficial and instructive.

As our University progresses year by year we have to note with gladness the recurrence of our annual exercises. These exercises have, for many years, constituted a most pleasing feature in connection with McMaster Hall. Only twice, however, as yet, have we had the pleasure of holding these exercises as a University proper. Somewhat over a year ago a special time was set apart for the annual holding of these exercises, and was termed Founder's Day in honor of him whose name we bear as McMaster University. On December 20th of the year just past, were held the second annual exercises of Founder's Day. Again the Baptist public were welcomed to spend an evening in their own institution and receive entertainment from their own students. We are glad to see that so many esteem it a privilege. After a few words of welcome by Chancellor Rand, and a practical and instructive address on "Education" by W. J. McKay, the friends, in mutual agreement, descended to our dining hall where they were bountifully provided with the good things of this life. Summoned up again in due time by the clamorous tones of a loud sounding bell, all returned to the main room which was plainly but tastefully decorated. Here they listened to an interesting and varied programme rendered by students from the various departments of the University, Mr. Grigg, President of the Literary Society, presiding. The most noticeable and interesting feature of the evening was the excellent social and friendly feeling manifested by all towards all. This, of itself, would be ample reason that all friends of the institution should spend the evening of each Founder's Day in visiting the University and forming acquaintances.

Our Christmas Dinner.—Our Christmas dinner this year, as usual, was in every way a grand success. The speakers were spicy and entertaining, and the excellent banquet was enjoyed by all. Mr. A. W. Stone, our worthy High Kakiac, as chairman, fulfilled his duties in a most efficient manner, and in a very happy way introduced the speakers of the evening. The first toast was proposed by A. W. Stone "To our

Queen." His usual powerful imagery was not wanting on this auspicious occasion. His words of loyalty to our "Queen and Country" found a warm response in the heart of each one present. After drinking to "Her Majesty's health," we sang a verse of "God save our Noble Queen." The toast "To our Chancellor," was proposed by B. W. N. Grigg. He referred to his life sketch recently given in the MONTHLY. Bearing as he did the burdens of Antonio, he hoped he would do it with the grace of Gratiano. He has already gathered in from the harvest with his sickle many sheaves that have been useful in our denomination; and although the balmy breezes of summer have changed into the more sensuous winds of autumn, yet he hoped that they would bring to him many rich argosies of blessing, both for himself and the denomination at large. Chancellor Rand in reply spoke very enthusiastically of McMaster University and its possibilities, and his words found a warm reception in the hearts of all present. "To McMaster University," proposed by Professor M. S. Clark, seconded by Wm. McMaster. Prof. Clark spoke of McMaster's advantages for a good, liberal education. The seconder stated that McMaster University gloried not in her name but in her principles of education. "To our new Professors," proposed by C. J. Cameron, responded to by Professors Foster and Keys. Mr. Cameron gave them a hearty welcome. He eulogized in fitting terms their abilities as professors and their characters as gentlemen and Christian brethren. In response, they both spoke of the warm reception and Christian sympathy they had experienced both from the boys and professors since they had come to McMaster University. The toast to "Other Universities," was proposed by Dr. Welton, responded to by Messrs. Whidden, formerly of Acadia, N.S., McFaul, of Grande Ligne, and Geo. Porter, of Toronto University. "To our Literary Society," proposed by R. Trotter, responded to by T. Doolittle. The proposer spoke in very complimenrary terms of "Dakota Ben" and his marked success as President of the Society. Mr. Doolittle, as a member of the Executive Committee, expressed his gratification at the success of the society's work, and thanked the boys for their hearty co-operation and sympathy. "To the Freshmen," proposed by Mr. Thorold, in which he welcomed the new students and spoke of their enlivening influence about the university. Messrs. Porter and Sycamore responded heartily. It was then the pleasing duty of A. Kennedy to propose a toast to our Steward and Matron, Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard, seconded by J. R. Creswell. It was praise in full measure, and they are both worthy of it, which was apparent from the prolonged applause given by the boys. After joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne" we separated, hoping to meet again next year with still further success. We have every confidence in our faculty and we feel that with such a staff as McMaster University has her success is assured.

Moulton College.

Who is Major's vocal teacher? That is the question of the day. His trills, shakes and runs are truly enough to make us envious. But though we duly admire his voice, yet we can't help wishing that his teacher will soon give him "a *fugue.*"

On returning after the Christmas holidays, the members of the class of '93 learned with much regret that, because of illness, two of their number, Miss Bertram and Miss Jones, would be unable to finish their course. They have the sincere sympathy of the class in their disappointment, and it is hoped that they will have fully recovered by next September, so as to join the class of '94.

On the evening of the 20th of January we Moultonites had one of our old-fashioned sleigh-rides. Tightly packed in two large sleighs and snugly wrapt in buffalo robes, we made the tour of the city, pausing once or twice at the homes of various old school-fellows, and passing the classic halls of our western ally. Despite the cold and tight packing, we enjoyed the fun. An oyster supper was provided after our ride; the girls who do not like oysters feasted sumptuously on crackers and cold water, and every one pronounced it a great success.

The opening meeting of the Heliconian was held a week ago last Friday evening. The first duty which confronted it was the appointment of a new president. Miss Mabel Jones, who was our president last term and had been re-elected for this year also, has been unable to resume her college course on account of ill-health. The society took much pleasure in appointing Miss Harris to the office, which we feel she will fill most acceptably. Miss G. Huston was elected secretary. The programme for the evening consisted of two very interesting essays on musical subjects, readings, and instrumental music. We feel that our society is growing, and, with its new staff of officers, will advance rapidly in interest and efficiency.

To-day I was peacefully meditating on things real and unreal, when suddenly a voice, sweet and persuasive, aroused me from my reverie—and looking up I beheld one of the McMaster Monthly Editorial staff. With the first word my heart sank and to my mind came the unspoken thought,—

"Oh why did I from that dream awake?"

To hear, "Will you write something for the McMaster Monthly?" Now anyone who has been a student at Moulton knows that every day is almost the same, and to hear about one day is to hear about them all. But now there is a slight diversion in the shape of a rink. At

present we can skate on only a part of it—but what a variety of grace has been exhibited even there. The contortions and fancy figures are truly works of art. I believe there are serious thoughts of removing that "sign-board" in the front of the College and putting in its place,—

SCHOOL FOR SKATERS.

PLAIN AND FANCY SKATING TAUGHT,

Graceful Tumbles a Specialty.

TERMS MODERATE.

Apply within.

TO A COMRADE IN MISERY.

I am fresh and you are green,
Both of which can well be seen.
Those H_2O's and CO_2's
Are Greek to us and give us blues,
While chlorophylls and protoplasms
Drive us to the verge of spasms.
I really think, if I should faint,
I'd rather go and be a saint,
Than be revived by H_2O—
That hated, loathed, despiséd foe.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE rink on the east lawn proved to be a pleasant place upon which to while away spare hours during the winter of 1891-92, and the question is now heard, "Are we to have a rink this winter?" A little more enthusiasm will have the desired result. May it be so soon.

THE Excelsior Society has also renewed its old-time vigor, and with its new and efficient staff of officers will doubtless do good work. This is the Society of the junior year, and furnishes adequate preparation for the Philomathic, the senior society. The officers of the Excelsior for this term are:—President, E. S. Grigg; Vice-President, J. T. Thompson; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Petherbridge; Marshal, D. Shaver; Editors *Maple Leaf*, W. Spidle and J. T. Jones; Critic, Mr. McKechnie.

The Philomathic Society has again been "gotten under way," and with the addition of a number of new members, promises to be successful. We are pleased to see the boys who are interested in higher literary attainments, joining its ranks. Visitors are always welcome and are promised an interesting and instructive evening's entertainment by the members. The officers for the ensuing term are :—President, J. W. Hoyt ; Vice-President, T. Scarlett ; Secretary, H. Lobb ; Critic, Mr. McCrimmon ; Marshal, C. P. Collins ; Editors of the *Oracle* : H. Grant and G. Williams.

Punctually, on Jan. 3rd, school opened. One feature connected with this term's opening was the presence of every master and his cheery words of welcome to each boy as he arrived. The number of new boys already here, with the report that more are coming, assures us of a successful term. Our number now equals that of last term, and there are still some of the old boys to return. Doubtless they are having pleasant times at home and wish to make as much as possible of the holiday season. If all have enjoyed themselves as well as those who, on account of their great distance from home, spent their vacation in Woodstock, we don't wonder at their desire.

At our annual games in Sept., 1892, it was decided not to give small prizes to the winner of each event, but badges, while a record would also be kept in the College library of each successful competition. It was also agreed that the one who made the greatest number of points should be considered the champion athlete of the school and should hold the championship cup. This is a beautiful article of solid silver, gold lined, and is said by the jewellers in town to be one of the handsomest they have seen. The cup is to be retained in the school and held by the champion of the school for the year. It is now held by G. Allan, who is justly proud of his well-earned trophy.

It has been the custom in past years to have an orchestra in Woodstock College. In past years they have proved a credit to the school, and in every way successful. During the last few weeks the question has been asked by the students, teachers, and townspeople : "Are you going to have an orchestra this year?" We can now answer "Yes," for one of twelve instruments has been organized—one which, we are certain, will prove in no way inferior to any of its predecessors. A great advantage which it possesses over all those of the past is that its members all play by note. The officers are : President, W. J. Pady; Leader, A. M. Overholt ; Secretary, J. Chapman ; and under these it is sure to give a good account of itself. One thing alone is to be guarded against, and that is accepting too many invitations to outside entertainments, which, we learn, are rapidly pouring in.

The annual "Open Meeting" of the literary societies was held Friday evening 16th Jan., and was pronounced by all a decided success. The only thing regretted by all was that there was no orchestra. The

meeting was well attended by prominent townsfolk. The following was the program rendered :

1. Chorus : . . . . . Glee Club.
2. Scene from "Tom Sawyer" : Messrs. Bovington, Scott, Wolverton, McBride, Cameron, Grant and others.
3. Club Swinging : . . . . . G. L. Allan.
4. Recitation : . . . . . F. B. Matthews.
5. "The Oracle," and "Maple Leaf" : Editors—Messrs. H. Lobb, A. J. Saunders, L. Thomas.

INTERMISSION.

6. Chorus : . . . . . Glee Club.
7. Recitation : . . . . . J. Jones.
8. Trial Scene from "Merchant of Venice" : Duke—W. R. Telford. Antonio—T. Scarlett. Shylock—G. H. Sneyd. Portia—A. M. Overholt. Bassanio—F. Packard. Gratiano—E. S Grigg and others.
9. Quartette : . . . . . Messrs. Topping, Hoyt, Spidle and Pady.
10. Instrumental Solo : . . . . . Mrs. McCrimmon.
11. Tableau : . . . . . Prince Charlie after the Battle of Culloden.

January 12th, 1893, is a day that will long be remembered by the people of Woodstock, and also by the students of Woodstock College. The Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley of Preston, visited the town that day. When he arrived at the G. T. R. station on the 1.03 train he was met by the most prominent citizens, and conducted to the new Court House, where a vast concourse awaited him. Here an address was read him by Mayor Douglass, to which the distinguished visitor replied in a few well-chosen words. He spoke of having twice made arrangements to visit Woodstock before, but unforeseen circumstances had at each time intervened. He was pleased with the loyalty expressed by all, and invited his hearers to come and shake hands with him, an invitation which was very generally accepted. From the Court House Lord Stanley went to inspect the various manufacturing establishments of the town, and some of the educational institutions. Among these latter was the College, which was the last place visited before he left the town. Although his stay was limited to but very few minutes, yet, he favored the students with some interesting remarks. He spoke of the past work of the College, and of the place it thus gave her in America. He praised the good system maintained here, and its consequent good effects on all thoroughly earnest students. Some words, especially, which will doubtless be remembered by all, had reference to studying. "To learn how to learn is the great problem of education." This was the maxim he gave us : Self-application was the key to success in every sphere of life. Each one present, he said, held his future in his own hands to make or to mar. Every career was open in Canada, and success depended largely upon personal efforts. In college the foundation was laid upon which everything else would be built, and so he charged the students to be sure of a firm foundation. He wished all success while they bade farewell, and took his departure. Students all joined in singing "God Save the Queen." In accordance with what he said was his usual custom, he asked for a half-holiday to be given in memory of this visit of the representative

of Her Majesty the Queen to the College. It was five o'clock when he took his leave, consequently the half-holiday must come some time in the future. One thing was regretted by all, namely, that he had not time to go through the buildings, but his visit was enjoyed, and his words appreciated by all. We trust, with him, that his next visit may be longer.

Grande Ligne.

Mr. Alfred Walford, photographer, of the former firm of Summerhayes & Walford, Montreal, has just presented the Institute with a fine India ink portrait of Mr. Roussy, framed in oak, silver-trimmed. It is the first time that his picture has been enlarged and it gives us solid pleasure to see it in the chapel, beside that of Madame Feller. Many sincere thanks, Mr. Walford, for this expression of interest in our work.

A few faces are missing from our numbers as school once more moves forward after the halt of ten days for rest and refreshment. New ones have come to fill their places, however, among whom we find Mr. Beaulieu, one of the Maskinongé converts, and Mr. Marcotte, of Quebec, converted from Catholicism through the agency of the Salvation Army, and recently become a Baptist through careful study of God's word.

During the last few weeks we have been without gas, and so have had to resort again to lamps. Our once brightly flickering gas burns only with a pale light, unless coaxed by the tin end of a pencil or gun-cap punched on all sides. The class-room is ornamented with chimneys and shining shades. Every evening is relieved by the bursting of a few chimneys, which breaks the silence of study, and everybody longs for gas minus gun-caps and pencil ends.

Our monthly temperance meeting, which took place on the 20th inst., was one of extraordinary interest. Every selection betokened careful preparation, while the programme was marked with life and ability throughout. Perhaps the most interesting item, to judge from the rapt attention of the students, were the tableaux vivants. Miss Piché, who had charge of the programme, is to be congratulated upon her very successful entertainment.

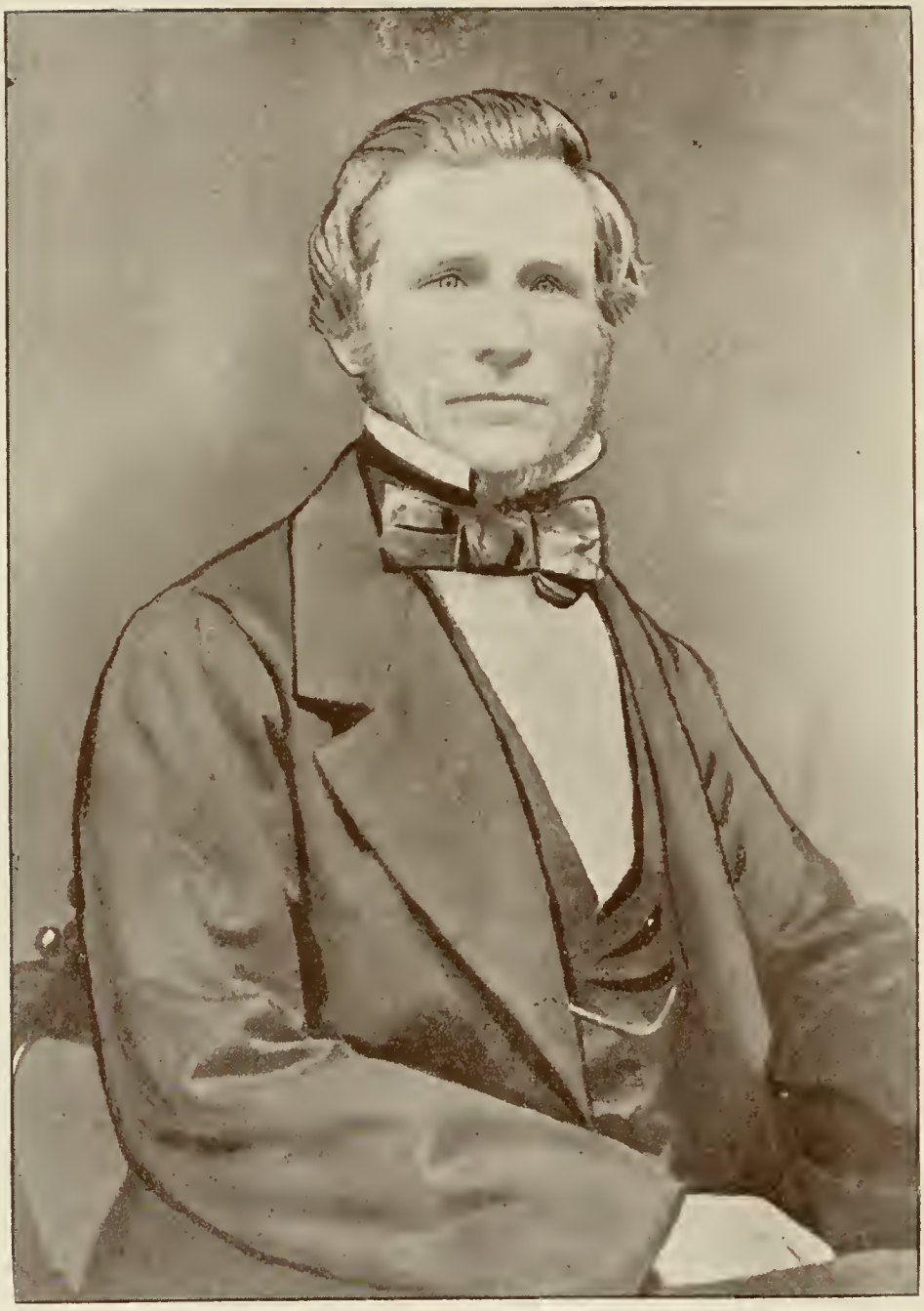
Another permanent scholarship, entitling the beneficiary to a full year's schooling at the Feller Institute, has been founded by George B. Muir, Esq., of Montreal. It is to bear the name of Francis Cramp Muir, the donor's late beloved and gifted wife. This is only one more proof of Mr. Muir's life-long interest in the Grande Ligne Mission work. It might not be out of place to mention here that the G. L. M. Society has just received an instalment of sixty dollars on a legacy of one thousand dollars left by a friend in Ontario.

We regret to state that Miss Elise Duval, who came to our school a few years ago as a day scholar, died on Sunday, Jan. 15th, aged 20 years. Two or three months ago she left her home and went to the United States, but came back on account of illness. She died a few weeks after her arrival. We are glad to be able to say that she was a child of the King. She is much regretted by all her family and those who knew her. Her brother, Mr. J. Duval, who is at present one of our students, has the sympathy of us all.

Vacation is generally supposed to be a time when everybody goes home and college halls are deserted. Such was not the case at Grande Ligne. Upwards of thirty-five students, with several of the teachers, remained here. Of course no one pretended to work. Games, taffy parties and impromptu concerts were the order of the day. Nobody was lonesome, for each seemed to feel it his duty to make the others happy. The extreme cold kept us indoors most of the time, though for a day or two the Richelieu river provided the boys with most excellent skating. School re-opened on Jan. 3rd, when we welcomed back our friends and our books for another term's hard work.

We were pleased during the past month to welcome as visitors Messrs. Ayer, Tester and Richards of Montreal; Mr. Busfield, of Bangor, Me., and Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Chicago. Coming, as they did, all together and in the midst of examinations, their visit was a pleasing diversion. They seemed to realize the burden that was upon our shoulders, and at once set to work to lighten it. At noon they assembled us in the chapel to see what a good looking lot of boys and girls we were, and to give us some kindly counsel. The supper hour again they turned into one of ceaseless jollity. Each seemed to vie with the other in telling stories or proposing conundrums. We could have enjoyed it for hours, but we were brought back to earth with a thud, and cold chills seized us as we thought of unprepared work and the morrow's examinations.

The Ice Harvest.—On Saturday morning, Jan. 7th, just before leaving the breakfast table, Professor Massé selected some of the old students for this work. No time was lost in gathering up the tools and hurrying down to the Richelieu river, where this great harvest was to be made. We were not there long before we had quite a few pieces of ice cut ready to draw out of the water, and when the men who were appointed for this purpose began their work, one of them fell in, as soon as they had a hole cleared large enough for him, and consequently was obliged to leave us. A short time afterwards another, while helping to load a team, let a piece of ice fall on his foot and bruised it quite badly, so that he also was obliged to leave. We still tarried at the work until it was finished. Then we gathered up the tools and started for Feller Institute, which seems to have been the most severe part of the day's work, for nearly all wore the marks of a frozen ear or chin for several days afterwards.



Daniel McPhail

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DANIEL McPHAIL.

Only eternity will reveal the results of a consecrated life. The personal achievements which attract observation are only a small part of what it effects. The agencies and influences it calls into operation, which in their embryo state we cannot see, are forces of greater and more extensive potency than was the man himself in his lifetime, and through them he still lives and works. Kingdoms and thrones may perish, monarchs, statesmen, and warriors, be forgotten, but the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. The names of God's consecrated warriors are written in heaven. A man like Daniel McPhail will not soon be forgotten on earth. To rescue such a memory from oblivion may be of some service to those contending on the battle field now. His life is an inspiration.

The late Rev. Daniel McPhail was a native of Glenlyon, Perthshire, Scotland. Like all true Scotchmen, like all true men of every nation, he retained through life a strong affection for the place and country of his birth. Though sufficiently cosmopolitan to preach the gospel successfully to people of all nationalities speaking the English tongue, he especially loved to preach it to his own countrymen, because as he said, he understood them best. His parents were godly people, and were among the first fruits gathered by the evangelists the Haldanes sent into the Highlands. Duncan McPhail, father of Daniel, brought his

family to Canada in 1820. His more than average natural talent had received some culture in the school of the Haldanes in Edinburgh. He taught school in Scotland, and when he came to this country engaged in the same occupation at Cote St. Paul, in the vicinity of Montreal. Not long did he continue that calling, God had another place and another work for him, which he indicated in his own time and way.

In 1817 and 1818 a few families of Mr. McPhail's countrymen crossed the Atlantic and settled in the rear of the township of Chatham, in the Province of Quebec. With an extensive country before them, the greater portion of which was unsettled, why of all others they should choose that unpromising place is not easily determined. Perhaps its resemblance to their native highlands influenced their choice. Also some of the land was free grant, and what was not could be purchased for very little, though for agricultural purposes dear at any price. It was, too, perhaps as far in the woods from settlement as they cared to go. In their new home were no schools for their children, nor means of grace, other than their Gaelic Bibles. Among them were godly people, who deplored more the destitution of gospel privileges than the hardships and poverty which were the common lot. They knew Duncan McPhail was at Cote St. Paul, and two of their number travelled fifty miles, no trifling journey at that time, to induce him if possible to resign his school and settle among them in Chatham. They wanted him not to teach school but to preach, as God would give him ability, the gospel of Christ. Remuneration for this service was not thought of, nor mentioned on either side. The state of the community made such a thing impossible, even had the people considered it a righteous duty, which they did not.

The visit of these brethren; their representation of the religious destitution in which the rising generation were growing up; the need and desire of the people for a preached gospel; the urgent persuasions of the men, were regarded by Mr. McPhail as the voice of God calling him to a new service. Though it was relinquishing ease and comfort for himself and family, at what he believed the bidding of duty, he resigned his school and took his household to Chatham. He purchased land with more rock on its surface than it had soil to till: more fertile of interest

to the geologist than of profit to the farmer ; a place in which Hugh Miller would have found as much scope for his inquiries into the buried past, as he did in some of the Scotch quarries, and the mountains that shut in the highland glens. There in the woods, among the hills and rocks, young Daniel McPhail grew from childhood to manhood. His opportunities of education were exceedingly meagre. The schools of the time were a miserable apology for schools, attendance on which was little better than waste of time. Yet in his father's ability to teach him more than the common schools pretended to teach, young McPhail had the advantage of other young people of the place, an advantage to a great extent offset by the fact that from the time his labors could contribute to the family support, he had scant leisure for the pursuit of knowledge.

At about the age of sixteen years Daniel was converted, baptized, and became a member of the little church formed in 1826. His own mental structure, his peculiarities of temperament, and the character of the religious teaching under which he had grown up, made it certain that the transition from darkness to light would in his case be no short and easy conflict. Nor was it. His apprehension of sin as an evil, its enormity as committed against the author of our being ; the majesty, holiness, and sovereignty of God, and his uncompromising, inflexible justice, filled him with dismay. Before he saw the divinely open way from the dominion and consequences of sin, and the awful curse of a violated law he could and did use as descriptive of, and applicable to, his own case, the words of the Psalmist— "The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of hell gat hold upon me ; I found trouble and sorrow." The birth throes of that new life in his own soul, colored and impressed themselves on his subsequent ministry. But when deliverance came through the blood of Jesus, it was clear and indisputable. The great barrier between God and him was gone. Instead of a God seated above him in lofty remoteness, regarding him only as a rebel against his government to be punished, and of whom every attribute was a terror, he saw the loving Father who had reconciled him to himself by Jesus Christ. He could now tell his young friends, that while God was righteous he was also gracious, that in boundless mercy he had saved him, and was ready and will-

ing to save them, if they were ready and willing to be saved. The general tone of his ministry, and the deep and awful truths of the Bible on which he expatiated, especially when addressing the unsaved, bore testimony to the terrible struggle through which he had passed. He was firmly persuaded that only a deep sense of sin, not only as injury and loss to the sinner himself, but an unspeakable evil before and against God, is a necessity to accepting the Saviour.

An occurrence some time after his conversion, indicates the assurance the boy had obtained of a personal interest in the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. He was going on horseback from his home to La Chute. As he rode along pondering the riches of the grace that saved him, the horse suddenly sprang to one side of the road. He fell off and one foot stuck in the stirrup of the saddle. The frightened animal dragged him along the hard ground. It was a position of peril which has terminated not a few lives. He thought his end had come, and cried, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth." But the end was not yet. His foot drew out of the stirrup, and though bruised he was not seriously hurt. Years afterward relating the event to a friend, he said he was perfectly collected at the time, there was no fear in his mind, it seemed as if stepping over the threshold of Heaven into the presence of God.

Duncan McPhail, who had led the devotions of the people from 1821, was stricken down by disease in 1829, and though he lived until 1832, was unable to officiate. His illness was a great sorrow and loss, not only to his family, but also to the little church he had been the means of forming, and to which quite a number of additions had been made through his ministry. Who would take his place was a question many asked, but none could answer. His son Daniel, then a youth of nineteen or twenty years of age, a timid retiring youth, distrustful of his own abilities, destitute of the forward boldness, self-confidence, and self-assertion of many aspirants to the ministry, grasped the standard which had fallen from the nerveless hand of his dying father, and though with much fear and trembling, began gradually to fill his father's place. From 1830 to 1835, though the labor of his hands had to furnish a large share of the family

support, he kept in operation a Sabbath school of over forty scholars, and led the public worship of the community. Through his efforts the little church was kept together and built up in the truth, while at the same time he prayed and labored for the salvation of the unsaved. The obstacles which stood in the way of success few veterans would care to face, or attempt to overcome, and might well be considered insurmountable, and paralyze the energies of a raw recruit. Certain animosities among the people prevented unity of feeling and action in Christian work. Human nature, however diversified in its development by race and nation, is at bottom every where the same. One peculiarity of Highland human nature is that a serious offence is not soon forgotten. The fray is not only carried from door to door, and from glen to glen, but too often from generation to generation. Feelings and feuds which should have been left in Scotland, took passage with some of the families across the wide Atlantic, and settled down with them in Chatham. In religious things they cursed the community for many years, and held back the work of Divine grace. Despite the discouragement these things threw over the spirit of young Mr. McPhail, he held on his way, and to the best of his ability did his work. The evil found itself ultimately overcome by a persistency stronger than its own.

The spiritual condition of the young people of the settlement gave Mr. McPhail much anxiety. In morality, they far excelled young people in most other parts of the country. But he well knew morality however faultless could not save them, and could furnish no assured resistance to the allurements of sin. The greater number of them had never seen a regularly ordained Baptist minister. They knew there were Baptists in Breadalbane and Clarence, but did not know there were any elsewhere in the country. In the seclusion of their own little settlement, they were ignorant of what was going forward in the outside world. Science had not yet taught the electric current to flash over the land and under the sea the occurrences of distant places. No newspaper, daily or weekly, carried tidings to the obscure neighborhood. Like the people of Laish invaded by the Danites, the Chathamites lived by themselves quiet and secure, and had little business with others. Hills and

rocks shut them in. Mr. McPhail's concern for their salvation might be termed agony. His mother observed that he often went out evenings not saying where. This became so frequent that not only curiosity, but anxiety wanted to know where. The mother would make sure of where her boy was, in what company, what doing. Were all mothers like her the world would soon see a higher style of men. She did not give voice to her thoughts, but determined to watch his movements and learn for herself. One evening when he went out she noted the direction. He did not take the road leading through the settlement, but went toward the rear of the farm. In a little time she cautiously followed. Nearing a rock at considerable distance from the house, she heard a pleading voice, broken by the emotions it was struggling to express. It was the voice of her Daniel, pouring into the ear of God the agony of his soul for the salvation of the young people. God heard, though the answer was delayed for some time. It tarried, he waited for it not in vain.

In 1834 the late Rev. John Gilmour, then pastor of the Baptist church, Montreal, preached the word a few days in the village of St. Andrews. Mr. McPhail's home was twelve miles distant, but he sought an interview with Mr. Gilmour, to induce him if possible to visit Chatham. Mr. Gilmour inquired about the church, its position and prospects, but could not go at that time. He could only promise that as soon as duties at home would allow, he would give a few days to preaching the gospel, to the people about whom he saw Mr. McPhail so anxious. That visit was earnestly, anxiously, prayerfully waited for. In January, 1835, Mr. Gilmour wrote he would be in Chatham that month. He came and along with him the Rev. William Fraser, of Breadalbane. Mr. Gilmour preached the first sermon from the words, "For as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children." Meetings were held daily, people flocked to hear, but the hardness gave no visible indications of a break. Mr. McPhail and some other members of the church were in distress. What if this time to which they had looked forward, should pass without the blessing for which they had waited and prayed? What if the people would only become more hard and impenitent, under the appointed means to soften and save? They began

to fear that they had put too much confidence in an arm of flesh, depended too much on ministers, and too little on God. One evening after the public meeting, Mr. McPhail and a few others, continued till daylight the next morning in prayer. They were too much in earnest to notice the lapse of the hours. But before they parted, God had given in their hearts the assurance of what they sought. That day was a Pentecost. The Holy Spirit came down in great power. The dry bones in the valley of death came together, and God breathed into them life. A large number were brought into the church. The roots of bitterness that sprung up and had defiled many were rooted out, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost, the church was edified and increased.

While young McPhail was praying and striving for the salvation of the people of Chatham, his mind was very much exercised about his future course. He longed to make preaching the gospel the chief business of his life, but feared to run unsent. He wanted to make sure of the ordination of God to this work, and he rigidly explored his inward being, lest any selfish unworthy motive, should bias his decision. He prayed much about it, but his position made decision difficult. At times, the impression that God had set him apart for this was strong, and the fervent desire for the work, his longing for the salvation of the lost, and the success of his humble efforts in the past, led to the conclusion that the ministry was his duty. On the other hand, when he considered the utter lack of means of education, that in his case the years were fast passing when the necessary studies could be profitably prosecuted, that his widowed mother was left in poverty, with a large family of which he was the eldest, and his labor indispensable to the family support, all this jostled rudely against his conclusion, and threw him back into the old uncertainty. Tossed between Charybdis and Scylla, he feared being dashed against the one rock or the other, and the only thing left was to wait and leave God in his own time and way to work out His will concerning him.

God, who knows where to lay his hand on proper agents to carry out his purposes, was opening the way, though the young man knew it not. While inclining the heart of Mr. McPhail in Chatham to this particular service, he was putting it into the

heart of another child of his grace twelve miles distant, to remove his difficulties. He had chosen the one to preach his gospel, he had called upon the other, to whom he had given the means, to help in the needed human preparation. Guy Richards of St. Andrews, a wealthy merchant, a godly man, a Presbyterian, saw that the great need of the country was a devoted, consecrated, evangelical ministry. A few ministers there were at distant points, but some of them only usurped, profaned, disgraced the sacred office. The great majority of the people were deceived by the unintelligible mummeries and superstitions of popery. The Protestantism of the time was in most places wrapt in the cerements of a dead formalism Mr. Richards had heard of the piety and Christian activity of young McPhail, especially in connection with the late revival. He knew him by sight, but determined to seek a nearer acquaintance. He would find out if possible what was in him, to what he looked forward, and his plans for life if he had any. When Daniel one day came into his store to make some purchase, Mr. Richards asked him into the house for a little conversation. The invitation was as unexpected as unusual, and the young man followed, wondering what the conference might mean. Mr. Richards skilfully drew from him his Christian experience, his views of the foundation doctrines of Christianity, and some facts about his Christian work in Chatham. He found in him a depth of piety and knowledge of the Bible, which he thought unprecedented in so young a man with so few advantages, with a force and keenness of intellect which promised great usefulness. He asked him if he had ever thought of devoting himself exclusively to the ministry, or felt that to be the service God required of him. In reply he said he had often thought and prayed anxiously over it, but that between his impressions and desires on the one side, and his circumstances on the other, it seemed impossible to determine the path of duty. His mother was a widow with a large family and he was the eldest. The payments on the land were not all made, and there was no other way of meeting them than for him to cut down timber, burn it into ashes, and boil the ashes into black salts. That even apart from this, he did not see how the family could be supported without him. But if these obstacles were out of the way, there was still a difficulty he could

not get over. His education was too limited, and he had not the means to get more, so that whatever his own desires and convictions, the strong hand of present necessity and duty must hold them in check. Mr. Richards acknowledged the difficulties of the situation, but asked if these were removed and the means of education furnished, would he consider himself called to the ministry, and be willing to enter upon a course of preparation for it. The questions asked and suggestions made bewildered him as his mind gathered their probable meaning. He knew Mr. Richards was a Presbyterian, and thought if help was accepted from him, the helped might possibly be expected to hold his denominational peculiarities with a slack hand, or even abandon them. With that loyalty to truth which irradiated his whole life and ministry he said, "Mr. Richards, I am a Baptist and can never renounce my principles." The reply came in the form of a question, short, curt, and with some degree of irritation: "Who has asked you to renounce your principles?" An understanding was reached, means of education were promised, as also some help to his mother and family for a time, and Daniel McPhail went to Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary in York State. The agreement was faithfully observed on both sides. It was the best investment Mr. Richards ever made.

Of Mr. McPhail's life in college little need be said. The unexpected way opened by the Lord, the earnestness of the man, the religious destitution of the Canada he had left, the burning fervency of his heart for the salvation of souls, his love to the Lord Jesus, and his longing to proclaim the gospel of the grace of God to the perishing, made certain all the application his fervent mind and strong wiry frame would bear. The dry subjects which are a necessary part of a college course, did not lower the pulse of his piety, nor decrease the fervor of his spirit. When his school days ended there was no college rust to rub off. In vacations he did not wait for a place where the best financial terms could be made. The country was all place, but moneyless place, and he went preaching wherever he found an open door. The Word of the Lord was a fire burning in his soul, and he could not refrain from publishing salvation to the lost.

Mr. McPhail went to college in 1835, and at the close of a

three years course graduated in 1838. He and R. A. Fyfe were fellow-students. He was helped to an education that he might preach the gospel in Canada, and to Canada he returned. No country outside of heathendom had greater need. Spiritual death reigned everywhere. There was religion but it was form, not life. In many of the settled parts gross immorality appeared in unblushing loathsome deformity, without attempt at concealment. In all the country included in the Ottawa Association before the gerrymander of a few years ago, there were only five Baptist churches. Of these three were open communion, and soon shared the fate of open communion churches in this country, for in a few years they were not to be found. Mr. McPhail began his work in the county of Glengarry. It was missionary work in every sense. In the district over which he travelled and preached between the St. Lawrence and South Nation rivers, there was no Baptist church. For a year he preached and prayed incessantly, travelling on foot through the new roadless country. Such seed sowing watered by prayer, could not be in vain. The harvest was as sure as the promise of God. Quite a number believed, were baptized, and a church was formed, long known as the Indian Land's Church, now Notfield.

It was when evangelizing in Glengarry Mr. McPhail first visited Osgoode in 1839. About seven years before that time, two families came from Scotland and settled in Osgoode, the heads of which were Baptists. They were joined by two Baptists from Canada East, and three or four from Beckwith. Peter McCaul led their Sabbath devotions. The township was fast settling, most of the new-comers being Presbyterians. In 1837 Mr. Fraser of Breadalbane preached ten sermons, a few were converted, five of whom he baptized the next year. On his first visit Mr. McPhail preached the gospel daily for two weeks, and visited many of the people in their homes. Towards the last of his stay quite a number became much concerned about their salvation and urged him to remain longer. He could not comply with their request at that time, but promised to return in June.

The Osgoode of that time was a different place from the Osgoode of to-day. It may now be traversed in all directions over passable roads, not so then. Though the land was taken up the township was a wilderness, broken here and there by the few

cleared acres, where log cabins lodged the families of settlers, and where something was grown for their support. Paths through the woods led from one little clearing to another, or a white strip cut on the trees guided the footsteps of the traveller. The patent leather and prunella gaiters, now considered the proper thing for platform and street, would have been useless lumber there.

Mr. McPhail returned as promised in June, and preached the gospel through the greater part of the township, finding his way from one point to another on foot. He might have been met almost any day covered with sweat, his coat hanging over his arm, a crowd of musquitos swarming about him, offering in a friendly way to relieve him of any superfluous blood he might have to spare, and insisting on doing him that service. But fatigue and exposure were not taken into account, if souls were to be won for Christ. After preaching in the evening it was not unusual to sit into the early hours of the morning, talking to people about the great salvation, and pleading with them to accept it. Years afterward he spoke of this time as days of heaven on the earth. He got some assistance in his work from his fellow-student R. A. Fyfe. In a few weeks twenty-six were baptized, and many more believed who did not then see their way clear to that ordinance, but who obeyed it afterwards. There were also not a few inquiring the way to the kingdom.

With the proposition to form a church came the tug of war. All wanted a church, but what kind was the perplexing question. Opinion was much divided. The few old Baptists were mostly close communion. The greater number of recent converts were from the Presbyterians. They had seen and complied with their duty respecting baptism, but had given little thought to the place that ordinance holds in the gospel plan, and held very loose views on the subject of communion. The converts not yet baptized, wanted a church of which they could be members without baptism. A strict communionist himself, Mr. McPhail could not consent to a church on such loose principles. He believed that the form, significance, and the precedence in time of this ordinance to the supper, were all fixed by an indisputable authority, and that to disturb this form and order was to throw away the significance of the ordinance. The statutes of heaven are not

to be laid aside at the bidding of the convenience and traditions of men, even though blinded by early education and prejudice. It is surely a sorry way to lead converts up to the stature of men and women in Christ Jesus, to begin by practically giving countenance to disregard of the first duty that meets them when they step inside the threshold of the kingdom. A day was spent Bible in hand both by Mr. McPhail and the people, searching the Scriptures and discussing. In the evening he advised them to go home, pray God to make his will known, and give them hearts to do it. Truth conquered, and on the 14th July, 1839, forty-five baptized believers united in a regular Baptist church. In 1840, at the earnest solicitation of the people, Mr. McPhail was ordained pastor. Some time afterward he was married to Miss Katharine McGregor of Chatham, who was to him during the rest of his life a loving wife and faithful helper in his work, and was spared to cheer him with her loving ministrations through the tedious years of his last sickness. She has since followed him to their prepared place.

Though Mr. McPhail made Osgoode his home his labors were not confined to it. The whole country was for Baptists missionary ground, and Osgoode was just the centre from which he worked out in all directions. In 1840, he travelled to South Gower, and preached a few sermons in the dwelling-house of a man, whose heart God was opening to receive the truth. Considerable interest was excited in the minds of some hearers and a good deal of opposition was stirred up. There was not a Baptist in the township. Mr. McPhail returned again the next year, and the word preached was with power. The Presbyterian minister was from home, and some of his elders allowed Mr. McPhail the use of the meeting-house for the Sabbath. When the minister returned and heard of the desecration, had Satan himself been in the pulpit, it could scarcely have made more commotion. The first baptism was that of the man and his wife, who the year before opened their house for him to preach. They were followed shortly after by three more, two of whom were elders in the Presbyterian church. These five, with four Baptists who lived in Kemptville, and one from Mountain, formed the South Gower church in 1841. The little despised band met on the Lord's day and Wednesday evenings, for prayer, reading the

Scriptures, and exhortation. Others met with them, and though there was no minister conversions were frequent. Mr. McPhail watched over them, visited them as often as he could, and baptized those who believed. It was the third church he had planted in the three years of his ministry.

Mr. McPhail'si tinerancy led him much further from Osgoode. It was not unusual to leave his church from three to six weeks at a time, to preach the gospel where there was a famine of the bread of life. The mantle of the man through whom people are led to Christ, and who sit for a time under his teaching, often falls on them. Mr. McPhail had infused his own passion for the salvation of souls into the members of the Osgoode church, and they were willing to let him go for weeks together, conducting the services of the sanctuary themselves in his absence. When setting out on these journeys he publicly asked the prayers of his people for the success of the preached word, a request freely granted. While he was preaching at distant points the church was praying for him, and though separated they were working together. He made several tours through Beckwith, Drummond, and Lanark, and planted one church if not more. In Brock, north of Lindsay, he brought many to Christ by his ministry, and he travelled as far as the township and county of Bruce, in search of gems to deck Immanuel's crown. These were no holiday trips for recreation and amusement. At that time no iron horse with a spirit of steam, hurled travellers hundreds of miles in a day. His journeys were mostly made on foot and on horseback. Some places there were roads, in others none. Not play but work was his object. In private houses and school houses he preached in the evening, and taught and prayed from house to house through the day.

The settlement of Winchester and Russell enlarged the field of Mr. McPhail's labors at home. Most men would have thought Osgoode sufficient, not so did he think. He claimed as his parish as much of the country as he could reach. Some members of the Osgoode church lived in these townships, and he made them the occasion of reaching their neighbors with the gospel. If memory is not at fault, in March of 1850 a two weeks' meeting was held in the house of a Presbyterian family in the edge of Winchester. The meeting was brought to a sudden close by a

heavy snow storm, but twelve persons were converted, and shortly after baptized. Mr. McPhail followed up the work and the final result was the Ormond and West Winchester churches. The church in Kenmore sprang from his ministry. When he left Osgoode after a pastorate of nearly a quarter of a century, he took charge of the church in South Gower and Kemptville. God was with him and many were saved, but he did not stay long. The young and feeble church in Ottawa had a hard struggle to maintain its existence, and called him to its help. Duty said go, and he obeyed. His ministry gave a new impulse to the cause, and was the beginning of a prosperity not since seriously interrupted.

The large number of converts gathered to Christ, and the churches formed through the ministry of Mr. McPhail, were not all, nor perhaps the greatest benefit his labors conferred on the Baptist denomination. From those he had been the means of bringing into the kingdom there sprang up a greater number of ministers than grew out of the ministry of any other man of his time. Some of them preceded him to the rest and home above; through others he still lives and speaks. They did not all come from the church in Osgoode, but also from other churches and places where he occasionally ministered the word. To these he could say as did Paul to the Christians in Corinth: "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers, for in Christ Jesus have I begotten you through the Gospel."

Was he a great preacher? Was it there lay the hiding of his power? That depends on the standard by which he is measured. Tried by the art of eloquent sermonizing, order in the arrangement of his discourses, and faultless oratory, in the first rank of preachers he would have found no place. But measured by success in gathering sinners about the cross, and building up the saved in the truth of the gospel, he had no superior in his day in this country, if indeed he had an equal.

Mr. McPhail lived and walked with God. Prayer was the breath of his soul. Wherever he journeyed or lodged his heart was in constant communion with God. It was often observed, that when he rose to preach, before his tongue uttered a word, his eyes were for a moment lifted to heaven. Brethren who

sometimes shared his bed, have had their midnight slumbers disturbed by his whispered petitions. His knowledge of the Bible was profound and extensive. He read other books as time permitted and scanty means could furnish, but the book of books was his constant study. It was its teaching he was sent to interpret, and apply to the hearts and lives of men. He believed no words had such power to move the heart, as the words God himself had spoken, and his sermons abounded in quotations from God's book. For the effect he relied not on the wisdom of his own teaching, but on the Holy Spirit. He made a study of human nature, not as a philosopher, but as a messenger of Christ, who believed there was an avenue by which every heart might be reached with the truth that saves, if it could only be discovered. While he diligently studied the instruments of his work and their use, he thought it essential to know the material on which he had to work. A man may know how to use a sword, but if he does not know how to break the guard and find the vulnerable points of his foeman, he may be worsted in the strife.

It was when going about among the weak churches of the Ottawa Association Mr. McPhail's labors in the gospel came to a sudden end. It was a work to which he was well adapted both by talent and experience. It seemed his ministry was to close in a work that bore some resemblance to that in which it begun. In the pulpit and out of it he was equally the minister of Christ. Sociable, yet free from the light frivolity and small talk which mar the usefulness of too many ministers. His presence with any church for a few days could be productive only of good. He was spending a few days with the little church in West Winchester. On the Sabbath afternoon he was administering the Lord's Supper, and in the act was stricken with paralysis. To some extent the power of motion was recovered, but the power of speech was hopelessly gone For five weary years he lingered, and in 1875 his immortal spirit left the shattered clay tenement and ascended to the Lord he loved and had served on earth so long.

J. Dempsey.

THE CLAIMS OF HIGHER EDUCATION UPON CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

That which touches largely the welfare of society in the affairs of family, state and church cannot but have relation of great importance to Christian parents. Higher education in particular, as indeed education in general, so affects the institutions of family, state and church that its importance rises at once into highest obligation,—obligation which becomes increasingly responsible when viewed by Christian parents who have God and humanity at heart. Without further preliminary remarks I would endeavor to show wherein lies the duty of Christian parents in reference to the claims of higher education.

1. This duty is found in the natural relations existing between parents and children.

The relations of parent to child are such as to forbid the relegation of responsibility in many matters of vital importance to others than those primarily interested. With the gift of children comes by nature obligation regarding their physical, moral and mental development. Parents feel the necessity of furnishing food for the bodies of their children. In the natural order of things they act as if they believed it to be their duty to provide bread for their own flesh and blood. Likewise, where there is a proper conception of life, parents more or less feel the obligation to attend to the welfare of the morals of their children. But physical culture and heart culture, good and necessary as they are, should by no means be considered all for which parents are responsible in relation to their children. Mental capacity, surely, on the very ground of its existence, and because of its relations to its progenitors, may claim special attention from parents. If the words of Sir Wm. Hamilton are true.—

> "There is nothing great in the earth but *man*,
> And nothing great in man but *mind*,"

It becomes the natural duty of every father and mother to have respect to the minds of their boys and girls. And this, not only to the extent of the knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, but to the extent of knowledge which rises into the sphere of higher education. I take it that no parent has the right to

say that his children are no better than himself, and therefore he should be relieved of any obligation to give them the advantage of academic or college training. Rather should it be felt that parents are under obligation of the most serious nature to make the best out of the minds of those committed to their trust. The higher the nature of the gifts of Providence, the greater the responsibilities on the part of those receiving the gifts. And it is on this high ground that I would place the duty of the mental culture of children, the best of all God's gifts apart from Himself, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. It is when parents remember that the law of nature in the family and in family relations is *divine*, that they rise in strength to discharge obligations imposed upon them in the stewardship of children. There is a spiritual law in the natural world,—a divine law governing the relations between parents and children which is freighted with no slight duty concerning the cultivation of mind. And a parent has not fulfilled this divine law when he has brought his children merely to the point of walking, of talking, and of the rudiments of language, if it is at all possible on his part to lead out the minds of his sons and daughters into higher realms of knowledge and education. Re-stated, my thought on this point is: children are precious gifts of stewardship in their *minds*, as well as in their bodies and in their morals; the best, indeed, in them, naturally speaking, are their mental capacities; and parents, if they are to be good stewards of these great gifts and capacities must, to the best of their ability, discharge the duty of furnishing mental development.

2. Coming to the thought of *Christian* parents in relation to their children, I find this duty imposed with increased responsibility. Every natural obligation is intensified among those who have adopted the principles of Christianity. Parental love, filial love, national love, all have a deeper and truer meaning when resting upon the foundation of which Christ is the corner-stone. The laws of righteousness and truth; the principles of unselfishness and sacrifice; the strong bond and influence of brotherhood, all strike their roots deeper, present a more vigorous growth, and furnish more wholesome fruit among those who are followers of Christ. Right here, would I view this duty of parents regarding the higher education of their children. Other

than Christian parents love their children, but none should love so well as Christians. Other than Christian parents have felt the law of obligation respecting the proper mental culture of their children, but none should feel the duty to such a degree as those who are subject to the laws of Christ. The kingdom of heaven has such relations to domestic, social and civil life as to make it increasingly responsible to live under its sway and be subjects of its King. If any man finds it his duty to do the very best for his children in launching them upon the active affairs of life, that man is one who knows God in Christ—one who provides for his children not for their own selves merely, but because they are a heritage from the Lord. If any man should feel the necessity of making the best of the best in his children, that man is he who has learned to sit at the feet of Jesus, the Teacher come from God. It is a false humility on the part of Christian parents who would be content to have their children remain ignorant, or inadequately educated, when natural endowment and the train of Providence point in another direction. Parents of 'light' should certainly be in advance of parents of 'darkness' in this respect. Too often has the cry been raised by Christians tbat secular education leads away from God and Christ, and that it endangers the spiritual hopes and prospects of the young to have them pursue courses of higher education. This may be true; it may be false. It is certainly true that where higher education is rightly given the human heart is as likely to be led towards God as farther from Him. And let this be borne in mind, the best blessings that come to mortals often contain in them the possibilities of a curse. Sometimes the highest peaks of experience overhang the valley of despair. But it would be folly and unchristian not to climb those peaks, and not to grasp those blessings. Moreover, if there are dangers in the education of the natural mind in things secular, there are also assured benefits. The very needs and conditions of the present time make it imperative that the young men and women should have, and liberally have, the light and power coming from higher education. The light of our grandfathers' day would be veritable darkness to-day in many of the theoretical and practical affairs of life. And while it may be true that in the pursuit of higher education many young men especially have lost their thoughts of

God, it is equally true that many others, through ignorance thus removed, have been able to discern that 'God is Light,' and that Jesus Christ is the Light of the world. Sometimes, I say, not always, but oftentimes, the scales that shut out the light of heaven, are not so much the enmity of the carnal mind, as intellectual ignorance and consequent superstition.

If the children themselves are Christians, all the more do they require higher education that their powers now changed for good may reach their greatest influence for God and for men. And if parents are in any way obligated respecting the fitness of their children for successful life, Christian parents have immense obligations respecting their believing children, that they may be eminently successful and useful in life.

3. The enriching power of higher education makes it obligatory upon Christian parents to provide it for their children, or to take advantage of it when provided. Time was when it seemed almost a religious necessity for parents to slave in brain and in body that accumulations might be made for the boys and girls of the family. In some parts of the world it had become so customary that many a man would be judged as to character by the measure of good things given to son or daughter in marriage. Now, I believe, there is a more excellent way—a way that is a way of duty because of its excellence. Give the young people the opportunity of mental culture to be derived from academic and college courses, and gifts better than gold or silver, houses or lands, have been bestowed. Gold that has been acquired without effort, or lands deeded without price from father to son, cannot compare in value with the richer gifts of education acquired by faithful labor. The intrinsic worth of right education cannot be measured by money, nor valued by extent of acres. And just here is to be noticed the wonderful opportunity afforded to Christian parents to exert an influence of immense importance over the sons and daughters of their homes. If, in the thoughts of the parents, every energy should be employed to amass wealth in any or every form, a bent will be given to the children in the direction of materialism that is altogether undesirable. If, on the other hand, Christian parents recognize the position and worth of education in the public and private affairs of life, their children will covet cultivated minds

and hearts as being as necessary as prosperous farming or successful business.

Higher education furnishes resources and the powers of resources that are beyond the possibilities of tangible wealth. In its pursuit knowledge is gained that will ever remain as precious stones to delight the eye and rejoice the heart. Apart from the training of the mind in the acquisition of knowledge, much of the knowledge acquired will remain as nuggets of gold and droppings of the honeycomb to cheer and inspire future years when the young have become immersed in the affairs of family and business.

Then, too, in the pursuit of higher education tastes are engendered and habits are formed that will be of untold worth to mechanic, farmer, merchant, or professional man; and the same to the woman, in office, in shop, or in the home. Much of domestic infelicity, and of lack of interest in home life may be attributed to want of tastes and habits in certain lines that would make many long evenings pleasant and profitable to husband and wife—tastes and habits which might have been acquired if only a few years had been spent in the pursuit of higher education. Why should not our homes be occupied in many an evening hour with the study of the poets, the reading of history, inquiry into elementary science, or pursuit of religious and Bible knowledge? They should be, and the future homes will be more and more as parents feel the necessity of seizing for their children the educational advantages offered.

The enriching power derived from higher education may also be viewed from the standpoint of the increase of efficiency given to the capacities of those pursuing it. Herein, perhaps, lies the most practical benefit to be gained from it. For example, the young man who has had the privilege of taking an academic or college course, other things being equal, is better fitted for any calling in life. He will make a more successful farmer, a more skilful tradesman, a wiser merchant, or a keener professional man. Thus it comes to pass that it is a good financial investment for parents to give their children the advantages of higher education.

Again, enrichment comes from higher education in that it materially affects character. In any academy or college worthy

of the name, true character as a goal is the prominent object. And the cases are exceptional where, under the molding influences of right intellectual training, the minds of the young people are not beneficially influenced in the matter of character. And character, we know, outweighs the things that are seen.

4. The duty of Christian parents concerning the higher education of their children is confirmed by the opportunities they have for providing it. In this respect we live in the best age of the world, and on the best continent in the world. Academies and colleges within the possible reach of rich and poor, and varied in the nature of the studies offered, are on every hand. Nearly every State or Province can boast high schools, academies, colleges and universities. Religious barriers there are none, and the financial ones are not insurmountable. The schools, indeed, are seeking the scholars, so manifold are they, and so desirous are they of uplifting the mental life of humanity. Now, these very opportunities constitute an additional responsibility. Opportunity is often divine. It may be considered so in this case. Would that it might be felt so in the case of all parents who are thinking of the welfare of sons and daughters! Surely the Lord has had much to do with the development of the nations, and with the development of educational systems and opportunities. Aye, surely, the finger of Providence points towards many of these open doors of the schools, academies and colleges, directing the ways in which the children of many Christian parents should walk. These inviting possibilities should press upon every parent and cause such to be conscious of responsible duty to "buy up the opportunity" so freely given.

Now, a few words as to how Christian parents may discharge the duty so enforced by opportunity. In the first place, I would say, the obligation should be discharged by way of example and sympathy. Not that parents should endeavor themselves to enter upon courses of higher education, but that by the power of sympathy they should, as far as possible, place themselves in the places of their children, and view the matter from the standpoint of the young people. Doing this, their endorsation will go far in inducing desire on the part of the young people to acquire education of the higher kind. And this leads at once to a further thought concerning the method of

meeting the obligation. Parents will largely determine the courses of their children in the matter of higher education by the encouragement or discouragement they give. The least a parent could do when a child is filled with desire regarding advanced education, would be to give a word of encouragement. Many young men and women ask no more. They are ready to fight their way through long and difficult courses of study without tangible help from parents. Under such circumstances, it cannot be asking too much that the parents should not keep sullen silence, nor speak words of disapproval, but drop occasional words of cheer to help on the arduous toiler. Discouraging words add burdens to those already great, while words of encouragement would often be better than financial help.

Further, it may be urged that there may be times when this duty respecting higher education may be discharged only by *insistence* on the part of parents. There are children who greatly need to have others, and especially parents, make out their ways in life. The tastes of the boys and girls might well, in exceptional cases, be almost altogether disregarded by those who can see farther into the future in discerning the possibilities before them. By insisting upon pursuit of higher education, parents have often been the means of conveying untold blessing to their children. And where there is any promise of success whatever, I hesitate not to say that parents are under obligation to insist that their own wishes shall be conformed to by their young people.

Finally, be it said that in many cases the duty is fulfilled only by giving financial assistance. There are children who will do better work by being left to their own resources. There are those, however, who must have, not only words, but also *dollars* of *encouragement*. And father and mother never put money into better investments than when invested in behalf of the mental culture of their children.

Wm. J. McKay.

WONDER.

As speeding years were told, I came to know
  The wings of boyish wonder weaker grown;
  The phantom clouds were only mists wind-blown,
Eve's sheaf of golden-shafted light a show,—
  And oriflambs of dawn, and iris-bow;
  The mystery of tides and stars was flown,
The rose was clay, and life itself was known—
  A bud whose secret was about to blow.

Again down through the gates of God to me
  Swift wings each strange new day, and my soul wakes
  At dusk aglow with awe-gleams morning gave,—
So living light hid in the leaden sea,
  When boding darkness broods resplendent breaks
In stars and suns from out the bursting wave.

R.

COLLEGE COMPANIONSHIPS.

The memory of happy experiences is more fascinating than the experiences themselves.

How the old home scenes of childhood and youth flash upon our imagination and thrill our hearts as we look down the path of faded years. Episodes and scenes, that were trite and tame to us at the time, come back now painted in those rich and mellow colors which time alone can blend. We must stand at a distance from the picture to see its beauty.

Of no condition of life is this more true than the companionship of college mates, especially if they are kindred spirits. I had read of the fondness of room-mates and class-mates for each other, but it seemed more like visions of a mind intoxicated with imagination than reality. Even while the pleasant days of college terms were passing by there did not seem to be any appreciation of the highly wrought picture. But age enriches

the music of stringed instruments. New strings vibrate till their constituent atoms have learned to produce sweet sounds. The sounds that come to my ears through the mystic distance lend a charm formerly unthought of and unknown, but as real and enduring as the pleasant history of the past years.

Many atoms are compounded into molecules and many molecules into an organism before the blushing fragrance of the summer rose appears. While it was growing there was no particular interest attached to it, but when all its parts are completed it has a beauty all its own.

Our college days are the atoms, the months the molecules, the years the petals, and these together form the rose. Five petals with their accompanying parts generally make up the perfect flower. This flower, abundantly worth the cost of rearing, the writer now holds as a life treasure. Three petals of that flower—the three last formed—have a peculiar beauty. Sunny quarters, sunny hearts and sunny tasks formed the climate under which they matured. Their fragrance will last till the end of life and eternity will be made the richer. Were the memory of those years erased life would lose a priceless treasure. How large a place in the fond imagination those years engage can only be realized by those who have passed beyond their hallowed ground. Brothers of the same room, what is it that binds their hearts with bonds that increase in strength with increasing years? They do not realize that they have such possession of each other's hearts till distance stretches the bonds that unite them. They then feel that they are brothers whom time and space can never separate. A personal interest in each other's welfare exists like to that of kindred. An affection has been unconsciously springing up during those years which makes them brothers in a double sense.

May the sun never shine on the day when the domestic department in our dear old college will be no more. May many another trio of true hearts be welded thus to bless the day when first their lot was cast together. May the God of home and heaven still nourish our *alma mater*.

J. E. Chute.

Kingston.

Students' Quarter.

PLAYMATES.

A wave was rippling across the sea
Lulled into laughter and melody,
Its dwarf drops of spray so careless and coy
The sunbeams flew after and kissed it for joy.

But the wave, crest-tossing, like him of the Ancients,
Shook them off with a bound of saucy impatience,
And sped light and swift, laughing softly in glee,
Over the musing, murmuring sea.

But its song soon ceased and silence came
Till the wave sigh'd sadly the sunbeams' name,
Then bitterly shiver'd, and shrank all-chilling
From a sinister thought the gulls were shrilling.

Now while it was speeding so swift along,
The sunbeams mourn'd for the sound of its song,
And flew pursuing, and caught it at last,
And embracing they in the horizon past.

G. H. Clarke.

ROCK OF AGES.

The place of this hymn in the heart of Christendom is phenomenal. A religious periodical in England recently asked its readers for lists of the best hundred Christian hymns of the language. Of the hundred receiving the most votes, Rock of Ages stood first. Such an estimate is of course rather popular than critical; but is nevertheless significant, as it doubtless represents with a fair degree of accuracy the place which the hymn holds in the esteem of the Christian church. This is true without reference to creed or class. It reigns as hymn of hymns in all creeds from the narrowest to the broadest, and among all classes from the lowest to the highest. It is more than a popular hymn, it is a hymn universal. This unique feature in its acceptance bids us pause, and suggests an inquiry as to the cause

or causes of the place which to-day it holds in the Christian hymnody.

Here we may note that its popularity is not due to any of the ephemeral causes which so often decide the songs of the day. Its place in hymnody is not the mushroom growth of a night, but the steady advance of a century. Nor did it begin life in circumstances altogether propitious so far as popularity was concerned. It does not even appear that Toplady had any thought of writing a popular hymn. Certainly he could not have anticipated its present wide acceptance unless he expected an equally general endorsement of the creed whose sword he seemingly thought he was wielding when he published the hymn; for it first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for March, 1776, appended to an article in which the author trenchantly supported his Calvinistic creed. But to-day Toplady's doctrinal successors and their foes stand side by side as they sing this hymn. All this increases the wonder of its present popularity. It also compels the thought that we must look for the secret of this favor, not in the relation of the hymn to men or movements in the history of Christianity, but in its relation to something universal and permanent, something essential, and, more than all something *dominant* in the Christian consciousness.

When we say that this is the secret of our hymn's popularity, we simply bring it into line with a well-recognized principle. The lyric which is to abide in the hearts of men must strike a universal note in human experience. So, too, the Christian lyric or hymn which is to exercise perpetual sway must be keyed to a universal note in the Christian consciousness. First of all, ROCK OF AGES holds the place it does because it exemplifies this principle. "*Helpless, look to Thee for grace,*" embodies convictions which find an echo in every Christian breast—whether or not they fit equally well every so-called Christian creed. These convictions furnish chords which vibrate in spite of creeds, chords whose vibrations grow ever stronger and more dominant with the growth of genuine Christian character. These chords Toplady has struck in every line of ROCK OF AGES. We cannot over-estimate the importance of this point. We sing spontaneously only those sentiments which we can freely appropriate. Other things equal, the most popular hymn must voice those sentiments which the greatest number most readily accept.

In this hymn, a theme which touches a universal chord is supplemented by a style so clear and simple that the thought is immediately grasped by the humblest mind; yet so fresh and sparkling that the most intellectual finds no insipidity. These qualities are equally essential to the widest acceptance. There is an additional element in the style without which the hymn could never reach any heart as it does, and by which many an inferior hymn has gained a popularity far beyond desert. This is that personal element which at once brings every soul into immediate and personal relations with the "Help of the helpless." It is this element which really determines the devotional spirit of the hymn and saves it from being merely didactic, written as it was for a purely didactic purpose. To these essentials may be added the fact of its saturation with scripture imagery, as helping not a little to render the style thoroughly acceptable to the less as well as the more devout.

With such a combination of qualities it is not strange that this hymn became entrenched in the citadel of the heart, without even exciting the attention of the intellectual outposts. Lacking nothing on the devotional side, on the literary side it is unobtrusive because of its simplicity. Thus it remained uncriticized long after hymnology was recognized as a legitimate field for literary criticism. It is only in one respect that adverse criticism finds any sure footing. We cannot impugn the general poetic character of the thought and imagery; but there is certainly true ground for objection in the repeated flitting from image to image and in the lack of congruity among the different figures. That this does not sooner excite the attention is undoubtedly owing to the transparency of each figure and the thorough relevancy of each to the general theme. These considerations preserve the usefulness of the hymn from the devotional standpoint, and serve to minimize the force of objection on the literary side.

As to the future of ROCK OF AGES, it has nothing to fear from the most rigid criticism. It can no more be banished by a literary dictum than it could be monopolized by a theological creed. The heart is larger than the head; and so long as the human soul needs Christ, no violation of literary dogma can prevent the Christian heart from appropriating this which so aptly and simply voices the deepest wants.

C. B. FREEMAN.

THE VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY.

Centuries ago, thousands of unfortunate Greeks perished miserably in the sunny fields of hostile Sicily, because their general believed the eclipse of the moon to be a bad omen. His ships must not leave the harbor then, and consequently death and destruction overtook them all. If Nikias had known what we now know about an eclipse of the moon, the whole history of Greece might have been changed. But in ancient times the mysterious phenomena of the universe served only to furnish omens for a superstitious people, and were regarded as too sacred to be subjected to inquisitive study. Anaxagoras, the friend and teacher of Pericles, barely escaped being put to death because he said the sun was made of stones like the earth—for the sun was worshipped as a deity. Since the time when these phenomena were regarded with sacred awe, great advances have been made, and the young student of modern times approaches with fearless questionings the mysteries unfathomed by his forefathers, and new fields of wonder open continually to his curious and eager eyes.

He finds in science a study invaluable, first, in its relation to himself, and secondly, in the results of its practical application to the conditions of human life. In its relation to himself, its advantages are two-fold: as a means of discipline and a source of pleasure. Its disciplinary value is equal to that of mathematics and philosophy combined, for he who would be a successful astronomer or physicist must be an accurate mathematician as well as a true philosopher. The study of science teaches him careful observation; how to look at things, and looking at them, search out their deepest meaning. It teaches patience and endless perseverance in the careful and delicate experiments which he must make, and oftentimes repeat from the beginning because of some flaw in the process, before he can form any sound theory. Often his life is too short for him to see the result of his patient study or to satisfactorily prove his theory, so with unselfish faith he must work on, content with the thought that through his earnest toil another may one day reap the glory and future ages the reward. Thus he loses self in zeal for the advancement of his cause, and though

he may leave his work unfinished, he has received the truest and highest discipline Patience, perseverance and loyalty to truth are his and he has learned to love beyond the present the glorious future of the world. Moreover, the very spirit in which a scientist must approach his study is one of absolute self-discipline. The same law holds here as in the spiritual kingdom: Only he who comes as a little child can enter the kingdom of Nature, only to him does she reveal her mysteries. He must come to her not as a dictator, but as a pupil: not with thrones of his own to establish, but to seek for facts and to question her for the truth. He must come ready to follow her, in tedious paths sometimes, but nevertheless to follow. And coming thus into sympathy with nature, he is repaid for all his trouble in the elevating pleasures which he may experience. One short walk through the woods has for him pleasures which others may not know, and delights peculiar to the naturalist. As he breathes the pure air he wonders at an atmosphere that "at once is the agent under the Almighty which produces the germination and growth of plants and all the beauties of the vegetable creation—which preserves water in a liquid state, supports fire and flame, and produces animal heat—which sustains the clouds and gives buoyancy to the feathered tribe, which is the cause of winds,—the vehicle of smells,—the medium of sounds,—the cause of the universal light and splendor diffused around us, and of the advantages we derive from the morning and evening twilight." He looks around him at the beautiful wild flowers, and as he takes up the purple violet he wonders where in the brown soil of Mother Earth it found material for that royal coloring, and how the lily in its bed of mud wrought its dress of purest white. As he nears the little brook he follows it in his imagination to the sea—the great sea, from which the vapor is ever ascending to form the clouds that water the earth. Strange and wonderful economy of nature! Nothing is wasted! The destruction of one portion of matter gives life to another. The leaves that fall and die enrich the ground and enable it to nourish other leaves as fresh and beautiful as the last. Coral insects give up their lives to form islands, where stately palms and tropic fruits may grow in abundance and make a bright spot in the vast desert of ocean.

Every little thing is full of meaning for him. Under his microscope he sees, not a yellow dust on the wings of a moth, but beautiful plumes like those of a bird! And a speck of mould becomes in fact a little forest of exquisite leaves and blossoms. He turns his telescope upon the Milky Way, and it becomes a path of blazing suns; and the tiny points of light which we call stars, stand before him, many of them, greater and more splendid bodies than our sun, but at so vast distances from us that it requires hundreds of years for their light to reach us. He himself sinks into insignificance in the presence of these revelations, and he cries out: "When I consider Thy Heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained—what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Truly, "Science is nothing else than an investigation of the Divine perfections as displayed in the economy of the universe."

But scientific study not only brings discipline and pleasure to the student but has been of immense practical value to the world. The progress of natural science is a fascinating, though perhaps a familiar topic. Since the time when Watt observed nature's method of lifting a tea-kettle lid, and Benjamin Franklin with his kite and his key explored the regions of the heavens, questioning the clouds for their electricity, in our cable and telegraphic systems, our engines and our boats, have been made the great motive powers of the world, and by annihilating distance have brought nations into close touch with each other.

A scientific investigation of the facts of storms and winds and of the general condition of the atmosphere, has resulted in our Weather Bureau, until to-day "Old Probs." is every man's confidential adviser.

Sickness and death have always been the world's saddest mysteries, and in the dark ages were dealt with in a barbarous and superstitious manner. Incantations and cruel ceremonies to frighten away evil spirits were the only means of dealing with disease. But science has come to the rescue. Though seemingly it has filled the water we drink with animalculæ, the food we eat with destructive bacillariæ, and the air we breathe with disease germs—in fact it has only been questioning the manner in which nature spreads disease and death, with a view to conquering these evils. Already small-pox and the danger of contagion

are under control, fevers, diphtheria and consumption are fast yielding, and no one doubts but that medical science will soon conquer La Grippe itself. As a matter of fact the average of human life is being steadily raised and the time will come when men will die only of accident or old age.

The progress of science during the last half-century has been truly wonderful. If it continues to advance with anything like the increasing rapidity of the past few years, no one can say what grand and glorious exploits will be performed in the next century. Already we are letting our imaginations carry us forward to schemes more wonderful than even Bellamy ever dreamed of. We expect soon to see men navigating the air and using air-boats altogether, as a means of conveyance. Whether or not we shall ever reach any of the other planets is open to question, but in the face of all that has been done of late years we cannot venture to deny anything that is proposed in the way of scientific achievement.

But there is a new and most important branch of science which is fast claiming our attention. Sociology deals with all the interests which grow out of the complicated relations of human society. The universal brotherhood of man has been recognized wherever Christianity is known, but many of the attempts to apply the principles of philanthrophy, though the motive has been of the best, have failed through misguided efforts and have wasted energy. Now that science is coming to the aid of religion we may hope for better results. It is questioning the facts of human crime, suffering, and ignorance, looking for their causes and seeking by careful and systematic experiment for the remedies. Booth's plan of action for "darkest England" is an instance of the more intelligent and definite way of approaching the question of benefiting the poor. Surely science as the handmaid of religion will hasten the coming of the kingdom of heaven on the earth. The day is not so far away, we hope, when the rich shall be rich only to help the poor, when laborers shall be contented and the day of "strikes" a thing of the past; when the word "oppression" shall die out of the English language and mercy and justice reign everywhere supreme.

M. E. Dryden.

THE PRAIRIES.

Far-stretching earthy seas ye seem that wave
  Your wreathing billows to the western skies:
  Your flowerets multi-formed of myriad dyes,
Seem stars sea-shadowed that your Maker gave
The mariner, to cheer and brightly pave
  His wandering through the trackless deeps. There rise
  Your solid breakers; and between them lies,
Deep green, an ocean's trough or dim-sunned cave.

Afar your surge sinks to eternal calm;
  Silent, soul-filling, infinite, sublime:
In vain, "deep calleth unto deep"; I Am
  Hath stilled, transfixed thee, ere all time—
Creative brooding o'er thy wastes—hath said
"Be still! until the sea gives up its dead."

B. W. N. Grigg.

Minot, North Dakota.

DENVER CORRESPONDENCE.

The following excerpts from the letters recently received from our far-away friend Edwin Seldon, for whom we have all an affectionate fellow-feeling, are here presented. Apart from the writer's personality they possess much intrinsic interest. Space, not inclination, resolutely forbids the reproduction of the entire correspondence.

Denver, Colorado, Jan., 1893.

Dear Monthly,—How glad my heart was made by the sight of your familiar garb in this far distant city. Truly you deserve my gratitude and love for your devotion in thus following me so far and I gladly yield you both. Being so dear a friend of mine, you may be pleased to receive a few lines from me.

One thing in special I wish to write about. You tell me of the sturdy rafters of the dear old Hall ringing with the mighty declamations of her stalwart sons for and against Annexation.

I am rejoiced indeed that the shouts *against* drowned with so large a majority, the shouts *for* it. I congratulate you. Had I been present my voice too should have sounded with the loudest on the winning side.

. . . . . .

It is patriotism that Canada needs; it is not the dollars and enterprise that the United States can give. It is men whose breasts shall burn with pride and power, as standing on their country's soil, they say,

"This is my own, my native land."

Such men will be ready to die for their country, not because it is the best and most powerful in the world, but because it is theirs as no other can be.

Now, dear MONTHLY, you will smile at the incongruity of an inhabitant of the United States so writing, but you know my heart is with you, even though I am not. I love Canada well enough to fight for that great principle which should dominate and saturate the spirit of her sons, as of those, indeed, of all lands, however great or small.

. . . . . .

During my journey between Chicago and Denver there was little of interest after we had passed the broad Mississippi, which reminded me forcibly of the wandering, love-lorn Evangeline, and accustomed our eyes to the plains beyond. Leagues on leagues of parched earth and grass, burnt brown as a nut, stretching off in all directions, flat, as far as the eye could reach, or rolling away in mighty undulations like the swell of the sea in a calm, and for miles and miles never a tree, shrub nor stream visible. How I pitied the hapless people that live in such a desert! There were many of them living along the track, glad, poor things, to see a couple of whirling trains a day to lighten their loneliness and remind them of civilization. Some of their houses are just mud-huts, with turf roofs, stuck on the plain as though they had dropped from somewhere, certainly not heaven, there they stand in the full glare of the sun all day long, and in summer the rays must be fearful. There are no fences around their mansions, such is a luxury little seen, so you can easily imagine their appearance.

But this land is not as waste as it looks. Nebraska is devoted chiefly to the production of corn. The poor, withered, burnt stalks were still standing as we passed, for miles at a time, for the farmers reap only the cobs, and what they do with their stalks at ploughing time is more than I know.

Of Denver itself I can say little as yet, except that it is situated at the foot of the Rockies and has been made very beautiful by its citizens' enterprise. Its buildings are magnificent ornaments of the desert plain upon which it stands. The estimates of its population vary from 110,000 to 150,000.

I caught my first glimpse of the Rockies from the street-car on the morning after my arrival. There, apparently, at the head of the street stood a big brown hill with patches of snow upon it. I was rather surprised to learn that it was fourteen miles away. Distances are very hard to judge at first sight here. Looking to the south, the grand and venerable Pike's Peak stands, apparently about ten miles distant, but in reality twenty-five, and from the top of this highest peak one can see a point beyond Salt Lake city, which itself is over eight hundred miles distant.

. . . . . .

The bright warm sunshine and pure air have enticed me day after day, and I have gone far and wide all over the city, walking and riding until now I know it very well.

. . . . . .

I conclude,—though I have matter for many sheets yet, but it will be all the better for keeping.

EDWIN SELDON.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Study of his Life and Work, by Arthur Waugh, B.A., Oxon. New York, United States Book Company. This is the first life of Tennyson which has appeared,—published simultaneously in England and New York. It is an admirable speciman of book making both in contents and form. The author has searched widely and closely for materials, and has presented the most accurate and complete study of the man and the poet yet given to the public. It does not, however, pretend to be the official life of the late Poet Laureate, based upon materials in the possession of his family. Such a life will doubtless be written in the process of time. The present work contains twenty-six illustrations of interest, and in addition to its biography and Tennysoniana is especially valuable for its critical outlines of the structure and aim of the Master's chief poems. In the portion devoted to The Princess, the author makes use of the facts which appeared in Chancellor Rand's article Limæ Labor, and makes due acknowledgment in the body of the text to Dr. Rand, and the McMaster University Monthly, for the facsimile of the M.S. of the songs by which he is able to show the very interesting variations between the songs as first written by Tennyson and the songs as published by him in The Princess.

A distinguished correspondent refers in highly complimentary terms to "T. H. R's." sonnet *Sea Fog*, printed in the December Monthly, and graphically adds:

Until I went from Parrsboro to Advocate in a steamer, and saw for myself, "I had no conception of the wierd pranks of the fog at the head of the Bay of Fundy. A number of ships were in the neighborhood of Cape Split, trying to get down the Bay. The steamer's whistle, the horns of the ships, and the goverment's fog-whistle from the shore, made music. It seemed to me I could see half a mile in every direction, and I could not imagine what the Captain of the steamer felt nervous about. Just when it seemed all safe to me, a ship with all sails set came, as if by enchantment, into full view dangerously close to us, and then vanished as suddenly. At one moment, in the opening of the Minas Basin, all was dark as night. Then a whiff of wind would come tearing down the channel, and make, in the twinkling of an eye, colossal spiral wreaths of the fog. Then all would change and darkness would settle down again. I felt as Dr. Crawley said he did when standing on the top of the Margaree mountains in Cape Breton,—"I *felt* as if I could make poetry."

EXCHANGE NOTES.

B. W. N. Grigg, Ed.

The Gloves.—The Cornell *Era* of Feb. 18th has a bright article on Pugilism, entitled "a History and Defence of the Pugilistic Art."

A New College Monthly.—The Chicago University is about to publish a new monthly under the name of Current Topics.

Au revoir.—The Sophomores cremated their Mathematical books last night.—*Princetonian.*

An Amorous Translator.—Student (reading Vergil)—"And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her." That was as far as I got, Professor. Prof.—"That was quite far enough, sir."

The Wicked Flee.—Professor in Latin (dictating Latin composition): "Tell me, slave, where is the horse?" Startled Freshman: "It's under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it."

Colombo's Whiskers.—The German craze for exact scholarship has reached the University of Chicago: the *Weekly* writes a two column article under the above heading.

Grip and the Army.—Grip reproves clerical coldness in a cartoon representing an "army" officer bending over the wretched form of a drunken woman, while a stately cleric 'passes by on the other side.' The rebuke is not generally merited. "The church" has ever been particularly zealous in self-sacrificing philanthropy.

Phillips Brooks.—In his physical manhood he was a commanding figure, towering magnificently above his fellows. Men of ordinary stature looked liked boys beside him. As he passed upon the street people turned to look at him. His head was superbly shaped, and the great kindly eyes and noble countenance fittingly clothed and revealed the strength and light and sweetness of the soul within. It was not in this case, as it has sometimes been, that a great soul was handicapped in its expression by physical weakness or deformity; soul and body were fittingly united. Phillips Brooks was a man of great, commanding intellectual force. Those who listened to his preaching never felt that their intelligence had been insulted or ignored. People recognised in him not a man who came in his own name and sought great things for himself, a man filled with human conceit and selfish ambitions, but a true minister of God, who spoke to them in the profoundest conviction of the divine truths he uttered—a brother man built after a somewhat larger pattern than themselves, whose great heart was moved with sincerest sympathy for them in their struggles and sincerest desire for their highest welfare. To many thousands to-day the world seems immeasurably poorer for the death of Phillips Brooks. Men of all classes and creeds are sorrowing for their loss. For such a man rises above all middle walls of partition and all the Christian world claims part in him. He is recognized as a prophet of the Lord and a gift of God to a sinful world.—*The Messenger and Visitor.*

Missionary Boarding Schools.—In an interesting article contributed to the *Link*, Miss Priest treats of the necessity and conduct of of these schools, the good wrought by them generally and of our Indian schools in particular.

An Ark for Woodstock Men :

If there should be another flood,
Quickly to my Greek I'd fly;
For if all else should be engulfed,
Anabasis would still be dry.—*Ex.*

A Happy (?) Sign.—"There is a feeling that McMaster has a work to do, and that she will make her influence felt in other schools, as indeed she is doing already. A happy sign is the absence of that relic of mediævalism and caste—the college gown."—*Northwest Baptist Correspondence :*

Some Satirical Spurgeonisms.

Baptist ministers don't like dancing, for the very fact that one of their number lost his head through it.

A want of education may hinder some from winning ; H is the letter that killeth.

I would rather be hanged than commit two sermons to memory every week.

Some sermons seemed to be no good until the provision merchant wrapped them round his butter.

The man who intones deserves a cheque written with my toe.

There are two styles of preaching : the first no one can understand but the preacher, the second, no one, not even the preacher.

—*Northwest Baptist.*

PRAYER.

I know a little land-locked bay,
For souls upon a stormy sea :
What light on all the hills around,
What song of birds in every tree !

No billows roll, no rocks there rend,
No widely wrecking winds are there,
But tiny ripples whisper—" Peace " !
That little land-locked bay is Prayer.

A. Rand.

Ottawa Owl.

HERE AND THERE.

J. B. Warnicker, Ed.

A Phillips Brooks memorial service was held at Harvard on February 13th.

The University of Chicago has received from Martin A. Ryerson, of Chicago, a gift of $100,000, on condition that $400,000 more be raised before May 1st.

Rogers—What makes your nose so red, Mr. Reilly?
Reilly—It glows with pride, sir, in not putting itself in other people's business.—*Puck.*

A Japanese student describes Harvard in a letter home thus: "A very large building, where the boys play foot-ball and on wet days read books."—*Ex.*

Harvard's new catalogue shows 82 professors, 4 associate and 28 assistant professors, 10 lecturers, 2 tutors, 100 instructors, 68 demonstrators and assistants, making a total of 294.

Our Missions.

Pape Avenue.—This is the most promising of our Missions. The small building, in spite of its inconveniences, is always well filled. The workers from First Avenue Church are always on hand to lend assistance in the after meetings.

Ontario Street.—Owing to the varied character of the audiences, this is considered a very difficult place to preach. A number of faithful workers from Jarvis St. are very regular in their attendance and do much to encourage the students who go over to preach.

Little York.—This little Mission has had several periods of depression. So severe have these periods been that the executive of the F. M. S. had serious questionings as to the advisability of sustaining it any longer. But after sending Mr. C. J. Cameron as a scout to learn the real condition of the town and the prospect for a Mission, we have decided to retain it and redouble our efforts to make it a success.

We are glad to see signs that the Spirit of God is blessing the Baptists in a marked way. From nearly all quarters comes the blessed news of special services attended with conversions and quickenings,—Galt, Guelph, Beverley and Bloor Streets, Toronto, Ormond, Grande Ligne, etc., all report God's presence and blessing. McMaster Hall too has come in for a share of the good things. The prayer meetings latterly have been glorious. Students whose love to God had grown cold have

been revived, while others have learned the secret of His love. The coming summer ought to be a very prosperous one judging from the deepening spirit of devotion that now is manifest.

The Annual Reception held by Pastor and Mrs. Harris of Walmer Road Baptist Church on Friday evening, 17th inst., in the chapel, was very well attended. The large representation of the members of the congregation who braved the storm to be present bespoke popularity of the host and hostess. One and all received a most cordial welcome and spent a very pleasant evening. The short appropriate addresses of Pastor O. C. S. Wallace, Prof. Trotter and Dr. Stewart were interesting and encouraging. The good things dispensed in the basement were also thoroughly appreciated. We trust that not a few of such occasions at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Harris are yet in store for Walmer Road Church.

On the evening of Feb. 17th, in spite of the blizzard, the beautiful halls of Victoria University were crowded with the fashion and brain of Toronto. The Conversazione Committee of which Mr. George H. Locks, of the class of 1893 was chairman, deserves the highest praise for the perfection of arrangements. The building which in itself is a work of art, was beautifully decorated with plants and draperies. The reception of guests, and the care taken of their wraps, coats, etc., was all that could be desired. The Concert part of the programme was of the first order, while the Orchestral and Promenade portion of it made a most brilliant scene and gave ease and grace to the whole evening. McMaster congratulates Victoria on the success of her first evening given to the City of Toronto, and congratulates Toronto on having Victoria as an acquisition to her social as well as her intellectual life.

On Tuesday evening, the 31st of January, the Literary and Theological Society of Knox College gave an "At Home" to a multitude of their friends and relatives. McMaster University being one of the latter class was requested to send a representative, which she did. The Knox boys may well be congratulated on the success which they have scored in playing the rôle of Host. The several committees performed their duties in a most creditable manner. No pains were spared to make the guests enjoy the occasion. The arrangements were complete. From the sounding of the first strains of the orchestral overture to the close of the evening's programme everything moved smoothly and harmonously. Those solemn halls, unused to the light step of ladies, their beaming faces and gay laughter, were all ablaze with light and color While convocation hall held an interested and appreciative audience as an excellent programme of music and readings was being rendered, a delightful entertainment was afforded in the dining hall, of a series of stereopticon views of many cities and well-known landscapes of the Old World, while also, at the same time, many promenaded the corridors under the influence or the harmonous strains of the orchestra. Thus was the evening spent. The guests all declare it a brillant success.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

See the cartoon among the advertisements !

Miss Wells was "at home" to her classmates on the 3rd instant

Mesdames Rand and Newman were "at home" to the students twice each during the month.

We sometimes hear of a place being struck by a blizzard or a cyclone, but such things are not to be compared with the craze that recently struck our boys. It was a shave I tell you. It deprived about a dozen of our best looking fellows of the hairy appendage to their upper lips, leaving them with a facial expression somewhat like that of a well-fed calf. We are rejoiced to see that repairs have begun with some, and we hope that the scene of devastation will soon wear its accustomed graceful appearance in all cases.

Loudly and persistently wailed the historical tin horn. Hastily gathered the clan, and thronged about the main entrance. "Farewell, Peter Mode, you have quietly proved your worth to us in this one year, and all are sad because of your loss of health. We long to see your illness depart rather than you. But you and we are full of hope, relying on an invincible Helper, so good-bye, Peter, your hand, my boy ! Ah, those were feeling echoes of Auld Lang Syne and Jolly Good Fellow. One more round of hearty handshakes,—the farewell was over and Peter's journey had begun.

"One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare."

On the evening of Friday, Feb. 10th, Mr. Hodgson of the city gave a practical demonstration of hypnotism before our Literary Society. The subject had excited much interest, and there was quite a large attendance, including a few friends from the city. Before beginning Mr. Hodgson requested that a committee be appointed to test the genuineness of the experiments. He then proceeded. First he mesmerised a boy, twelve or fourteen years of age. While in the hypnotic condition the boy performed several feats, seemingly impossible for a person to perform while in a normal condition. The other subject was a man. He also appeared to be completely under the control of the operator. With this subject Mr. Hodgson performed many remarkable things. A notable one was the drawing of the man across the platform in an imaginary tug of war. He made no little amusement for the audience by making the subject imagine himself Corbett, and causing him to relate his last encounter with Sullivan. When the subjects came out of the hypnotic condition they were quite unconscious of any thing that had

occurred. At different times during the proceedings Mr. Hodgson requested the committee to examine the subjects, which they did, and declared every thing satisfactory. All the experiments were successful and of a convincing nature. On the Tuesday evening following he came back to test his mesmeric powers upon any of the students who might offer themeelves. His experiments were unsuccessful, but it is only fair to Mr. Hodgson to say that he frankly acknowledged his failure, and requested another opportunity of exhibiting the science. He is an ardent disciple of hypnotism, and is enthusiastic regarding its powers and possibilities.

All honor to whom honor is due! and who are more worthy of honor than the Executive Committee of the Literary and Theological Society? The meetings of this month have been a decided success chiefly owing to the splendid programmes prepared. The very happy variety in the exercises of each night added much to the interest of the meetings. The Committee have endeavored to keep out of old ruts and we believe they have succeeded. The worthy President, J. B. Warnicker, is a man of such distinguished originality, and noted geniality, that it is impossible for a meeting to be prosy under his leadership. One night this month was given to the Scotch poets. Two men of the land of the heather prepared two excellent essays, Mr. McKinnon on Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Cameron on Robert Burns. Several extracts from the works of these two poets were read, a few Scotch songs were admirably rendered, and altogether a pleasant and profitable evening was spent. The evening of the debate on the Separate School question was one of no small interest, as the debates were well loaded with facts and the debaters full of enthusiasm to unload them. The next evening was given over to the subject of Mesmerism. A carefully prepared paper on the subject was read by G. A. Scott. This paper was a credit to its young writer as it at once instructed and interested the listener. Mr. Hodgson, who had his subjects with him to operate on, both amused and surprised the on-lookers with his complete power over those he had under his mesmeric influence. The programme of Friday, the 17th, was "A Night With the Negro." A paper on the Negro which showed diligent research on the part of the writer was prepared and read by Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Sycamore read a selection from Uncle Tom's Cabin which brought the tears to more than one student. A good part of the night was given to the singing of negro hymns and ballads by Messrs. McAlpine, Trotter and Therrien. The meeting closed by all join ng in the tender strains of the "*Swanee River.*"

My Tale of Woe.

One day, in a highly hilarious mood,
Four undergrad fellows I interviewed,
And proposed, in a wild and reckless way,
"To see whose wit is the sharpest, eh?"

"If you think *you've* any," cried the first,—
A Freshman too, that's just the worst
Of these Freshmen,—"You're a rail reversed."

"Why," said the Sophomore, sucking his pen,
"Should we flee all fishmongers? Out of your ken?
'Tis plainly seen that they're *selfish* men!"

The Junior asked,—his mind is infirm—
Why a German should dread the cholera term,
"Don't you see? To begin with, he's nearly all germ!"

"Now," said the Senior, while I sighed,
"What season would you most likely decide
Has been exemplified? *Wits untied?*"

Sadly I gazed on each undergrad fellow,
Trembled and tottered,—the air grew yellow,
And I sank down square on my violoncello.

> I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way
> Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,

writes Shelley. Such was our experience on the evening of the 24th inst., when, seated cosily in a corner of the chapel, we gazed wonderingly upon the now celebrated transformation scene controlled and directed by the Ladies' Modern Language Club,—a transformation that would put an ordinary harlequin into a state of most jealous and irrepressible agitation. And so we leaned back, sighing for a moment in the very delight of æstheticism ministered unto, and then assuming our most encouraging, responsive smiles for the remainder of that memorable evening. Promptly after the lapse of the usual quarter-hour postponement, Miss President McKay and Miss Secretary Wells mounted the rostrum. Not a tremor was visible in either countenance, the only signs were those betokening heroic purpose and invincible resolution. After the Chancellor had offered prayer, the President delivered a speech from the throne, the only fault in which was its brevity, and heartily welcoming the audience of guests, called upon Miss Bertha Johnson for a piano solo. Then soft and fitful came the dulcet notes which charmed us into grateful reverie, and when they ceased, we felt like travellers returned from the land of the Lotos-Eaters. Next Miss Dryden read us an essay. The opinions of great men and women on what and how to read were selected, emphasized and annotated in strikingly clear, concise, well-judged arrangement. Lowell, Emerson, Ruskin and Mrs. Browning were among those quoted, and their wise utterances, with the essayist's comments, were profitable to us all. Third came Miss Chisholm with a violin solo, slow at first and tender, then swift and clear, urged on by the true musician's effort. Of course an encore followed. The great debate next,—should women enter law or not? Miss Wells most fluently upheld their right to do so and in short, their evident suitability, undoubted success (witness the U. S. women lawyers) and their fitness, at all events, to judge for themselves, (no pun or anything like it is here intended!) Miss Smith declaimed earnestly against the innovation, showing a thorough grasp of all the horrors of the situation, both humorous and grave. Miss Wells replied

briefly and ably. Then Misses Timpany and McLaurin sang a duet, entitled "A Serenade." It was very pretty and romantic—for those who like that sort of thing—but, apart from the sentiment, their rendition was excellent. Miss Wilson's piano solo took us travelling again, —it was admirable. Prof. Clark then recounted some of his Reminiscences of University life in Germany. Of this most interesting and heartily-enjoyed address we took extensive notes, but—when an editor frowns, you know, it is a portentous omen. Suffice it to write that we learned much of the greatness of Germany in intellect and knowledge. Another violin solo from Miss Chisholm, and "God save the Queen," terminated the entertainment. The ladies' encomiums are being sounded everywhere.

Moulton College.

For Rent.—Knot-holes in the fence on Bismarck Avenue, overlooking our skating rink. Proceeds to be devoted to the gymnasium building fund. N.B.—The free use of these holes to be discontinued.

Overheard at the Victoria conversat. :—Grave and learned professor from Toronto University to his companion, while trying to make their way to the refreshment room : "We can get *jam* without going in there for it."

I want to know—

Can a "Post" be quick or graceful?
Can a "Soph." look hard or fierce?
Can a "Junior" be an ancient?
Can a "Freshman" weep salt tears?

Friday evening, the 17th, we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on Tennyson's "Princess" by Dr. Rand. The poet's general characteristics were first sketched, with passing reference to the main ideas of his greatest works. The central thought and aim of the "Princess" was then dwelt upon at more length, and the lecturer concluded by reading several beautiful passages as illustrations of the points presented.

Prof. McKay's lecture on "The Physical Basis of Music," given in the parlors of the Y.M.C.A. building last month, was most thoroughly enjoyed by the students of Moulton. We venture to assert that the veriest dullard who ever floundered among ratios and proportions—had such a person been present—could not have failed to gain some conception of the laws underlying alike the music of a tin whistle and the harmonies of the spheres.

We felt ourselves greatly favored in having Mrs. Wells with us at the last meeting of our Mission Circle, and still more so in hearing her tell of some of her experiences with the Indians of the North-West dur-

ing her stay there a few years ago. Besides presenting in her earnest way the needs of that people and our duty to them, especially to the women, our sisters for whom Christ died, she cited many amusing incidents connected with her stay there.

Moulton College would like to know whether the weather is going to come down and be sociable or still maintain her lofty and icy bearing. It is very trying to be thus coolly treated by one of our most highly esteemed and indispensable friends. When we sally forth to meet her, she greets us with a frigid air and coldly repulses all our overtures to friendship—yea verily, she nips them in the bud and sometimes in the ear. She also has a demoralizing influence over our erstwhile warm chums—the radiators. They are sometimes as cool and unre sponsive as she is, and refuse to radiate warmth and comfort as was their wont. Then, too, our spring poetesses have their little odes and sonnets all ready, only waiting for the balmy breezes and melting showers to summon them from their retreat. But, alas! the weather will not be kind and accommodating to such unimportant personages as spring poetesses. Surely we all sigh for the return of her gentler mood. *We* are longing and looking for tender smiles and warm embraces, but *she* persists in snubs and freezing glances.

PER ARDUA.

Our skating rink at last is won,
The ground is flooded, work is done,
Per Ardua.

We used to fear it was a dream,
But now we've got the frozen stream,
Per Ardua.

And as it seems a shame to wait,
We all go out and try to skate,
Per Ardua.

Some there are erect and fleet,
The others barely keep their feet,
Per Ardua.

And nevermore will we despair,
And trust we always shall "get there,"
Per Ardua.

The Nordica-Scalchi Concert Company has come and gone, and those of our company who had the good fortune to hear them enjoyed a rare treat. Mme. Nordica and Herr Fischer had never been heard in Toronto before, and it is to be hoped we shall have many opportunities of hearing them again in the near future. Nordica's voice is exceedingly beautiful, her upper tones have that clear, ringing quality so

much to be envied by all singers, and only obtained by having the tones well placed in the front of the mouth. Her voice is very even in all its registers, and she sings without the slightest effort. Her singing of the Polonaise from "Mignon" was delightful. The ease with which she sang the difficult runs, trills and chromatic passages, and her expression and phrasing, showed her to be a great artist. The E in alt rang out as clear as a bell. She took her audience by storm in this number, and received a double encore to which she graciously responded. Her presence is dignified and graceful; add to this her pretty face, wonderful voice, gracious manner, and beautiful gown, and what more could one ask? Herr Fischer's first number was an aria from "The Jewess." His voice is a magnificent deep bass, the lower tones full and rich, like an organ. He has no tricks, and sings in an honest, straightforward manner. It is seldom one hears a bass singer trill, but he did, and did it well too. We are only stating what every musical person knows when we say he is the finest bass in America, and we are thankful to have had the opportunity of hearing such an artist. Scalchi, Campanini and Del Puente are old favorites here and are always welcome. They sang in their usual fine style, and were well received. The second part of the programme was composed of parts taken from Maxcagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana." The accompaniments, played on a piano and small harmonium, were decidedly weak; one longed for a good orchestra. To our mind the gem of this part of the programme was the "Ave Maria," sung by Nordica. Perhaps the best effort of the evening was the quintette from "Lucia di Lammermoor," sung by Mme. Nordica, Miss Engel, Campanini, Del Puente and Fischer. The old Pavilion was filled with melody; it was something to dream of, and over all the other voices Nordica's beautiful tones rang out, clear and sweet. The audience was electrified and demanded an encore, to which they kindly responded. Seldom have we heard such an array of talent, and the evening of February 10th, 1893, will long be remembered as one of great pleasure and profit.

Woodstock College.

We are glad to learn that Dr. Thomas, of Jarvis St. church, Toronto, is to lecture in the College Feb. 24th.

The annual tea-meeting of the First Baptist church was held on the 10th. A number of the boys attended. The orchestra was down, and rendered a few selections. As is, and was always, the case on such occasions, everyone enjoyed himself thoroughly.

At our regular meeting of the Judson Missionary Society, Mrs. Booker gave us a very interesting talk on the state of India with respect to the people. Her experience amongst them as a missionary qualifies her to treat this subject as only missionaries can.

A NEW feature in the school is the "Opposition Orchestra," consisting of two banjos, a fife, harmonica, tin whistle and horn. It is becoming quite proficient in keeping people awake at nights, which seems to be the time the members prefer for practice.

IT may possibly be a surprise to the old Woodstock boys, now at McMaster, who had the pleasure of skating on our rink last winter, to know that we have a fine natural sheet of ice on the junior football field. The last rain, melting the snow, has done in a few nights what it took weeks to accomplish last year. Hockey claims the attention of those who skate, both here and on the creek, where there is smooth ice for miles.

OUR old friend, Bro. Bone, paid us his annual visit Thursday evening, Jan. 29th, and gave us one of his interesting talks which makes him so welcome to all. Bro. Bone's experience with men in his work enables him to give his hearers accounts that are very instructive. This time he spoke chiefly on the happiness derived from living a Christian life, and the sweetness of Christian fellowship. Two things which he said will long be remembered. They were, that we by investing in stock with Christ as banker, or if we work for Christ, are paid twice, when we invest or start to work, and when we die; and the second was that we can always tell what is in the hopper by what is coming out of the spout. His closing advice was, "Be true to your convictions."

THE orchestra went out to East Zorra on the 3rd, and had an experience which was not altogether an enviable one. They left the College at about 5.30 o'clock, expecting to arrive at their destination in an hour, but their expectation was unfulfilled. It snowed, and the wind drifted the snow so that there was constant danger of upsetting. In fact, we learn that one rig did capsize, while those in the others had to do a great deal of wallowing through the deep snow to get along. But they arrived at last, after two and a half hours' work, and had a splendid time. They enjoyed themselves much, but when the time came to go home they couldn't go, so were obliged to remain in the church (where the tea-meeting was held) all night. The boys did not mind when they found that Principal Bates with his wife and a number of other ladies and gentlemen were also storm-stayed. However, they all passed the night in the best manner possible, and returned home next morning none the worse for their night out.

THE 26th day of Jan., 1893, will long be remembered by the boys who were in attendance at Woodstock at that time. This was the "Day of Prayer for Colleges," We had present with us Rev. Mr. Farthing, M.A., Rev. E. Dadson, B.A., Rev. Mr. McDiarmid, M.A., and Rev. Mr. Tapscott. After a hymn had been sung, a portion of scripture read, and invocation offered, Mr. Farthing delivered an inspiring address. His subject was the "Influence of Religious Life in College." He began by saying we should "Fly our colors high" from the start If

we are Christians let us show it, and those who like our colors will gather round us, while those who don't will stay away. He spoke of the necessity of the Spirit to guide in the formation of our lives and the choice of our life-work. There is a place for everyone, and the best men will fill the best places. Our lives should be lives of self-sacrifice, looking after the little things, since these go to make up the great sum total. He spoke many more encouraging words which will be cherished by all who heard them. Principal Bates then read letters received from Messrs. Sycamore, Vichert, Patterson, Hurley, L. Brown, P. Mode, Marshall, and McCaw, old students of Woodstock, and one from Dr. Rand. Mr. Tapscott gave us a few words of encouragement and cheer, after which we had a good "old fashioned" prayer meeting. In the evening Mr. McDiarmid gave an exceptionally interesting and instructive address on "Motives to Foreign Mission Work."

On the evening of June 27th, we had an "At Home" in the college. An "At Home,"—what memories this will bring to those who have ever participated in the pleasures of an evening thus spent. This one was given by the "Ladies of the College," and carried on in a decidedly clever manner. The head and foot of each table received a slip of paper on which was the name of the lady whom he was to take to supper. Upon receipt of this a search usually took place, always successful, of course. Before leaving the East Reception Room, some music was rendered by the College Orchestra, after which all proceeded to the dining room where a bountiful repast was spread. The old room was filled, twenty-four tables being occupied. After supper an interesting programme was rendered by the Philomathic and Excelsior Societies, consisting of instrumental and vocal music and what proved to be an exciting debate, carried on in a unique manner. The question discussed was: "Which is or would be best for Canada, Imperial Federation, Annexation, Independence, or her Present State. There was one speaker for each side, and it was hotly contested. The vote resulted in a tie between Independence and Present State. Imperial Federation receiving not more than a dozen votes, while Annexation obtained but two. This last, as a future state for Canada, is treated with general abhorrence here; we are all loyal Canadians. After leaving the chapel, the pleasantest event of the evening, to some, took place. This was escorting home the ladies with whom they had passed so pleasant an evening. That another At Home may soon occur is the desire of all.

Grande Ligne.

On Sunday, January 29th, it was our privilege to listen to two excellent sermons by Mr. Lafleur, of Montreal. Though age may be telling slowly upon the physical constitution of our noble secretary, we are pleased to find him still young and vigorous in mind and heart.

As usual we have had a number of visitors during the past month.

We would mention specially the Rev. Mr. Hinson, of Moncton, N.B., the newly chosen pastor of Olivet Church, Montreal, whose words both cheered and strengthened us all. We hope to welcome him here again.

Our glorious skating rink, though it affords us all a great amount of pleasure, yet sometimes severely punishes its votaries. As the result of a fall upon it Miss Piché has, for some time, been carrying her arm in a sling. We are glad, however, that the sling has disappeared, and that she is now able to carry on her work as usual.

A very pleasant little event took place here one afternoon lately. Miss Piché, who is one of the teachers, invited her Sunday school class to meet her in the library. There a table was nicely decorated and refreshments were served, over which every one chatted pleasantly. All enjoyed the gathering very much.

The social which was held at the church, Wednesday, Feb. 8th, was a very enjoyable affair. A lecture was given by the Rev. Mr. Lafleur on "The Bay of New York." This was followed by an excellent supper, and every one went home well pleased, after spending an hour in social conversation with friends both new and old.

At last the Maskinongé correspondence has been issued in book form. It makes a neat and tasty volume of 134 pages. It comprises letters from priests, nuns and lawyers, discussing the action of the Maskinongé Protestants in revolting against clerical tyranny, with the answers to these by our Protestant missionaries. We expect much good to be done by this booklet. An English translation of the same will appear, which we believe will prove both interesting and instructive to the many friends that are interested in our French work here.

It was again our sad duty last week to follow to the little missionary cemetery the remains of another of our old students. This time Miss Rachael St. James, the eldest daughter of our devoted church clerk, has been called home to her final rest. In her the church here has lost a talented and most devoted worker, and the family a loving daughter and sister. The family has the deepest symathy of both teachers and students.

Thursday, Feb. 9th, being the anniversary of the day our beloved Principal, Rev. G. Massé, first began his infantile struggle for rights and privileges in this world, he was presented by Mr. F. Therrien, on behalf of the students, with a handsome clock. The simple earnest address which accompanied the gift, also the affectionate, though more lengthy, reply could not fail to show the depth of existing sympathy. An enjoyable evening followed, during which, both teachers and pupils, throwing off all restraint for the time, entered heartily into the pleasures of the evening, which consisted of music and promenade conversation and games, lasting till the hands of the clock pointed near eleven, when all retired weary in body, but refreshed in mind and spirit, feeling much, as one of the younger boys expressed it, "I think this does a fellow good."

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John Dryden

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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1893.

JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden was born on the farm where he still lives in the summer of 1840. Twenty years before, his father, the late James Dryden, came a boy from England with his widowed mother, and the family found a home in the township of Whitby, county of Ontario. The family tree is ancient and venerable enough no doubt, but the branch of it transplanted to Canada is innocent of a pedigree. The John Dryden of literature may have been nourished on the parent stem, but if he was the fact is not known to his namesake of rural fame. John Dryden, the farmer, has a character of his own, born and bred into him as every believer in blood and breeding will say; yet a character which is distinctively his own by virtue of his environment, his training and his thinking. The public school system of this Province was founded just about the time that his school days began, and saving a year and a half spent at the county grammar school, his education was obtained at a country common school. Had he taken a university course he might have become a rare good scholar, for besides possessing the intellectual qualities he has the method and temperament which give boundless capacity for hard work. He has originality too, and in science or literature he could have won distinction, for he has the faculty of being able to take dry facts and put them into new, pleasing and living relations, and he can generalize with skilful judgment. But life on the farm had greater attrac-

tions for the boy John Dryden than life in the class-room or the study, and in his choice of occupation he did not close the door against advancement. There is no occupation or employment of man which affords greater scope for mental effort with practical results in view; neither is there any other which offers opportunities for higher usefulness or the winning of a nobler name.

Mr. Dryden began as his father's tenant, working a farm of 230 acres, which less than twenty years before had been cut out of the bush. For twenty years he paid rent for this farm, becoming the owner of it only at his father's death. Meantime two other lots had been added, first under lease and afterwards by purchase, and now a block of 430 acres constitutes the homestead known as Maple Shade. The whole of it has been tile-drained; large and substantial buildings have been erected; the fields are clean, showing excellent cultivation; the roadsides have been planted with rows of stately maples; and neatness and thrift are apparent all over the place. But perhaps the best feature of Maple Shade farm is its live stock. Of all our domestic animals the dog is the only one under an interdict there. Mr. Dryden has no use for him any more than for a wolf; and if he could have his way in the Legislature, the chances are that a bounty would be offered for the dog's scalp as well as for the wolf's. "Without are dogs" is one of his mottoes as a farmer. But he has the genuine farmer's love for the sheep, the cow and the horse, and is only satisfied with the best breeds. How he came by this taste can only be surmised, for there is a tradition that his father could see no merit in breeds and no difference between a native or a mongrel and a thoroughbred except what care and feeding made. But when only a youth he reasoned the father into a frame of mind to make an experiment, and a young Shorthorn was bought and charge of the experiment was given to the boy. This was the beginning of one of the best herds of Shorthorns that is to be found to-day in America—Shorthorns of the famous Cruickshank strain. Mr. Dryden has been for many years an importer of these cattle, and not long ago he bought in Scotland and brought out to his farm in Whitby the whole of one of the original herds. As a breeder of these cattle Mr. Dryden is well

known over Canada and the United States, and he has sold large numbers of them to the best farmers in both countries. He has also devoted great attention to the breeding of sheep, and his flock of Shropshires has a reputation not inferior to that enjoyed by his Cruickshank Shorthorns. The foundation of this flock was laid by an importation from England, and new blood is added by fresh importations at frequent intervals, for which purpose Mr. Dryden goes over and makes his own selections from the best flocks of the English breeders. "A few years ago," he once told the writer, "I was going over on this errand, and among the passengers on the vessel were several Americans who were also going to buy Shrops. They were wealthy men and spoke freely of what they were going to do, saying that price was no object if they could get the best. It was their first trip. I kept my own counsel, for I could not compete with those men; but I knew all the best flocks in England, and I lost no time after landing to get to them and make my pick. I met the Americans a few days after, and you can imagine how satisfied with their own cleverness they were at being outwitted by a Canadian farmer and obliged to put up with second choice." Mr. Dryden is a leading member of breeders' associations in his own country and in the United States, and has held the highest offices in several of them. At the present time he is president of the American Shropshire Registry Association of Canada and the United States.

An opportunity to enter public life came early to Mr. Dryden, and here again he was without influence from his father's example. He was induced to stand for the office of councillor in his township in 1864, and although young and but little known his frank and manly address made so good an impression upon the electors that a large majority was given to him over every other candidate. In this training school of public men he continued for a number of years, and in 1879 he was chosen as the candidate of the Liberals to represent South Ontario in the Local Legislature. The constituency had long been held by the Conservatives, and it was no easy task to dispossess them of it. But Mr. Dryden won, and at every election since he has carried the seat in spite of vigorous efforts to defeat

him. In the Legislature he made a good impression from the start, and although not speaking often he always gained the ear of the House. Topics connected with agriculture have been his favorites, and upon these he has always spoken with authority. In 1890 he became Minister of Agriculture, and in that position he has evinced remarkable aptitude as an administrator. It is a position which brings him into intimate touch with the great industries of the country, and no other department of Government offers such large opportunities for useful and original practical work. Nor is it saying too much that Mr. Dryden is filling and magnifying his office, and that in promoting the interests of agriculture he has secured the respect, the good-will and the confidence of all classes of the people. He is an earnest believer in the power of knowledge as an agency to accomplish results, and through the helpful instrumentality of agricultural and kindred societies, farmers' institutes, the agricultural college and the public schools, he is confident that the most efficient service which government has in its power to offer can best be rendered to the agricultural industries of the country. Expositions of policy, as given in recent public speeches to farmers and dairymen, have been received with marked favor throughout the province, and it is not too much to say of those speeches that in range of information, definiteness of aim and originality of conception they will rank with the best addresses which the literature of agriculture affords.

It remains to say a few words on Mr. Dryden as a Baptist, for no paper on the man would be complete in this magazine which did not touch the religious side of his character. And here once more Mr. Dryden has become what he is without the influence of home example. True, upon his mother's side he was of Baptist origin. The grandfather, Elder Israel Marsh, and the great grandfather, Elder William Marsh, were pioneers in the Baptist ministry of this province. But the mother, who died a young woman after nursing all her children through typhoid fever, was not a member of any church ; neither was the father, who lived to a good old age. There was a Baptist church in Brooklin (or rather on the 6th concession of Whitby) in those days, some forty years ago ; but John Dryden used to say that

its light had gone out, and although he had early convictions he had no sympathies with the Brooklin church. A step mother was brought into the family, and being a Methodist she led them to the Methodist church. There the lad joined a class meeting, attended it every Sunday morning for several years, and at last became its leader. Then the question of baptism came up, for he had never been baptised. He read something on the subject and spoke to the superintendent of the circuit. "How would you like to be baptised?" the superintendent asked, and the question came like a revelation. Surely the superintendent himself ought to know, and the matter was left to him. But about that time the Baptist church awoke from its sleep. The Holmans became active members, there were numerous conversions, and Elder Lloyd came and baptised many. "Mr. Lloyd preached a sermon on baptism and convinced me as to the mode, but he said it was not essential. I was always a believer in believer's baptism, but never in infant baptism. The Methodist doctrine was one of working our way to heaven, and what mattered the mode, if baptism was not essential? I read everything on both sides of the subject, and was bound to not become a Baptist There was nothing bright or cheerful about the local church. Finally I made up my mind to settle the question, and when I decided to do what the Bible teaches then I began to get light. I read the Bible and studied the lexicons, and when it became clear that baptise meant immerse and immerse only I would have gone to England to be baptised." He was baptised accordingly, and began working in the Sunday school of the Brooklin church with the smallest class in it. And when Joseph Holman left the locality and resigned the superintendency of the school Mr. Dryden was appointed in his stead. That office he still holds: he has also a Bible class of thirty members, and he is rarely absent from his place.

Mr. Dryden was one of the first trustees of McMaster Hall. He has also been from the first on the Board of Governors of McMaster University, and is now chairman of the Board; and although he knows the value of a university education by the want of it, he is by common consent one of the most practical and useful of all the Governors.

A. Blue.

AŒDE.

By sleeping mere, by winding murmurous stream,
  Which through the whispering reeds doth slowly steal
  Where all day long weird tones in stillness peal,
And stands the heron ever in a dream;
In shady wood, where playful sun-shafts gleam
  And drowsy insect-hum makes spirit reel
  And totter to oblivion, I feel
A Presence strange and all things only seem.

O Muse, thy radiant form divine reveal!
  Why e'er in witching wantonness dost veil
  Thy beauty's grace? For once thy burning glance
Transfixed me, and, O ecstasy, didst seal
  My spirit's eyes,—since, with wild longing pale,
  I follow thee as ever in a trance.

D. T. DeWolfe.

THE PASSING OF THE LAUREATE.

Three queens stood waiting by the summer sea,
Looking with eager faces to the west;
Each bore within her hands rare flowers that bloom
Within the Valley of Avilion,
With wreaths of amaranth and golden wheat.
A barge, in answer to their earnest quest,
Draped in soft folds of violet and white,
Crossed by the rose-hue of the queen of Love,
Came down the coast and floated at their feet.

The queen of Love, with radiant face, and eyes
Long-lashed, like sapphires in a dewy mist,
Flung back the tawny gold of her loose hair
And lightly stepped upon the waiting barge;
Then Vera drew the violet mantle round
Her dainty throat, and took her place beside
The queen of Love.

The Lily queen, white robed and starry eyed,
Flashed for a moment her white arm and stood
Beside her sisters, while the muffled oar
Parted the waters of the outer mere,
And the keel grated on the weeping sand.

The moon's light shimmered on a group who bare
Upon a bier the figure of a knight
Who had broke lance in field and tournament
From Camelot to Windsor's palaces,
Yet never tarnish dimmed his shining blade,
Upon the violet and white and rose
The queens spread out the garlands that they bore,
And as the mourners laid him at their feet,
The three fair women broke into a song:

"Do they call our warrior dead?
Is there weeping on the shore?
Know they not for such as he
Death is life forevermore?

"Never truer knight we knew,
Had we sought one, vain the quest;
Love and Truth and Purity
Guard him to the promised rest.

"Larger life and broader view
Shall our King bestow on him:
Eye to scan the star-gemmed blue,
Thought to pierce the utmost rim,

"Where far islands float the bloom
Of the broad-browed gracious trees,
Where the light of former days
Glimmers on the golden seas."

But as the white boat glided o'er the mere
The song grew fainter, and I only heard
The lap of waters breaking at my feet,
And lonely whispers of the midnight wind.

Dec. 23, '92. IRENE ELDER MORTON.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

NOTES OF PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

III.

My dear young Friend, — Your words of appreciation are very grateful to me, though you seem to think I am tarrying too long among the Italian paintings when there are so many other rooms to attract one, filled with grand specimens of other schools,—Flemish, Dutch, French, Spanish, and above all our English schools, old and modern, of which we are justly proud. I appreciate your eagerness to learn more of these, and it would be very pleasant to tell you what I think of Reynolds' and Turner's pictures, but my aim just now is to give you an orderly and clear outline of the progressive development of the divine art of painting itself. Besides, English art, all modern art, has been possible only because of the genius and labor of those gifted sons of light and shadow, form and ravishing color, whose campus was sunny Italy. Let me, then, take my own way through the Gallery and dwell a little on these Italian names, even though it is not possible to have them fully represented on its walls.

I have thus far called your attention to those masters whose works mark off distinct stages or steps in painting. These have given us some idea how much was done in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to prepare the way for the brilliant group of geniuses that brought art to its highest perfection in the two centuries which followed. Think how gradually the fetters of tradition and use were broken and cast aside! How slow the process of working out individuality of form! With what labor access was gained to the secrets of science, and these pressed into the service of art! The fruition of these centuries of experiment and painstaking is at last seen in the works of the four great masters of Italy, Leonardi da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael and Titian. Milan, Florence, Rome and Venice are the cities where the embodiments of the ideals of beauty of these great

masters are chiefly to be seen; but the Gallery in London is fortunate in possessing masterpieces of theirs, which once seen by a receptive soul must be held sacred forever in the memory. In the case of Leonardi da Vinci, however, there are but eight paintings in the world known to be his, none of which are in America; although his name is not infrequently inserted in the catalogues of public galleries.* The National Gallery contains one of these eight—a noble one,—while it also possesses a very beautiful composition of his—Christ Disputing with the Doctors, —thought to have been executed by one of his pupils, Bernardino Luini.

This solitary picture of Leonardi's—Our Lady of the Rocks —is to me the painting of paintings of this great collection. For expression of tender love, soft gentle beauty, it stands first in my mind. Its inexpressible beauty entered into my soul, and no matter how brief was any visit I made to the Gallery I could not leave without one loving look at the soulful face with its heavenly smile, bending as though in silent prayer over her Son. As often as I gazed upon this picture I felt that the soul of a pure loving woman is depicted,—forgetting almost that a mortal hand brought it into existence. The painting is a soft rich brown, the figures firm, clear, perfect in outline, and of wonderful truth of tone and beauty of expression. The foreground is a marvel of skill—flowers and low shrubbery. The Mother is seated on a rock, and grouped around her are the infant Christ with a cross, His hands clasped as if in benediction, with the young John and his mother seated on the ground in the attitude of listening. A beautiful family group! In the background, through a rift in the rocks, is a glimpse of the far-off sea, at once calling to the lips the question of Rosetti's sonnet:

> "And is that outer sea
> Infinite imminent eternity?"

The rocks in the background are not just like those one sees in

* The following are the pictures: Our Lady of the Rocks, in the National Gallery, London; Adoration of the Kings, in the Uffizi, Florence; St. Jerome, in the Vatican, Rome; The Last Supper (wall painting), in Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan; Mona Lisa, The Holy Family with St. Anne, John the Baptist, and Vierge aux Rochers, in the Louvre, Paris. The last picture is similar to that in the National Gallery, but I do not retain so pleasing a memory of it.

nature, and one will not be amiss in the inference that Leonardi's skill in landscape was not equal to that in portraiture. As a portrait painter it is acknowledged that he surpasses all others, before or since his day. It would be well now to recall our starting point, the grim gaunt Madonna of Margaritone, if we would fully appreciate the advance made in the art of painting, above all in the art of painting the soul. Leonardi's creation may well stand as a wonderful conception of ideal womanhood,—the perfection of pictorial modelling in light and shade—the soulful flower of art.

Leonardi was born in 1452 at Vinci, near Florence. He early showed an aptitude for drawing and painting, and his father, a lawyer, apprenticed him to an artist—Verrocchio. The youth gave himself to study with an industry and earnestness prophetic of coming greatness. He rapidly mastered the sciences and art of his time, displaying an almost incredible universality of mind. The knowledge and accomplishments of this man stagger belief. He became not only a great painter, but a sculptor, architect, poet, musician, mathematician, engineer, chemist, botanist, anatomist, astronomer, and skilled in mechanics and the facts of natural history. He was an adept in riding and fencing and a favorite in society. His strong purpose in life gave him such confidence that he declared: "I can do what can be done as well as any man." It is said that he undertook too much and finished too little. He was always striving after the perfection to which he was conscious he never attained. His sketch-book was his inseparable companion, for he was ever noting down his observations. Kugler says that "Leonardi followed criminals to execution in order to witness the pangs of despair, and invited peasants to his house and told them laughable stories that he might pick from their faces the essence of comic expression."

Leonardi was for fourteen years Court painter at Milan, where he founded the Milanese school of painting. It was here that he produced his masterpiece—one of the eight to which I referred,—The Last Supper, with which the world is familiar through engravings of it. The original is done in oils upon the plastered walls of a Dominican Convent in Milan. The colors have faded on the damp and crumbling plaster, but what is now

left of the painting is carefully protected, and constitutes one of the choicest treasures of that city of

> "The chanting quires,
> The giant windows' blazoned fires."

The general opinion of the masters of art criticism is that Leonardi's ideal of the Christ as seen in this painting is the very highest ever realized in human art, and his ideals of the apostles the truest and noblest. Wordsworth, in a note to his sonnet on the original picture, says in reference to two engravings of it exhibited in London: "In the original is a power which neither of these works has attained, or even approached."

When Leonardi returned to Florence he found Michael Angelo on the wave of popularity as the great painter. It was with little favor that he looked upon this young man twenty-three years his junior, making use of many new phases of art which Leonardi's genius had originated. It was to Michael Angelo that he used the sarcasm so familiar to us: "I was famous before you were born." These artists did, however, compete for fresco-work, which for some reason was never executed. The cartoons for this work were long the inspiring models for younger artists. Both were called to Rome by Leo X., but as they were unable to work in harmony, Leonardi left Rome and Italy forever. The remainder of his life was spent in France in the employ of Francis I. He died at Cloux at the age of 67.

As I have said, his paintings are few in number, but they are sufficient to prove his transcendent art. He could model in light and shade! He was not so supreme in color. The emotions of the soul, its sweetness, the smile of inward happiness, found in him their great portrayer. You will read with interest one of Leonardi's sonnets. The translation is Samuel Waddington's:

> Who would, but cannot—what he can should will.
> 'Tis vain to will the thing we ne'er can do;
> Therefore that man we deem the wisest who
> Seeks not mere futile longing to fulfil.
> Our pleasure, as our pain, dependeth still
> On knowledge of will's power; this doth imbue

With strength who yield to duty what is due,
Nor reason wrest from her high domicile.
Yet what thou canst not always shouldst thou will,
Or gratified thy wish may cost a tear,
And bitter prove what seemed most sweet to view;
Last in thy heart this truth we would instil,—
Wouldst thou to self be true, to others dear,
Will to be able, what thou oughtst, to do.

Let us now see what we can find of the work of Michael Angelo, the great sculptor-painter. As his paintings were mostly done in fresco, they are to be seen in their glory in the chapels of Florence and Rome. He did very few easel pictures, and there are but two of them in the Gallery,—The Entombment of Christ, and The Holy Family. The former is quite unfinished, and one can the better obtain from it some idea of the way in which the master worked. The composition is of seven figures hardly of life size. Two beloved disciples with Mary Magdalene are carrying the body of Christ, supported by a twisted sheet, up a winding flight of steps to the tomb prepared by Joseph. The tomb is seen among the rocks in the back ground. Some of the figures are only in outline, and none are finished; but even in the chalk lines there is great strength and mastery of form, and they suggest to me more of the sculptor than painter. A glance at the dead Christ forcibly tells how the old unscientific, but devotional, art has passed away, for the opportunity is seized to display the most correct knowledge of anatomy. This is one of the very few paintings in which he used oils, a medium he did not like,—in fact, he declared easel painting in oils to be "fit only for women and idle men."

The Holy Family is done in distemper on wood. The picture is quite small, about three and a half feet high and two and a half wide. Here is the group,—the Mother seated in the centre, having an open book, which she withholds from the Child standing beside her with his hand upon it—the prophetic writings in which His sufferings are foretold, behind Him is the child Baptist, and beside them are angels examining a scroll,—"which things the angels desire to look into." The eager faces of the angels are intense with love, pity and sadness. All the figures

are full and strong in drawing, and the shading is so perfect that they seem almost to stand out from the surface. Rosetti has a short poem suggested by this picture, beginning—

"Turn not the prophet's page, O Son!"

Michael Angelo Buonarroti, for this is his full name, was a Tuscan, born at Caprese, near Florence, in 1475, while his father was governor of the castle. Apprenticed to Ghirlandajo, an artist remarkable for his skill in portraiture, his command of the technical processes of painting and the brilliant coloring of his frescos, the lad of thirteen remained with his master three years. Like Leonardi he was a universal genius, though his strongest work was done as a sculptor, and as such he was patronized by the great family of the Medici. Rome is the treasury of his best works. It was after his first visit there that he executed, on his return to Florence, his colossal statue of David, a cast of which you will remember, we studied with so much interest in the South Kensington Museum.

In Michael Angelo's fortieth year the Pope wished him to carry on the decoration already begun, in the Sistine Chapel. Up to this time he had given much more attention to sculpture than painting, and it was prophesied by some of the interested artists of the day that his work in the Sistine would prove a failure. The task set him was a most difficult one, and he entered upon it very reluctantly, suggesting that Raphael, who was now quite famous, should be entrusted with the work. Designs representing the Creation, Fall and Redemption of man were to be made and painted upon the vaulted chapel-ceiling, one hundred and fifty feet in length and fifty in breath. Michael Angelo engaged a number of artists from Florence to assist him, but being dissatisfied with their work he dismissed them all, and erasing what they had done, shut himself up, allowing no intrusion. In four or five years this stupendous work of art was completed to the satisfaction of all, and he was enthusiastically acknowledged a painter of the first rank. This is considered his masterpiece, combining his genius as architect, sculptor and painter, and the figures of the prophets and sibyls the most majestic and powerful paintings in existence. The whole contains over two hundred figures larger than life.

When he was upwards of sixty years old he received a commission to finish the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. It was then he painted The Last Judgment, an altar-piece forty-seven feet high and forty-three wide. Between seven and eight years were given to this picture. The subject afforded him scope to depict with the power of his masterful hand the deepest and most terrible emotions of the human soul. The work is universally adjudged to be a marvellous effort of human skill, yet inferior in beauty to the paintings on the vaulted ceiling.

Though he decorated other chapels the greatest of the productions of his brush are in the Sistine. The dome of St. Peter's and the Capitol with its picturesque group of buildings are among the monuments of his architectural skill, though he did not live to see the dome of the great cathedral entirely completed. Italy at this period was again stirred with religious thought and emotion, roused by the preaching of Peter Martyr. Michael Angelo felt the influence of Martyr's crusade, and doubtless many of his grand subjects were inspired by it. In the opinion of critics, boldness, vigor and mastery of form are combined in this great artist above all others. It has been said of him that his women are female men and his children diminutive giants. Raphael thanked God that he was born in the days of Michael Angelo: and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first president of the Royal Academy of Art, said of him as a painter, that "to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections would be glory and distinction enough for one ambitious man." The finest modern sculptures are also by his hand. Indeed he equally excelled in the sister arts of sculpture, architecture and painting. The energy, strength and dignity of Michael Angelo's work were a true expression of his sterling principles and massive character. Though he spent the greater portion of his life within the circle of a base and intriguing court, he ever preserved his self-respect and lofty ideals of life. He died in Rome in his eighty-ninth year, leaving this simple will, "I bequeath my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my possessions to my nearest relatives." His body lies in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence. Like Leonardi he was a poet, and poetic justice seems to require that I should add one of his sonnets also. It is addressed to the Supreme Being. The translation is by Wordsworth:

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
Which of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
Which quickens only where Thou say'st it may;
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

The ridge, or bar, noticeable over the brows of Michael Angelo in portraits of him, is with singular beauty attributed by Tennyson, in the In Memoriam, to Arthur Hallam. The lyric refers to their college days:

Who but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point with power and grace,
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

Of Raphael and Titian I must speak in my next.

Emeline A. Rand.

IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It is probable that nine out of every ten Canadians who visit London are filled with an overmastering desire to hear a debate in the House of Commons. This is an intensely natural feeling. Strange, indeed, and surprising it would be if we Canadians, descendants of Old Country forefathers, and loyal and loving members of the great English nation, were not anxious to sit in historic Westminster and view the scenes of so many constitutional battles for liberty and right while listening to the direct parliamentary descendants of those great statesmen who won for us and our great nation the liberty we now enjoy. Under ordinary circumstances to obtain a gratification of this ardent desire is a comparatively easy matter; but just now, during the intense excitement consequent upon the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's new Home Rule bill, it is exceedingly difficult to obtain admission to the House. However, fortune has favored me, and in a most signal manner. Through a happy but totally unexpected combination of circumstances, I was brought into direct personal contact with two Welsh Baptist Members of Parliament, D. Lloyd-George, Esq., a leading Welsh lawyer and a well-known Liberal, and T. Ellis, Esq., a Lord of the Treasury and one of the Liberal whips. Mr. Lloyd-George was kind enough to offer me a ticket of admission for Thursday, Feb. 16. "You are a Canadian," said he, "and I should like you to hear some portion of the Home Rule debate. Go on Thursday, and you will be sure to hear some leading man, and perhaps you may hear Mr. Blake." I went of course, and the event proved that the day was well chosen.

It has often been said that one can never foretell what will happen in the House, and I have found it so. In the summer of '91 I spent two or three hours there listening to one of the dullest debates imaginable; after dropping to sleep under its soporific influence, I thought it time to leave and did so. Judge of my chagrin when the next morning all the papers were filled with the report of a most exciting debate, begun probably a quarter of an hour after my departure. This year, however, I

was agreeably surprised. Before Thursday arrived I knew that I should hear Lord Randolph Churchill speak, and that in all probability there would be a full house to hear the noble lord expound his views. But I did not know that I was destined to be present at one of the most exciting sittings that the House has had so far this session; that I was to witness what is known as a "scene," and a remarkable one at that; that I was to hear all the great leaders in the House speak, and that I was to sit within a yard or so of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and see Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Fyfe, and many others of the nobility. Such, however, was my good fortune. It is of the House of Commons, as I saw it on this occasion, that I shall endeavor to give a pen-picture.

With that zeal which is eminently characteristic of Canadians in general under such circumstances, I was early at the door of the House—to be frank and accurate, I was the *first* there—and consequently when the visitors were admitted I was the first to enter and therefore had the choice of seats. I chose the centre seat in the front row of the Members' Gallery, and from that position had a splendid view of every part of the House. The Speaker was in his seat, but only a few members present. While the first half-hour is being apparently wasted and the benches being filled, let me look around and take note of my surroundings.

The House is a hall-like room, somewhat shorter perhaps and slightly broader than old Convocation Hall in University College, Toronto, used to be. A broad aisle runs down the centre from the table in front of the Speaker's chair, thus dividing the room into two parts. On each side of this aisle are ranged five rows of "benches," much like the seats in any modern Canadian church. These run lengthwise of the house, and are crossed at right angles in the centre by a narrow alley, known in parliamentary parlance as the "gangway." When, therefore, it is said that the Irish members, for example, sit "below the gangway," it is not meant that their seats are at any great distance from the other members, or that they are in a lower position; the phrase merely means that they sit on the side of the gangway farthest from the Speaker, that, to be accurate, they are *beyond*

rather than *below* the gangway. Completely around this room run the various galleries, that one directly opposite the Speaker being divided into two parts, a lower, the Peers' gallery, and an upper, the Members' gallery. Higher than the Press gallery, which is above and behind the Speaker's chair, is the Ladies' gallery, a lattice-work screen in front of it.

While I have been looking around, the benches have been rapidly filling up, and now the scene is an animated and busy one. Most of the members wear silk hats and black coats, and a majority of them show a partiality for greyish trousers. Probably four-fifths of them wear their hats during the debate, for it is one of the unwritten laws of our glorious British procedure that a member may wear his hat so long as he is seated, but as soon as he rises to address the Speaker or leave the room he must put it off. A great many of the members affect a rather jaunty side tilt to their silk hats, while others indulge themselves in a forward one—thus successfully shading their faces and giving them an exceedingly dark look. Some do not wear their hats, and among this number are Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Redmond; on the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Sexton and Mr. Dillon generally do.

In the good old days when there were but two parties, Whigs and Tories, the party in power sat on the right of the Speaker, and the Opposition on the left. In these democratic days, when almost every man is to himself a party, and when the Irish members assert their right to be "agin' the government," if need be, and give expression to that right by retaining their old seats on the left or Opposition side of the House, it is impossible to retain the old division. At present the Liberal-Unionists are a solid mass below the gangway amid their bitter enemies the Gladstonians. The Conservatives are side by side with their old foes the Irish members; and the three sections into which these latter are divided—Ulster Tories, Anti-Parnellites and Parnellites—are indiscriminately intermingled. This leads to confusion and naturally lessens the volume of cheering. It must be exasperating for a member of the Cabinet to be interrupted by a burst of derisive laughter almost behind him,

or for Mr. Balfour, for example, to find an Irish member quite near him commenting to a brother member in no flattering terms upon the sentiments he is expressing. But these old parliamentarians get used to these things no doubt, and pay little attention to them.

"Question time" has arrived and is now nearly over. Almost every member of the Cabinet has had to satisfy the desire for knowledge on the part of some member. Nothing of very great importance has yet transpired. The noble lords of the realm are gradually filling up the gallery just in front of where I sit. I overheard one middle-aged lord greet another equally old with, "Hello, Johnny! how are you, old boy?" Another asks a titled companion, "Who is to follow Randy?" and received an answer, "Blake." The word came trippingly off his tongue, as if the name of our great Canadian scholar and jurist were as familiar to him as any of the great names of English statesmen. The Prince of Wales walks in with his son the Duke of York, and I am permitted to have a near view of the Heir to the Throne. A handsome man is the Prince, a splendid specimen of the English gentleman. The Duke of York does not look at all strong, and with his small head and fair beard barely escapes the reproach of looking insignificant. Everybody is ready and anxious to hear Lord Randolph Churchill. But he is not yet to obtain a hearing.

Quietly and without warning there rose from the Irish benches an unostentatious, demure-looking gentleman whose voice, manner and general appearance no one would associate with scenes of excitement or tumult. It was, I learned afterwards, Sir Thomas Esmonde, whip of the anti-Parnellites, and it was a simple question of his that lit the train which produced a most exciting situation. At a Liberal-Unionist dinner Viscount Wolmer had made the assertion that the Irish members were in the pay of the Gladstonian party. Sir Thomas Esmonde's question to him was, "Are you correctly reported and if so do you still retain those sentiments?" The Viscount's answer was in the affirmative though he disclaimed, he said, any intention of criticising the Irish members; his aim was against the Government. "However," he continued, "if the Irish members will

deny the charge I am willing to withdraw the statement." This lofty and lordly assurance in throwing upon the accused the whole onus of disproving what proved to be a groundless charge evoked derisive laughter from the ministerialists and brought Mr. Sexton to his feet. In an instant, and before the House exactly knew what was the point at issue, a "scene" was in full swing.

Mr. Sexton had been sitting beside Mr. Dillon and the two present a remarkable appearance. Their silk hats are pulled down over their foreheads, casting a shadow over their faces; their heads are bent forward, deepening the shadow The impression one gets from seeing them in this attitude is a distinctly unfavorable one. There is something sullen and foreboding, something sinister and defiant, something almost tigerish in their look. But the impression wears off the moment one sees them with their hats off and hears them speak. Their faces are bright and their voices with their slight Irish accent are not unmusical. Beside them sits Mr. Blake and just behind is Mr. John Redmond, their one-time friend and present foe. He does not wear his hat, his face is clean-shaven, his countenance open. He is a solidly-built fellow, young, strong and apparently capable of wielding the "sprig of shillelagh" when necessity requires. It may be heresy to say so but I freely confess that, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone and a few others, I was more interested in the Irish members than in any others in the House and that in consequence my eyes would wander to where they sat more often than to any other quarter of the House—always excepting that where the Grand Old Man was seated. However much one may disagree with them—I do not say I do—one cannot help admiring them for the struggle they have made for what they believe to be right and just; and for the fortitude, perseverance, tenacity of purpose and, shall I say, patience they have shown amid all the tremendous opposition they have met with and the bitter taunts that have been hurled at them. This charge of Viscount Wolmer's is a sample of the insulting jibes that some of their opponents feel free to cast in their teeth. But this one overshot its mark, proved a "boomerang" and rebounded with redoubled force upon the officious and imprudent lord and upon

the newspaper that was willing to accept his statements. The sting of the charge lay in the fact that they were accused of accepting pay from an English party and thus sacrificing their independence and throwing to the winds the principles they have professed for the last thirteen years. It must have been gratifying to them to hear Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Vernon Harcourt and others bear testimony to their belief that the charge was false. Every one of these great men frankly and willingly and unreservedly acknowledged their abhorrence of such warfare and their confidence in the incorruptibility of the Irish members.

But the incipient scene has been well-nigh forgotten. Mr. Sexton brands Viscount Wolmer's statement as an audacious and calumnious falsehood, quotes from "The Times," and moves that the article in that journal is a "gross and scandalous breach of the privileges of the House." Now the excitement is at white heat. Ministerialists and Irishmen cheer vehemently while the Opposition and Liberal-Unionists are silent. Mr. Sexton walks down the aisle with "The Times" in his hand. For a moment there is silence as the clerk at the table reads the article slowly and distinctly. Then there is another mighty burst as the Leader of the House rises, but in an instant all is silent and the Greatest Man in the House begins to speak. During all the noise and excitement Mr. Gladstone has been sitting with his hand at his ear, trying to catch every word that is said, and now he is to give the word that will make or mar the nation. Every eye is bent on him and every ear strained to catch his every word. But it was not necessary to strain the ear. That wonderful voice has not yet lost its full, resonant, musical tone but is strong enough to be heard distinctly even in the distant Members' Gallery. At first it was just the slightest bit husky, but after a sentence or two it was as clear and distinct as a bell. His first words were directed towards the luckless lord whose impudent audacity had led to all the trouble. And what a castigation it was! What delicious irony! What withering scorn! The House, Liberals and Conservatives alike, fairly rocked with laughter. It was simply marvellous and wonderful to behold. Then turning to the article of "The Times" he declared that

he was forced to say "aye" to the question as to whether it was a breach of privilege. He did not speak long, but he said much. His words seemed to flow as easily and as melodiously as a brook in summer heat; his delivery was slow and serene, his manner dignified, yet simple and taking. A noble scene indeed, and worthy a painter's brush or an artist's pencil! He is eighty-three and his hair is snowy white, but his figure is erect, his cheeks are almost rosy, and his eye flashes with the brilliance of a sparkling diamond. As one gazes at him and hears the music of his voice and the sonorous melody of his periods, one feels proud to be of a nation that has produced such a genius, such a mighty intellect, such magnetic power, such a Christian man.

Then follows Mr. Balfour, the clever leader of the Opposition. He is tall and spare, and rather effeminate in appearance from having his thin and scanty hair parted in the middle. His ordinary attitude during debate is that of a lounger; his legs are always stretched out as far as they will reach, and his hands are deep down in his trousers' pockets. His words are distinct and well enunciated, but his voice seems to come from his throat and not from his lungs. His general appearance, his manner and his reasoning all suggest the scholar, logician and thinker rather than the man of affairs. One would imagine that he could see into the very heart of any subject and clear away from it the net-work of specious arguments and entangling details thrown about it to mystify the unwary. Next comes Sir Vernon Harcourt to give a brief exhibition of the sledge-hammer blows he knows so well how to administer. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain throws in his weight with Mr. Gladstone. This carries the last waverer, and the motion is unanimously adopted. Mr. Chamberlain is tall and clean-shaven; if he were anybody else his eye-glass would make one think him a "snob." After Mr. Gladstone he was far and away the readiest and most fluent speaker I heard. He never lacks for a word, his thoughts are tersely and simply expressed, and his manner is easy and pleasing. I think I am not far wrong in adding as a final touch that, as I can judge from what I have seen and heard of English politics, Mr. Chamberlain is the best hated man in the House.

There is now no space to devote to a description of the Home Rule debate. Lord Randolph Churchill spoke powerfully against the bill; Mr. Labouchere indulged the members with an exhibition of his power of brilliant repartee, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman defended the Government in an eloquent speech. At midnight the debate was adjourned. Nine hours I had listened to speeches, and the time seemed short.

W. S. W. McLay.

London, Eng., Feb. 20, 1893.

Students' Quarter.

TENNYSON AND BYRON.

The poet's character is woven into his verses. Given the one, you can form a fairly accurate opinion of the other. The lines of his poetry are often more truly indicative of the man than are the lines of his countenance. An author's works are sometimes a chief source of a biographer's chapters. From these statements few think of differing. They are true of all: they are true of each. And to this rule Tennyson and Byron form no exception.

The characters of these two masters of expression were widely divergent. Both are meeting with the verdict to which their lives are so amply entitled. Byron receives his full share of vituperation; for, morally, he is without the admiration of those who believe in the honor of man, he has forfeited the confidence of those who believe in the chastity of woman, he has lost the respect of all. Tennyson so lived that no breath has ever tarnished the lustre of his name: to-day all tongues are pronouncing his eulogium, to-night no shadow falls upon his fame.

As to the relative positions of these two stars in the poetic galaxy, literary astronomers differ—as the physicians do in the proverb. But yet neither will die, for both are immortal. However, it is usually conceded that Lord Tennyson will occupy the third place among poets of the first order, and Lord Byron the

first place among those of the second. Which is preferable? Doubtless the Laureate was most skilled in the technique of his art, and was perhaps more intellectual. But the Corsair was the greater master of passion—or slave, perchance! The sculpturesque productions of the former are more stately, grand, imposing and philosophical. The picturesque works of the latter are more glowing, emotional, human, and therefore popular. But both are beautiful, both sublime.

Byron flashed into the firmament like a meteor. Tennyson grew as did the pyramids of old, which have endured through all the levelling years and still lift their proud heads in defiance of storms or stars.

A demon is not more powerful for evil than a false woman: such the Corsair aids in multiplying. Nor is an angel more worthy of the smile of God than a woman who is pure and true: such the Laureate helps to become even more noble than they are. Taking the general tone and spirit of their works, Byron tends to lower his readers, and Tennyson to lift his upward.

And had Byron lived to the same old age as he who has just passed away, who can tell but that he too might have worn a diadem bright as that which the rolling centuries will place upon the brow of Alfred Tennyson—even the triple crown of admiration, reverence and love. For the triumphs of his genius, potential as they are, shall have then become the glory of the English language.

W. J. Thorold.

THE PANTHEIST.

God is the boundless Sea; and I one sobbing wave:
God is all Worlds; and I, of stars—one, space to pave.

God is the Wand'ring Light: and I one clouded vision:
God is all motion; I a short, swift, lost transition.

God is the Heaven; and I a skyward fluttering lark.
The Circle; I a fragment of its shattered arc.

God is the Sweeping Wind; and I one short drawn breath.
My God is Life; and I the play of "Life in Death."

B. W. N. Grigg.

A CHARACTER-STUDY.

The one great creative genius produced by Rome and the last produced by the ancient world was Caius Julius Cæsar, the ideal of the old Roman realistic, concrete character, who preserved the Roman Empire from breaking up several centuries before it actually did and whose Empire prevented what had been won by civilization from relapsing again into barbarism.

The essential elements of Cæsar's character, the elements which combined to produce its greatness, may very appropriately be summed up in the six words—*gravitas, facilitas, celeritas, justitia, clementia* and *sapientia*—seriousness, adaptability, rapidity, justice, humanity and wisdom.

1. Seriousness, grave and unaffected, could not but form one essential element in the character of a man upon whose shoulders rested the weight of responsibility that Cæsar assumed in undertaking his life-work—a work which comprehended nothing less than the complete political and moral regeneration of the Roman Empire. With such an end as this in view, all his works formed but parts of one great and complete plan which, like Gracchus at Rome in former days and Pericles at Athens, he tried at first to execute without the intervention of arms. But growing years taught him his mistake and when forty years of age he reluctantly abandoned his peaceful designs and had recourse to the weapons of war.

2. Cæsar's power of adaptability is seen in the whole of his public career which for the sake of convenience, may be considered under three aspects—his career as a politician, as a soldier, and as a man of letters. Like Cicero, Cæsar entered public life at the bar. By birth he belonged to the popular party but he had no inclination, like his predecessors, the Gracchi, to plunge into political agitation. His aims were peaceable and practical. He was always a statesman and never a mere party-leader. Froude, the historian, says of him, "So far as his public action was concerned he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice: and he moved through life calm and irresistible, like a force of nature."

It was by a mere accident that Cæsar entered the military

profession; yet perhaps no commander has ever shown greater military genius—a genius which, in his case, was shown in the wonderful forethought with which he selected his materials, the singular care which he had for the welfare of his soldiers and the surpassing skill which he displayed in correcting his own mistakes and in taking advantage of the mistakes of his enemies. As a man of letters Cæsar holds no mean place. In the matter of oratory Cicero said that he excelled those who practised no other art. The majority of his writings have been lost, but of his commentaries on the Gallic wars which we still possess, Cicero said "fools might think to improve on them but no wise man would try it."

3. His rapidity of movement is seen in the extraordinary way in which he collected and arranged his forces after what would seem to most men, overwhelming defeats. With two exceptions, he was never defeated when personally present. These exceptions were the engagements at Gergovia and Durazzo and the way in which the failure at Durazzo was retrieved showed Cæsar's true greatness more than the most brilliant of his victories. Cut off from his friend Antony, by the whole of the opposing army under Pompey's leadership, he marched rapidly round Durazzo and joined Antony before Pompey was aware of the fact that he had moved at all.

4. Cæsar's justice is one of the prominent characteristics of his public career. It has already been stated that the one great passion which he exhibited in his public life was the hatred of injustice. His love of justice is apparent in the code of laws which he drew up—the code known to jurists as "Leges Juliæ." These laws aimed at the securing of better government, the prevention of bribery and extortion, and the distribution among deserving citizens of some part of the public lands which were being stolen by the rich. Upon these principles and upon these alone could Roman or any other society continue to exist.

5. Not less conspicuous than his justice are his clemency and humanity. At daybreak on the morning after the bloody battle of Pharsalia in which Cæsar was completely victorious, twenty-four thousand of his opponents of the aristocratical party surrendered to him. They came down from their camp begging

for mercy which they had never shown. Then, as always, Cæsar hated unnecessary cruelty. He ordered them to rise, spake a few kind words to them to quiet their fears, and sent them back to their camp unharmed. Had the aristocratical party won the day Cæsar and his army would have been murdered in cold blood —and yet to show tolerance to the intolerant is one of the most difficult tests to which a man can be subjected. In the tent of Pompey, his deadly enemy, was found his secret correspondence, implicating many, no doubt, whom Cæsar never suspected and revealing the secrets of the past three years. Motives of curiosity and prudence might have led Cæsar to examine it but his only wish was that the past should be forgotten and he burnt the whole mass of correspondence—*unread*. But he not only pardoned his enemies—he actually raised them to positions of rank and influence: so that even Cicero, in referring to a distinguished case, was constrained to say "To have conquered yourself, to have restrained your resentments, not only to have restored a distinguished opponent to his civil rights but to have given him more than he had lost is a deed which raises you above humanity and makes you most like to God." To quote the words of James Anthony Froude "If it be true

> That earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice,

the apotheosis of Cæsar was not the most extravagant freak of ancient superstition."

6. Finally, his wisdom is most apparent in the far-reaching schemes which he inaugurated as Emperor. C. Gracchus, Sertorius and Cæsar were the three great democratic leaders of Rome. Their aim seems to have been the extension of Roman citizenship and civilization and the gradual infusion of Roman language and literature into the neighboring provinces. Cæsar tried to carry out all the ideas of the Roman democracy which he le l. Cæsarianism—Cæsar's reforming policy—in which his wisdom is clearly manifest, comprised four leading features: (1) the alleviation of the burdens of debt; (2) transmarine colonization; (3) the equalization of rights among all freemen and (4) the rescuing of the executive power out of the hands of a powerless Senate and the establishment of personal rule. This last measure was

necessary and salutary, not because it was right in itself but because absolute government was necessary in a state where there was slavery and lack of representation. One master was better than a number of oligarchs.

Such, in brief, is the character of the man who, had he lived to successfully carry out the great reforms which he began would have played no small part in the history of succeeding ages. His Periclean wish to found a government, not by the sword but by the confidence of the nation, cost him his life—a life that was cut short when, to all appearances, its greatest usefulness was but begun. Unswerving faith in the infinitely wise and loving Providence who overrules all human events leads us to the inevitable conclusion that this event, though seemingly to the contrary, was, in reality, the best means of promoting the political social and moral interests of the universe.

BERT. W. MERRILL.

MYSTIC LOVE.

Not one ewe lamb but one sweet fragrant rose
My soul desired; not mine, nor should it be,
But e'en with longing eyes I looked, I craved
The fragile flowret, placed it in my bower,
And it was mine. No envious eye observed
And yet I knew my inmost soul of souls
Stood self-accused. 'Mid other plants and flowers
Luxuriant, fragrant, evanescent, sweet,
This pure white rose commanded all my heart;
It smiled on me and sometimes made me glad,
It smiled as sweetly when it made me sad.

Resolved, determined, strong of heart, I cried
I will restore, return or else destroy.
And all the while my beauteous flower would smile,
And perfume all my bower, my soul beguile.
I breathed its fragrance, drank its pure sweet charm,
Yet knew it was not mine. Why reck? What harm?
In one strong passionate moment of resolve
I plucked my beauty, threw it far away,
And then I mourned—mourned sadly all the day;
I watched it fade and wither slow away.

The spell was broken now and I could rest,
And yet my heart was sore: I could not bear
To see it slowly die and perish there.
I sought it quickly, placed it on my breast,
Faded and stained and soiled but e'en as sweet
As in its perfect bloom. My tears fell fast
In pity deep and vain regret and gloom;
I could not place my beauty in the tomb,—
I loved it far too well to see it die.
Withered and wan, my tears its lip bedewed:
It slow revived, and smiled in life renewed.

My blossom lives to-day; the flower soul, thrilled
By crystal drops of soul-life twice distilled,
Drinks of my love and smiles its love again,
And fills me with a rapture that is pain.
Betimes it fades, and oft so nearly dies,
A fainter fragrance gives, or, all but dead,
In lingering hope it hangs a drooping head,

Waiting the silent grief drops of my eyes.
I feed my sorrow still; I cherish, tend,
E'en love the sweet regret, the spirit pain,
That holds me spell-bound by a magic charm.
Break, break, thou mystic thread! Flee, coy alarm!
Ye heart-strains, far remove! Sweet peace, again
Return! Incense of gratitude, ascend!

O. N. E.

LETTER FROM ROME.

Well, here we are in sunny Italy, and in ancient Rome. There is so much to be seen that it is to me appalling. We arrived here a week ago Saturday last, and have been on the go ever since. We had a guide all last week, and we used to go out at 9.30 a.m., come in for lunch at 1 p.m., go out again at 2.30 and remain out until 6 p.m. I can assure you it was hard work, and at the end of the week I was very tired. We had an excellent guide who spoke good English and was well-informed, so we were fortunate.

It does seem strange to see buildings that were built hundreds of years before Christ. Really at times I feel as if I were in another world, I was never so impressed. I have been at St. Peter's twice, and am going again this afternoon. It is simply magnificent ! It is beyond my powers to describe it. On Sunday last I was at the Pope's Jubilee. It was celebrated by him in St. Peter's at 9.30 a.m., by the celebration of high mass. We had to get up at 5 a.m., get our breakfast and be there a little after six in order to secure a place to stand. The church is said to hold 120,000, and there were 30,000 who could not get in. I never was in such a crowd. Talk of a sea of people—there was one there ! At 9.30 the Pope entered, preceded by the pontifical guards, consisting of thirty noblemen wearing extremely handsome uniform. Then came the cardinals, looking very picturesque in their gowns of white with overdresses of red silk, and with red silk caps on their heads. Then came the Pope. He was attended by the Swiss guards who looked unique in their quaint costumes of centuries back. The Pope was seated in a large chair, resting on a platform carried on the shoulders of six of the guards. He was gorgeously arrayed in a gown of silver cloth embroidered in gold, with a handsome lace skirt. He wore a large brooch with a topaz in the centre, surrounded with jewels, a beautiful ring with a large sapphire in the centre surrounded with diamonds, and his mitre—one made for the occa-

sion—was of gold handsomely jewelled. As he saluted by a band of trumpeters, who were in a balcony over the main entrance, and as he reached the altar the chorus of hundreds of voices took up the strain, and the music that poured forth was overpowering. You have heard of the wonderful singer they call "The Angel of Rome." Above all the other voices one could hear his, floating upward. During the elevation of the host the band of trumpets played a selection from the dome of the church, about 180 feet high. It was glorious from that height. The whole ceremony was indeed very grand. But for standing on a camp-stool, which the guide provided, I could not have seen anything, it was so crowded. Hundreds of ladies fainted and had to be carried out. A hospital was provided at the church for all those who fainted, and there they were soon restored. We were standing for five solid hours, but "the game was worth the candle." The Pope is a fine looking old man, but is so feeble that he looked at times as if he were going to die. However, he may live for many years yet. At present Rome is crowded with people. There has been a pilgrimage from all over the country to celebrate the jubilee, and wherever we go we meet crowds of pilgrims.

I wish you could see the art and statuary here, especially Raphael's and Michel Angelo's work. There are four hundred churches to be visited, and each one contains something of interest. I think we have been in nearly one hundred, but I have got them all mixed up, and before I see any more would like to have those straightened out. The Church of the Cappuchines is interesting—the one where they have decorated all the ceilings and walls with the skulls and bones of the departed monks. Really it is not at all disgusting, as one would imagine, and some of the designs are quite pretty. I have become so used to seeing skeletons and dead bodies, that I have grown quite familiar with them. We went to the Catacombs one day, where there are twenty thousand people buried. We went through the largest of the galleries.

You know that Italy is celebrated for beggars. The country is full of them. They make a business of it. There are a number of little boys, handsome little chaps with olive com-

plexions, curly black hair, large brown eyes—and they know how to use them—who come up smiling all over and pointing out one finger say:

"Parlez-vous Francais?
Sprechen Sie Deutsch?
You speak English?—git away, git away, git away!"

I always have to give them a sous, for they are so fascinating.

We expect to be here until next Monday and then go to Florence, Venice, Vienna, Berlin, and from there to London again. We have met so many nice people everywhere we have been, but I like the English best. I wonder why?

A Moulton Student.

Rome, Feb. 22nd, 1893.

FAME.

I looked, and far upon a mountain height
Mid splendour rare of brilliant beauty cold,
I saw a luring crown of flaming gold
Girt round with crags and peaks in garments white.
Could I but gain yon crown! Climbing I might.
I climb the steep and rugged pathway bold,
Till in my eager grasp the crown I hold;
Then down I look far through the fading light.

Lo, all the way was strewn with wrecks of those
Who toiling ever upward for the same
Had perished, falling there amid the snows.
I climbing over them had gained the crown.
And thus when we would seek to make a name,
God only knows what hopes we trample down.

Jno. F. Vickert.

FIRE DAMP.

Ten miles from the town of Newport between the high range of mountains which form the Western Valley's section of Monmouthshire is situated the town of Abercarn. Were it not for the smoke, which rises in sombre clouds from a score of tall chimneys often darkening the sun's rays and filling the air with unpleasant odors, scarcely a more picturesque spot could be found in the whole country.

Some ten minutes walk from the Market Square, is situated a large colliery in which are employed several hundred hands. The workings are entered by one of two shafts five hundred yards in depth. Down the main shaft the workmen descend daily in a cage suspended by a stout wire cable to the coal seam, which is one of the deepest, viz.: The Black Vein. In this vein large quantities of gas are found, this necessitates the use of the Davey safety lamp. Before each man receives his lamp, it is locked by the lampman in charge, to avoid as far as possible all danger which might arise from carelessness or a desire on the part of a miner to open his lamp.

Once, or twice a week, each workman is searched before descending the shaft in order to prevent the taking of either pipes or matches ; indeed locking the lamps would be a useless precaution if matches or tobacco pipes were allowed to be used.

Notwithstanding the precautions already mentioned, and the ablest management on the part of the officials in charge, terrible accidents too often occur ; the exact cause of which it is impossible to ascertain. All that science can do, is being done, to reduce the danger to which the miners are liable. Of late years the managers have to be educated men and are compelled by the Board of Trade to pass rigid examinations before being allowed to take charge of a colliery.

A terrific explosion occurred thirteen years ago in the colliery already named. The loss of life and suffering were terrible. Of the workmen who descended the shaft that morning, two hundred and seventy-two never again saw the light of day, indeed only about twenty of the bodies were ever recovered. The scene at the pit's mouth baffles description. Not even those who were eye-witnesses can describe the sights and sounds of that day. Although the writer has passed through many strange vicissitudes since then, he has not forgotten the wail of anguish which went up from the bereaved widows and orphans as they stood upon the bank of the pit.

Immediately after the first indications of the explosion, eager and willing hands prepared to render all possible assistance, but before

anything could be done a terrific storm of fire, dust and smoke shot up through the shaft high into the heavens. The sight of this at once filled every heart with dismay. Well did those on the bank know that such a blast would sweep all before it, and that hope was gone for ever. In vain did they attempt to signal, both the signaling and winding apparatus were injured by the force of the explosion. There stood men wringing their hands in desperate agony because there was no possible way of descending to the rescue. From the streets and their homes, like a torrent sweeping all before it, came the inhabitants of the town. Even away up on the hillsides, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen crowds leaping the hedges and crossing the fields in frantic desire to reach the awful scene. In a few hours the sad news flashed through the whole of South Wales. As a result both ordinary and special trains brought many thousands of people to the unfortunate town only to swell the dirge already heard on every hand.

Late in the evening it became known that the rescuing party had succeeded in clearing some of the rubbish from the main level. This would enable them to reach a spot where men were known to have been working. Soon it was whispered around that a few bodies had been found, and were then on their way to the surface. Dead or alive? was the next question. Little time was there to spend in discussing the probabilities, for it was seen that the winding engine was in motion. Slowly and solemnly revolved the huge drum, as if it had already commenced the march to the grave, and in truth it had. Oh, what a sight was that which met the gaze of the onlookers as the cage landed its charred freight beneath the gaslight! Once it was a man, now you could not distinguish it from a piece of charcoal. Only a few short hours ago this poor fellow with elastic step and sparkling eye, entered the same cage from which now he is borne a blackened corpse. Why this hush, even of the crying? See, they are handling, for the purpose of identification, the few ragged tatters found upon the body. After a few moments thus spent, one of the examiners softly mentions a certain name. Quick as thought some one has caught it. In an instant it is carried through the struggling mass standing in the darkness without. For a few seconds there is silence, then a shriek that curdled the blood in every vein, comes from a pale woman in the heart of the great crowd, telling to all that her five children are fatherless.

By daylight the rescuing party had succeeded in bringing out nineteen bodies. All that man could do for man they did; but man, though brave as a hero and strong as a lion, could not pass through so thick a wall of fire. Every attempt at putting out the flames only

fanned them into greater fury. After spending several days in vain, the Council of Engineers decided to flood the mine. This, of course, was not decided upon until it became the opinion of those in charge that there was not a living soul in the workings.

All hope on the part of the bereaved of ever seeing their loved ones again fled when the decision of the Council became known. Up to this time the more sanguine believed it possible that some were still living in certain sections of the mine, but to turn in a flood of water would certainly drown those who might have escaped both fire and after-damp. However, objections on the part of a few miners and their friends could not be expected to prevail against the decision of the officials.

I must pass in silence the horror that crept into the hearts of the watchers as a gang of men with pick and shovel were ordered out to cut a water-course from the canal to the shaft. When completed, the water rushed in with great force. All hope was now gone! The curtain has fallen upon the last act in the lives of two hundred and fifty-two noble men—take them man for man—as noble as could be found the world over. As the rushing water fell into the deep, dark abyss, making a hollow muffled sound, and the heart-breaking cries and sobs of the widows and fatherless children fell upon the ear, I seemed to hear the old solemn words, "Dust to dust." Sleep on now, sleep on, until the last trump with awful sound shall awake the dead.

No one can imagine the gloom that from that day rested upon the whole neighborhood. Not only were there vacant chairs at home, but there were so many vacant places elsewhere. The Sabbath schools lost their teachers, one superintendent and very many scholars. Among those entombed in the mine were two local preachers, men of no mean ability. Musical circles too were broken on that fatal day, many a musician capable of rendering some of the works of the greatest Masters perished. One whom I well knew could, after the evening meal, sit down to the panio and delight himself and friends with selections from Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn. Another, as a vocalist, could win the applause of real lovers of fine music, by rendering Gounod's Nazareth in C or any of the bass solos from the great oratorios such as the Messiah and the Creation.

Thus perished a company of brave men. Brave? Yes, as brave as any who fought inside of Lucknow, or climed the Redan before Sabastapol. The man who decends into the deep coal mines, there to toil amid dangers of which he is well aware, for mere bread, with no prospect of relief in old age, other than death or the cold charity of the world,

is a hero indeed. Little does England know the worth of her noble sons who with the morning light say farewell to wife and child, taking their lives in their hands and descend to the bowels of the earth.

These are the men who help to make England great, and yet they are little better than slaves. Why should they be slaves? When will England learn to put a higher price upon honest toil than upon luxurious idleness?

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the death of Rev. Joseph H. Doolittle, B.A., our denomination loses one of its noblest ministers, and our University one of its most honored alumni. The funeral sermon preached by Professor Trotter, his classmate and intimate friend, has been published in the *Canadian Baptist*, and is a most eloquent and tender tribute to our departed brother.

We are glad to receive a copy of Rev. W. H. Porter's "Converse with the King." With rare taste and skill and scrupulous care Mr. Porter has selected and brought together in admirable connection and harmony kindred passages of God's word. Each page presents a distinct thought, which is amply sustained by numerous quotations, simple truth direct from the Book: nothing is added, except a short verse of an appropriate hymn or poem. Pastors will find it valuable for prayer meeting topics, families may use it profitably at morning and evening worship. The author's poetic introduction reminds one of John Bunyan's famous introduction to the Progress:—

> Here wreathed are flowrets bright with orient dyes,
> And blended hues from radiant eastern skies:
> And gathered fruits most luscious, grown in climes
> For ever hallowed by the rapturous chimes
> Of heavenly music, and inspired bard;
> And perfumes sweet from fields of myrrh and nard.
>
> Here food prepared is found, and water cold
> From springs that rise in snowy mountains old.
> And here are rubies rich, and gold most fine,
> And jewels rare from ancient stream and mine.
> Here gathered treasures lie from many a land,
> And distant age, "sought out," and brought to hand.
> Here comfort, joy, and peace, and strength are found;
> Here counsels wise, and promises abound;
> And best of all, to him who but receives,
> All things are his, if only he believes.

The editor of *Mennonitische Bletter*, in noticing the recent celebration (November 6th) of the 400th birthday of Menno Symon, by the Mennonite churches throughout the world, calls attention to the fact that just a century later, (1592) occurred the birth of Amos Comenius, the last bishop of the Bohemian Brethren, representing the same type of life and doctrine as Menno, that about a hundred years later (1691) Spener, the Pietist leader, who also represented a revival of old evangelical Christianity, was called to Berlin, where he did his life work, and that a hundred years later still (1792) William Carey inaugurated the great Foreign Missionary movement. The Mennonites properly claim a relationship to all these leaders and the movements they represented. So also may we.

The managing editor has been favored by Dr. Philip Schaff, with a beautiful volume, privately printed, commemorative of his completion of fifty years of theological teaching. He began his work as *Docent* in the University of Berlin in 1842, when twenty-three years of age. He came to the United States in 1848, as Professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., where he labored for twenty years. Since 1869 he has been Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. His literary activity has been something phenomenal, and he has done more than any other man towards enriching our American theological literature, alike through his personal work, and through the stimulus imparted to others. The volume contains an excellent portrait of Dr. Schaff, the congratulatory addresses of the Theological Faculty of the University of Berlin, in German and in English, and similar addresses from the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Churches in the United States, the Faculty and Directors of Union Theological Seminary, the students of the Seminary, the Theological Faculty of Yale University, and the Faculty of the University of the City of New York, with Dr. Schaff's reply to each. An appendix of ten pages gives the titles of works written and edited by Dr. Schaff. Although he has not fully recovered from the paralytic stroke he suffered last summer, he is still earnestly at work, and hopes soon to publish the fifth volume of his Church History on the later Middle Ages, a work on Symbolic's and Irenics, and the second volume of his Propaedeutic. Truly a marvellous life-work. Dr. Schaff is one of the most genial and amiable of men, to know him is to love him. The writer esteems the personal friendship of Dr. Schaff as one of the most precious of his possessions.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

B. W. N. Grigg, Ed.

Straight.—Harvard refuses a candidate permission to write if he presents himself in the examination room more than five minutes late.

A Classic Revival.—An academy building of Pentelican marble, costing $1,000,000, given by a wealthy Greek merchant, has been erected at Athens.—*Princetonian.*

A Pat on the Back.—One of the most enterprising College journals in Canada is The McMaster University Monthly. The February number is up to the usual high standard.—*The Bema.*

What's the Use?—Uncle Wayback: "Now, wot's the use o' teachin' gals all these new fangled studies? Wot good is this 'ere astronomy you're studyin'?"

City Niece: "Why, Uncle, it's a delightful subject to talk about on moonlight evenings. We point out Venus, and then the young man says something pretty, and then—See that ring?"—*Hamilton Literary Monthly.*

Rivals.—The Chicago University and the Leland Stanford are rivals for gold and professorial talent. Leland Stanford is making a specialty of ex-Government officials. Having secured the services of ex-President Harrison as Lecturer in Law, she is now laying for ex-Secretary Bayard.

Although we devoted some space in the March exchanges to an article on the late Phillips Brooks, we select the following sonnet from the columns of the *Standard*, believing that our readers would wish to have it at their command:

Such light, such heat, such life, such cheer, such power!
  Effulgent far, like virtue from the sun,
  In flood on flood all bounds to overrun,
And, unexhausted still from hour to hour,
Pour everywhere profuse its affluent dower,
  Lavishing largess free on every one,
  Wealthy or poor or happy or undone,
Welcomed to sit beneath the golden shower—
  This yesterday; to-day a different world!
A living splendor in its fountain quenched,
  A great light-giver from its station hurled,
Sudden, as had the midday sun been wrenched
  Out of his orbit, or his beams been furled,
And the whole earth in other climate drenched!

—William Cleaver Wilkinson, in the *Congregationalist,*

Avaunt!—Soon our exchange pen will be dipped into spring examination ink. Many college papers are speaking much of the impending ordeal and discussing preparation for, and the conduct of them. No one much disputes the necessity for them—as things are now, but they are generally voted far from an unmixed good. As long as the majority of students are not students spontaneously and are unpossessed of intellectual enthusiasm, we suppose this ghostly horror will continue to disturb the spring slumbers of college men. The millennial cock-crowing alone will drive it to its shades. It is pretty well agreed that the examination of to-day degrades the motive of the student. We all know it to be the mother of the despicable triplets—cram, grind and plug. It occasions a feverish and unhealthful industry, and when over, leaves a lassitude and disgust if met unsuccessfully, and self-gratulation of doubful justness if passed. The meritorious often fail, while the undeserving crammer sails serenely on. Rigorous class-marking and careful observation of the student as a man, is followed in some schools—and is an important and welcome qualitative. Without discussing more the pros and contras of this question we must take up our ever faithful Kelly for the evening.

A Tribute to the Chancellor.—Professor Jones, of Acadia University, in the February number of the *Athenæum*, pays a very handsome tribute to the Chancellor of McMaster University. We do not remember to have seen anything in biography at once so delicate, sincere and meaningful. In the course of a very beautiful introduction he says: "It is when wandering on the margin of the lake, or in floating on its surface that you catch something of the life and energy of nature, something of the charm and beauty and mystery of her inimitable pencil. So with a great and good man. It is needful to enter into communion with him, and to be encompassed with the aroma of his life. It is only then that there is any uplifting of the veil which hides the springs of his thought and life." Again he writes: "Prepare ye the way and give the toiler his wages. He enters into his vineyards, and while his own hand has not lost its cunning, directs the work. He is the skilled laborer in the great field of Christian education." Speaking of their college days passed together, Professor Jones says: "The child was father to the man. When a college boy, he had a large acquaintance with literature. With the instinct of a bee for honey, he would light upon the most admirable passages. He was conversant with Longfellow, Byron, Emerson and Shelley. Tennyson was perhaps his favorite author. His wide acquaintance with literature enabled him to wield a facile pen. Dr. Rand drew from sources which the curriculum did not supply, thus broadening his views and sharpening his faculties for the prolonged conflicts of his vocation. He has worked steadily, persistently and lovingly to snap the bonds of mental thraldom to this one all-absorbing purpose—and he met with it whithersoever he turned—and only seemed to open new sources of strength. He had faith in his work, and in the fulness of that faith carried his plans to a successful issue."

HERE AND THERE.

FREE CHURCH MINISTER: "I'm sorry to hear your husband is so ill, Mrs. Mack; but why did you send for me? I don't think you are members of my church." Mrs. Mack: "You're richt, sir; we gang to the ither church. But, ye see, it's a bad case o' typhoid, an' we didna like to risk oor ain minister!"

AMONG the pleasant sights at our open meeting were the faces of several ladies from the Presbyterian College. We are glad to see the growth of this intercollegiate spirit. We may not all love the same systems of theology nor adhere to the same church polity, but we can unite in paying mutual tributes to the great masters in art, literature and music.

WHEN Johnson finished his dictionary, his publisher wrote: "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Johnson, with the money for the last sheet, and thanks God he has done with him." The Doctor replied: "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything"—*Selected.*

THE public debate at Wycliffe College, March 14, was an enjoyable occasion. The subject of the debate, "Resolved that the lack of chivalry and individuality resulting from the utilitarian spirit of the age, is to be deplored," evidently chosen for its rhetorical resources rather than affording any definite field for conclusive argumentation, was handled in a vigorous and interesting manner. The chairman awarded the debate to the affirmative. The programme was filled out with readings by members of the college, and music furnished by the college quintette and outside talent.

A SAILOR was discanting upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a time, and then said, "What is a hanthem?" "Do you mean to say that you don't know what a hanthem is? Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to say: ''Ere Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give, give, give me, give me, Bill, give me that, Bill, give me that 'andspike, spike, spike, Bill, give, give me that, that 'and, 'andspike, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike. Amen, ah-men, Billgiveme-that'andspike, spike. Ah men,' why, that would be a hanthem."—*Selected.*

SPRING has come. The winter has been the severest experienced for many years. Cold contracts. Undoubtedly the flatness of our globe at the poles is due to the contraction of its particles by the severe cold that reigns there continually. The coal bin also must have been contracted considerably. The severe weather has been very favorable, however, to plumbers and winter sports. Of the winter sports skating

has been indulged in but slightly by our boys, and the gymnasium, which affords ample opportunity for exercise, has been patronized but little. This is a serious state of affairs. If the hour and a half which most of the boys spend in walking on the level sidewalk were spent in climbing mountains or some other invigorating exercise, they might expect to keep robust, but otherwise they cannot. However, spring is here, and with it field sports—those great health protectors and mind invigorators.

The following lines were written by an inmate of Toronto Insane Asylum. Dr. Clark, the Superintendent, has contributed several specimens of poetry and prose to the Methodist Magazine, showing the height of mentality to which many of them can rise.

TRIALS.

The clouds may hide, but cannot reach
The stars afar,
The waves may spend their noisy strength
On rock or scar.

Vengeful winds may sweep the bending fronds
Of forest trees,
The lightning's flash may strike in vain
The rolling seas.

The quivering earth may shuddering feel
The earthquake's throe,
Mountain torrents may remorseless sweep
In downward flow.

The soul has storm-clouds in its dire distress,
But heaven's above.
The waves of anguish sweep against it, guarded by
A Father's love.

The howling tempests of malignant power
Beat it in vain,
The lurid chain strikes with vengeful hiss
At heart and brain.

The spirit quivers, passion's flood may flow
In angry quest,
But God commands, and says,
"Be still—give rest."

L. M

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

Occasional letters from our old friend Hatt cheer us. We learn with pleasure that his health is now good and that he expects to return to the University in October.

The quartette and Messrs. Grigg and Therrien gave an entertainment at Claremont on the evening of the 17th inst. The pastor and church vied with each other in their efforts to make the trip a pleasant one. We trust the evening was as interesting and happy for the entertained as it was for the entertainers.

The members of the Ladies' Modern Language Club will number among the pleasant memories of '93 the occasion of their first open meeting. At the close of the programme they were invited to Mrs. McKay's to spend an hour with a few of their classmates, which proved to be a very delightful sequel to the proceedings of the evening.

We learn with sincere regret that the illness of Miss Timpany, though not serious, will prevent her from writing at the coming examinations. Miss Timpany is the only lady in the sophomore class, and has the sympathy of her fellow-students, in the disappointment she must feel at being unable to put in the final test the results of a year of faithful study.

ODE TO ALGEBRA.

Its a blind mathematical, dark. metaphysical, dim hypothetical mess,
A half-epigrammical, polycarpistical, what do-you-think-of it, guess ;
And a peripatetical, round jubertistical, superspondaical dot,
An operdihyptical, ingensphonetical, kuminopristical lot.
An additionical, substractioniferous, minuenduvical sign,
A mutiplectudinous, dividenderious, ophilyarginic line,
A non head-or-tailiac, both ends foremostical, downside-in-fronteric, yes,
This is the musical, over-much practical, Algebra, in Sunday dress.

Fellows, they say there's a ghost in the building. A ghost ! Aye, a veritable ghost, with flowing robes and ghastly countenance, keeping his lonely vigil in the rooms below. It is said that he made his last appearance within these classic halls in the month of April, 1892. A creature was murdered here some years ago, at this season of the year, and ever since, as the fated time comes round, his ghost makes his appearance, crying out for vengeance. Dark rumors are afloat on the breeze that he is to appear this year on the 10th of April. Faint echoes of his uncanny footsteps have been heard in the lower regions, and the only means of escape from his dread majesty is in close application to the work of the hour. That ghost is the ghost of Exams. Fellows, you had better begin to plug.

The urgent need of a more commodious assembly room in the University was never more strongly felt than on the evening of the public meeting of the Literary and Theological Society, when after every available space in the chapel had been filled there were still numbers of friends in the halls, unable to find even standing room within. Many of these, finding that the dulcet notes of the performers were wafted to them in too soft and fitful a manner to induce a grateful reverie or convey them to the land of the lotos eaters, did not wait for the music to take them travelling, but departed as they came none the wiser for the vigorous discussion on the taxation of church property, which closed an extremely interesting programme. It is to be hoped, however, that the musical critic of the MONTHLY was provided with a good seat.

The following notice was omitted from the February number: The President of the Convention, at the annual gathering held in Brantford last fall, compared McMaster University to the heart which pumps life-giving supplies to every part of the system. If the heart be weak the body suffers. One of the best means of strengthening our Colleges for the work they are intended to overtake is to plead that God's blessing may rest upon teachers and students. To this end the Day of Prayer for Colleges was instituted, and Thursday, 26th ult., set apart as the time for supplication in their behalf. In the Hall the day was one of special interest. The morning was devoted to the Fyfe Missionary Society, whose exercises were characterized by great spiritual power. In the afternoon the teachers and students of Moulton College joined with their friends at the Hall in a service led by Chancellor Rand. A number of letters from former students, pastors and other friends were read; addresses, pithy and to the point, were given, and earnest prayers offered for a blessing upon our educational work. The tone of the gathering was inspiring and the Spirit's presence manifested. God bless the University!

The L. and T. Public.—It's no use. Nobody knows. When a person is looked for among the students who remembers anything about there having been a public literary meeting before this year, one receives the impression that McMaster is not so young after all. That there was one, we have no doubt; and we feel pretty sure that it was one worthy of our *Alma Mater*, for through the years that have lapsed our outside friends have remembered it, and only needed the intimation of another one to fairly crowd our halls. This took place on the 10th of March. The first part of the programme consisted of readings and music creditably rendered by members of the Society, assisted by Mr. H. N. Shaw, for whose kindness in being present with us we are very grateful. The chief interest centred, however, upon the debate. Question: *Resolved*, That church property should not be taxed. The honors were pretty evenly divided between the two sides, but it would be hard to gainsay the opinion of the audience, which decided that the palm be awarded to the debaters on the affirmative; and judging by

the applause that followed——they got it. The success of the evening warrants self-congratulation and still greater efforts in the same direction—not years hence, but *next* year, and more than once in that year.

It was a happy thought which prompted our high Kakiac to invite the noted temperance lecturer, Mr. John Hector, to take dinner at the Hall on the 14th ult. The "Black Knight," as he is popularly called, commenced his after-dinner address by facetiously referring to his inability to "grow red in the face" with confusion at the heartiness of the applause tendered him on rising. After a few further preliminaries the big man briefly narrated the most interesting events in his varied career as cattle-boy, soldier, engine-driver, butler and preacher. He explained that although now a Methodist, he had a great leaning toward the Baptists. "He, himself, when a young man had been baptized (applause), his father and mother, who had fled from slavery in *ante-bellum* days had been Baptists (renewed applause)—so had their master." The usual applause not forthcoming here, Mr. Hector with a very surprised air enquired the reason, and then—with that inimitable "whole-soulness" peculiar to his race—laughed. That laugh was a treat in itself. In concluding his remarks the "Knight" gave some very sound advice to the students in regard to preaching and practical Christian work, at the close of which, all present joined in singing "Blest be the tie that binds." After this visit the McMaster boys will always have a warm remembrance of Mr. Hector and a deep interest in his work of temperance reform.

On the 17th inst. we were all delighted to welcome Dr. Caven, of Knox College, to lecture to us on "Palestine." Our Chancellor had no necessity to introduce the Dr. to us, for he is well known to all. In his introduction he briefly related the circumstances that led to his visit to the "Holy Land." About a year ago stricken down by la grippe, he went thither health-seeking accompanied by his friend the Rev. Mr. Hamilton. Sailing from New York in February, they arrived in March, where they remained for two weeks, here he was joined by his daughter and her husband, returned missionaries from India. With Cook as their guide they sailed to Joppa and thence travelled by carriage to Jerusalem. Dr. Caven had much that was interesting to say about that famous city, its sacred sights, its inhabitants, the prevailing religious sects, the superstition and lamentable condition of the masses. They remained some time here, visiting the city and the chief points of interest in the surrounding district, such as Bethlehem, Mt. Olivet, the "Dead Sea" and many other points. After having secured their outfit they set out for the northern part of Palestine, travelling over that rough road on horseback. Passing up the Jordan, they passed through many of the chief scenes of Christ's public ministry, all of which were fraught with interest. Hallowed memories made these scenes sacred and as they journeyed they felt the presence of the Saviour overshadowing the land. Our hearts were all charmed with the simple and powerful address of our much esteemed brother.

Moulton College.

Notwithstanding the stormy weather, a number of teachers and students availed themselves of the invitation to the "private view" of the Fifth Exhibition of the Women's Art Association. All agree that the Exhibition excelled those of previous years. The President and other officers are to be congratulated upon their efficiency in making it such a success.

On the evening of Tuesday, March 21st, we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Stevens, of the China Inland Mission. We were much interested in her description of the life led by Chinese women and girls, and of the methods of work among them. As we listened to her words, we realized how great are our privileges here, and how grateful we ought to be that our lot has been cast in a Christian land.

The musical talent in Moulton is fast developing It is seeking more and more to make itself heard. There was a time when the fitful dulcet strains of the chapel piano could be but faintly heard outside the chapel door; but now, if seeking soothing tones, go listen on the other side of Lake Ontario. Why is it that girls will not be satisfied with putting themselves in fashion, but even want to give pianos bangs? All are longing for the day when the chapel piano will stop putting on so many airs and will return to its original state of peace and harmony.

The graphic account which Dr. Caven gave us at the Hall of his trip through the Holy Land, and his impressions of the country and its people, was a real treat for the Moulton students who heard it. A keen observer of men and things, with the power of vivid description, and an under-current of humor which was continually coming to the surface, he carried us all with him from Joppa to Jerusalem, Jericho and the Jordan, then north on "the vicious little horses" to Shechem, Esdraelon, the Sea of Galilee, Cana and Nazareth, and along the sea shore through Tyre and Sidon to Beirut. It was a most delightful trip for us to take, sitting quietly in the McMaster chapel all the while.

New Orleans, La., March 6th, 1893.

Although we have been down here over three weeks, we have not yet seen all of the interesting places. I have been around the city a great deal and yet feel as if I knew a little bit about it. We have been very fortunate in having fine, warm weather; some days, indeed, are too warm to be comfortable. But the people take things so easy and do so little that the heat does not seem to trouble them very much. You will see them at all hours of the day sitting out on their doorsteps

or lounging round the balconies. I don't believe any of them know what work is.

But I must try to tell you something about the city, for it is so different from any other city I have ever been in. There is the up-town part, where all the finest and most modern houses are, and where most of the Americans live. There are also a great many very wealthy Jews who live in this part. There is the down-town part, which is so different from up-town that when I think of it, it seems like another city altogether. Here all the French, the old Creoles and Italians live. The houses are very old, and most of them are small, with queer little balconies jutting out into the street, and the windows seem like little round peaked holes filled with panes of stained glass. There are some large old French places that at one time must have been very beautiful; they were, I think, the houses of some of the French and Spanish nobles who lived here years ago.

The finest, and perhaps one of the oldest, churches in the city is St. Louis' Cathedral. The paintings on the walls and ceiling are beautiful; but there is another church away out near the marshes at the end of the city which was far more interesting to me. It is the smallest church I have ever seen, hardly fourteen feet wide, and having only four benches on either side of the aisle. It is called St. Roche's, and people from all over the city come here to pray to this saint who, they say, can heal all diseases. In the corner of the church are many crutches, left by those who have been cured.

And now I must tell you something about the gardens and the flowers. It is in the large up-town houses that you see the finest gardens. They are kept extremely neat; the lawns are covered with little flowering bushes and beautiful large palms. The garden walks are of smooth white stone, and the purple strip along the edge of the walk shows how beautiful the violets are. The daisies and pansies are now in full bloom, but the prettiest and most plentiful of all the flowers are the roses. You see them everywhere, some gardens having dozens of bushes, and each bush covered with red, white and pink roses; and then the rose vines which climb up the balconies are simply covered with little yellow buds, which have a delicious perfume. It is delightful to look through the green trees and see the big yellow oranges at the back of the garden. The air here is so soft and balmy, and seems to be filled with the perfume of flowers. One of the strangest things I have ever seen growing is the Spanish moss, which grows on the tops and branches of living trees. It is of a greyish color, and the bunches grow from twenty to thirty feet long. It does not get its life from the tree, but feeds on the malarious elements of the atmosphere. When the tree dies the moss soon turns black, as if putting on mourning for its dead mother.

A Moulton Student Abroad.

Woodstock College.

Mrs. Bates was "At Home" to the Graduating Class Friday evening, 17th March. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

We are glad to see that football has been started again in the old style, Association. This form is favored more than Rugby here.

The members of the orchestra greatly enjoyed the "At Home" given by Mrs. Huston on the 3rd inst. We were reminded of old times.

We are pleased to see on the walls of our reading room a new paper. This is the *American Machinist*, which with the *Scientific American* and *Popular Science Monthly* gives the students much desirable and profitable information.

The reports of the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance, which met in the college, Nov. 10th to 13th, 1892, have been published. They are well compiled, clearly printed, and are well worth the small sum of 15 cents asked.

Easter vacation is drawing near, but also Easter exams. Already the midnight *oil* is being burned by anxious ones, "cramming" up for the occasion. We wish them every success in their labors, and trust all their hard work will not go for naught, but accomplish the object for which it is intended.

The Rev. Mr. McKay, of Stratford, addressed the Judson Missionary Society on the 16th inst. He took for his subject Foreign Missions, and spoke of its relation to the people of America. He showed where duty came in, and in all points treated the subject in a masterly, interesting manner, which showed deep research. If possible, the missionary feeling is deepened in our school.

We are sorry to report the loss of our highly-esteemed fellow-student, Mr. Bunt. Mr. Bunt has been working very hard of late, too hard for his health. For more than a week he was confined to his room, and careful nursing was required to bring about his recovery. Now he has been forced to give up his studies. We all feel very sorry to lose him, and trust that his health may soon be perfectly restored and his eyesight fully regained.

The room occupied by the Excelsior Society is to be improved in appearance. This room was once a class-room, and still retains its pristine character to some extent. This is to be changed. At the lecture recently given here a sum of money was collected, which will go towards defraying expenses. Ir is expected that the room will be so improved and beautified that the Society will increase in interest. As it is now under an able staff of officers, it is in good condition, and is training some very good speakers for the senior society. The quota received by the Philomathic this year was a credit to the junior society.

One of the principal causes, however, for this pleasant state of affairs is the condition of the *Oracle*, the society paper. Its enterprising editors, Messrs. Williams and Grant, seem determined that nothing shall be left undone which may tend to the benefit of the paper and the

society. They have introduced a completely new and novel feature. Every Friday a first-class cartoon, representing the chief characters in the programme of the evening, will be found on each table in the dining-hall, others also being posted on the "Students' Bulletin Board." Much hard self-sacrificing work is seen in these, and great credit is due to the originators of the scheme. The *Oracle* now has a loftier tone, and is more attractive and entertaining in its contents than before. Originality and good sense seem to be the aim, rather than second-hand nonsense We trust these good times will continue.

The Philomathic Society of this term is said to be unrivalled by any of former years. The programmes prepared are replete with interesting features. No longer is the idea held, to get through with the meeting as soon as possible; but everyone is sorry when the whole programme has been rendered. Subjects of interest and instruction are taken up and discussed, as, for instance. the relative merits of Wordsworth and Scott. This included essays, sketches from each, and a debate:—"The justification of the American Colonies in revolting against England," formed the subject of a very hotly-contested disputation. Music is not forgotten, and we are pleased to find that there is some fine talent among us, as regards both instrumental and vocal music. That there is a "boom" may be seen by the fact that numbers from the town attend. The society has good officers, and it has a faithful executive.

Dr. Thomas delivered his promised lecture in our chapel this month to a crowded house. There were on the platform, besides the speaker, Prin. Bates (chairman), Rev. E. Dadson and D. W. Karn. Esq. After singing "Old Coronation" Mr. Dadson led in a brief prayer. The lecturer wasted no time with those useless preliminaries with which so many men employ their time, but plunged right into his task. A pleasant one it seemed, as he proceeded to speak of the present age in comparison with others, showing that this was the most intense of all ages. He told us what has been done and then the possibilities before us and the qualifications of "Men for the Age." We need men of broad intelligence, cultured men, who, by means of their education can make themselves felt in the world. Such men can make some use of themselves and do something. "The survival of the fittest" is the law now. No matter what partiality is shown, what advantages are given or how one is hindered, the best man is the man who will come out ahead in the race in this world. Good men will find their place, despite what man may say or do. Then the man for the age must be warm-hearted, far reaching in sympathy, rich in affection and tender in charity. He must have intense genuine enthusiasm. There must be no half-heartedness about him, but an out-and-out determined man. Better to stick to the wrong than to be continually vacillating. Be true, be steadfast, be earnest, if you would be "a man for the age." Then the Doctor gave us a few specimens of the men for the age, such as Gladstone, Disraeli, Spurgeon, Phillips Brooks and others, commenting on the nobleness of each. We thought, as he closed, that Dr. Thomas was a "Man for the Age." May we have many more like him.

F. Dennedy

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JOHN DEMPSEY.

Forty-two years of service in the regular work of the Canadian Baptist ministry, and ability to preach the gospel every Sunday save twelve, during all this time, and this service performed when for the most part hardships unknown now were the common experience of ministerial life, make a rare record. Such is the achievement of the Rev. John Dempsey. In a career like this there ought to be many things helpful to the younger brethren. Perhaps the brief sketch of it now attempted may so prove.

Mr. Dempsey was born near a small hamlet, called Resharkin, in county Antrim, Ireland, December 28th, 1822. With his parents he came to Canada and settled in the township of Oxford, county of Grenville. There is not much to be said of his boyhood days beyond what might be said of any other lad whose lot was cast in the midst of pioneer life in Canada during the early thirties. His school advantages were very meagre, but what he lacked in this particular, was perhaps more than made up to him, in his apprenticeship to endurance and self-reliance and in the knowledge which he gained of practical things. Nature was his study rather than books, and his acquaintance was with the forests and streams and all that in them were of his boyhood home. His out of door life gave him the sturdy frame which carried him so buoyantly through

all the years of his service. He possessed head and hands also, which yielded themselves readily to all kinds of mechanical work. Tools were his delight, and he could easily design what should be done with them; so that his ability to build a house or file a saw, or do any kind of work that pioneer life demanded stood him in good stead, and oftimes proved helpful to the people of his ministry. The pioneer farm has given capital training to many who have made their way to the front. It did good service for young Dempsey. Two conditions of youth principally leave their impress upon manhood—the one upon the physical and intellectual, the other upon the moral and spiritual natures. The environment of work and pastime develops the one, and that of the home atmosphere the other. The first condition we have already seen. In regard to the second, a few words will suffice. Mr. Dempsey's parents were rigid Presbyterians of the Cameronian type, very moral and very attentive to religious duties. Their attendance on public worship was constant. Sabbath observance was maintained with grim formality, and stated worship in the family was omitted only on rare occasions. God was feared and reverenced in the household; but that spiritual insight into His character and that heart appreciation of His word, without which love can scarcely be a constraining power, was conspicuously absent. Conversion, the realization of the Spirit's quickening power and the assurance of personal salvation, were matters that did not enter the home thought. Indeed things so entirely spiritual were looked upon as foolish fanaticism. The religion of the home consisted of the fear of God, obedience to the dictates of stern duty, and rigid integrity of life. In an atmosphere like this young Dempsey easily absorbed the main features of dead formalism. At six years of age he read his Bible and from his earliest recollection attended to the religious duties of his father's house. He was not, however, without deep spiritual impressions during his boyhood, but from the character of his religious instruction nothing peaceful could come of them. To him God was a God of terror rather than a God of love. He was impressed by His greatness and His justice. He was afraid of Him and reverenced with holy dread anything that pertained to His service. And so the boy continued until seventeen years of age, not a novice

by any means, in the externals of religion, but a stranger to God nevertheless. His home training, though not decidedly spiritual, was not without its religious value upon his after life. The knowledge of God's word which he then gained was a priceless acquisition, and served him well throughout his ministry; and the fear of God then implanted and reverence for holy things preserved him throughout from levity of thought or of manner into which perhaps mother-wit and native light-heartedness might have otherwise betrayed him.

Now came the experience of his life. At seventeen years of age God found him and called him to Himself. The experience of one who has been used of God in bringing many to righteousness ought to be not only interesting, but also helpful to the many who are similarly engaged; for certainly what has taken hold upon personal heart-life, will be the foundation upon which all subsequent teaching is builded. Mr. Dempsey's own conversion colored the preaching of his ministry, and if we speak of it at large we shall do even then, but poor justice to the centre piece of his life and character.

At the time of which we now write Mr. Dempsey had left home and was living in Mountain, boarding with a Presbyterian family. Mr. McPhail had settled in Osgoode and was now upon one of his evangelistic tours preaching and baptizing. As usual when he was so engaged there was no small stir among the people, and his work was the theme of conversation in every household. He was to come one day and take dinner with the family with whom young Dempsey resided; the knowledge of which fact set the heart of the lad a-quaking. The pastoral visit of that day perhaps differed somewhat from present custom, at least it surely did when Mr. McPhail was the pastor. It was a religious visit and it meant the probing of every heart and conscience. There was tender solicitude for the salvation of every soul and there was the gospel preached in love and personally. Young Dempsey, as did many another, dreaded the ordeal. He endeavored to avoid the meeting. He did not go to dinner at the usual hour. But he was not to escape thus, for when he arrived he found Mr. McPhail still there waiting for him, and he had to face the inevitable. Strange to say, however, the deep probing which he expected, and for which he had prepared him-

self, did not come, but only a few common place questions about home and family, and with these he was allowed to retire jubilant and congratulating himself upon his escape. Mr. McPhail was taught of God how best to deal with individual souls, and his method with this one was effective through its very unexpectedness; and the congratulation of the lad who had escaped the minister was soon changed into sober and intense anxiety by reason of the thought pressed upon his mind as with the voice of God, "You have escaped the minister but you shall not escape God, God will bring you to death and judgment and there is no escape." Now came the conflict. The impression made would not away. Day and night it was with him. He betook himself to all that he knew of to allay his trouble of mind. Religious duties were attended to more punctiliously than ever. His prayers were constant. The Testament he carried in his pocket was read at every spare moment. In short, he went to the extreme of all that had been his instruction and really at length began to fancy that he had attained unto righteousness. What could God ask more? he enquired of himself. But his self-satisfaction was short lived. God's voice had evidently reached him and it could not be hushed by any species of Pharisaism. His trouble at first was more in regard to his neglect of religious duties. He was now troubled because he saw himself a sinner. So great a sinner that it seemed impossible to him that God could forgive him. This intense distress of mind lasted for weeks and was constantly with him. His burden had now become more than he could carry. So dreadful was his offending in God's sight that he thought he must surely be destroyed. One day thus heavily laden, being upon a journey on foot, he sought the seclusion of some bushes by the road side and fell upon his face acknowledging God's justice and crying for mercy. But there was no deliverance yet. He did not know the way to God and there was nobody to show him. Shortly afterwards however while upon his bed still wrestling with God, the gracious Father sent him the light, and joy came to him so real and gladsome! and peace so full and sweet! Satan had lost his prey and God had won a servant.

Now came a struggle of another kind. Young Dempsey professing conversion returned to his father's house where any

such notion was repudiated as intolerable presumption. There was no one within six miles who owned to having met with a change of heart; and so the young man had his struggle without sympathy and alone. And a hard battle it was against many allurements to win him away from his fanaticism and back to his former fashion of life. But God held his hand. And then being a Christian and conscientious, and with simple heart having resolved to follow God's word, he began to take on strange notions in regard to the church, its government and ordinances. Baptists he had never heard of till a year before, and heard of them then only as a poor, despised people. Nevertheless he found his New Testament to be a Baptist book, and could find nothing within its pages to justify the teaching in which he had been reared. Here was now a new subject of anxiety. Not only must he differ from his father in his view of salvation, but also now in regard to the church and its ordinances. His father, at some trouble and expense, procured for him three books upon the matter in controversy. The young man hoped his father might be in the right, and was certainly more inclined to adhere to the views and traditions of Presbyterianism. It was no easy thing to leave cherished beliefs, and suffer the ridicule of all who knew him and the anger of a fond though determined father. But he must obey God rather than man; and, after his struggle had continued six months, not knowing that he should be permitted within his father's house again —he sought baptism at the hands of Mr. McPhail. Mr. Dempsey does not speak of the persecutions which fell to his lot during the first year of his Baptist life. His record simply is, "No one knows what I endured."

And now yet another conflict must be recorded before Mr. Dempsey's life was allowed to flow easily along its God-appointed channel. He heard God's call to preach the gospel, but he did not desire to serve in that department of work. He was very willing to occupy any other position. Although forbidden to speak of salvation in his own home, he gladly embraced every other opportunity that presented, and few of his companions escaped his earnest appeals. Yet he had such a poor estimate of his own qualifications, and such an exalted view of the, to him, awful and to be dreaded calling, that he refused to think of the ministry. He

promised God, on his knees, that he would serve in any other way. He would work a lifetime with his hands and give all save a bare living to his cause. And to keep faith with God he actually went to work upon the line of his promises. About ten miles from his home in a straight line, and double that by any passable roadway, there was a settlement without any kind of privileges for children. He saw work which he thought was within his capacity there. He could teach the children in a Sunday-school, and he set about it immediately. Securing at the settlement a deserted lumber shanty, he fitted it up with boards for seats and announced his first service, inviting all the children to be present. Sunday morning came and with it the young Sabbath school teacher, who, to his consternation, came face to face with not only the children, as he expected, but with all the grown people in the neighborhood likewise. He could not run away though that was his inclination; and so he was forced into the service that he was trying to avoid. All summer long he tramped that twenty miles to and from the settlement, fourteen of which could be crossed only by jumping from log to log. He still rebelled against the thought of the ministry, though conviction of duty increased rather than lessened until the conflict grew so severe and painful that his health was affected by the strain. The contest ended while he was busy at his work one day. Driving a load of hay upon a bush road, he stopped his team, fell upon his knees, and gave up to the will of God, and immediately received the assurance of the divine favor and rest of soul. The deep experiences of the three conflicts above alluded to had not a little to do with the forty-two years constant ministry and its tireless fidelity with an allusion to which this sketch began.

These conflicts over Mr. Dempsey now settled himself to preparation for his life work. There were difficulties in his way, many of them, but having settled his life calling with God he faced them with splendid courage. He had early learned the necessity of thorough preparation for the work which lay before him, and entering Montreal College he took the full course of four years of ten months each, and graduated June 1st, 1848, having made a record for earnest, patient and successful work. It may be that present day students and late graduates in our

ministry who have enjoyed the facilities and endowments now at our disposal, do but scant justice to the educational advantages of those who have become gray in the service. Brethren Dempsey, Anderson, Topping, McDonald, and Slaght, who are yet with us, and their companions at the Montreal College who have now passed over the river, reckoned themselves, as far as training for work is concerned, not a whit behind the very chiefest who have succeeded them. And should they boast, they do so not without reason. If buildings and appliances count for anything, the Montreal property stood well in the forefront. If great men at whose feet students may sit, are of importance in the educational idea, then the Montreal College was manned in splendid fashion. Dr. Cramp was there, the man whose influence is felt perhaps more than that of any other man in the provinces by the sea, to-day. Dr. Davies was there, the incomparable Hebraist, who was subsequently called to the work of Bible revision in the Jerusalem Chamber. And Mr. Bosworth was there, the man who breathed from his gentle spirit not only the refinements of Christian life, but also all the graces of classical lore. These were Mr. Dempsey's theological teachers, and it will be acknowledged that his opportunities were not far from being abreast of those which present facilities make possible to the generation of students now under training.

After his graduation, St. Andrews, a village forty-five miles from Montreal, was his first field of labor. Here, in 1836, Rev. S. Tapscott, a brother widely known and beloved for his work's sake, formed an open-communion Baptist church. A Congregational church was also formed, and a union chapel erected. Discord arose as a matter of course, and the Baptist church became defunct. For six years this was the state of affairs, and Mr. Dempsey, urged by the Montreal brethren, recognized his duty to the lost cause, and entered upon his work June 1st, 1848. He found the door of the church locked against him, and contention bitterly raging. He refused to take part in the quarrel, but obtaining another place in which to worship, he preached the gospel so effectively that contention had to give place to the power of a revival which followed. He now set about the formation of a church on scriptural principles, and found it no easy task, so many being wedded to open-commu-

nionism. At length, however, sixteen believers came together, over whom Mr. Dempsey was ordained as pastor in September 18, 1848. The little band secured the chapel over which had been the protracted dispute on satisfying the conditions of an arbitration, and our brother went at his work with faith in God, and burning zeal for the salvation of souls. For sixteen years he continued in St. Andrews, being instant in season and out of season, preaching the word of life. He baptized there over 400 people into the likeness of the Saviour's death. During all these years he did the work of an evangelist throughout the neighboring country. He spared himself no labor and no sacred joy. His memory is still fragrant in all that region. He left St. Andrews in 1864, having received a call from the church in Port Hope.

For six years Mr. Dempsey labored in his second charge. Happy and uneventful years, or eventful only in their ceaseless tranquillity and the abundant mercy of God! Many were brought to the knowledge of the truth during that pastorate, and the present building was erected. Mr. Dempsey always looks back upon his Port Hope residence with peculiar satisfaction. He was then in his mature strength and the fulness of his powers. He found ready helpers in the church, and in the town many spheres of congenial labor. He took a deep interest in all that made in any way for the prosperity of the people among whom his lot was cast. When he left Port Hope in 1870, he was honored as few Baptist ministers are. All the pastors of the town, including the late Dr. O'Meara, of St. John's Episcopal church, met at the residence of his warm friend, the late Wm. Craig, and presented him with an address expressing the high esteem in which he was held.

From Port Hope Mr. Dempsey was called to Ingersoll, where he served God and the church with his accustomed zeal and integrity for ten years. At the beginning of his pastorate the outlook was somewhat discouraging. The membership was scattered, and many whose names were upon the roll could not be found, but God came to the help of the faithful few who mourned the desolation of Zion, and the church was revived and much strengthened.

After his Ingersoll pastorate three months were employed among weak churches in barren localities, preaching daily and

evangelizing. Then came a pastorate in Kincardine, for about eighteen months. And this was followed by the pastorate at Port Rowan, which was held during fourteen months. He went there chiefly to do the office of peace-maker, for which the wisdom of his long experience amply qualified him, and left after the difficulty had been composed, to accept the call of the Denfield and Ailsa Craig churches. Here Mr. Dempsey labored with relentless zeal for over six years, beloved by his people, happy in his work, and having the assurance of God's favor. In April, 1889, he retired from responsible service to his home in Ingersoll, where he still lives honored and beloved by all who can appreciate long service well done, and the solid worth that has carried a stainless name through three-score years and ten.

No sketch of Mr. Dempsey's life would be complete without some allusion to the work he accomplished, apart from his regular pastoral duties. As hinted at elsewhere, these duties were often interfered with by protracted evangelistic tours. Special work used to be carried on almost universally in our churches by one pastor helping another, and the churches were content to give their pastors freedom to do this ministry, at their pleasure. Mr. Dempsey, while pastor at St. Andrews, travelled on foot or on horseback, alone or in company with brethren King, Edwards, McPhail or Anderson, throughout the entire region of the old Ottawa Association. Breadalbane, Notfield, Osnabruck, South Gower, Augmentation, Priceville, Lanark, Kemptville, Osgoode, Kenmore, Ormond, Clarence, Thurso, Papineauville, and many other places from Quebec to Kingston, have listened to his earnest preaching of Christ. Many will yet recall the revival season at Thurso, where God used him so effectively for the advancement of His truth, and where sixty were brought into the fold. These preaching tours involved much hard work and hardship. Speaking night after night, and visiting day after day, demand much of body and mind, yet this work was through the years gladly engaged in and God abundantly honored it.

Mr. Dempsey, besides being pastor and evangelist, was intensely interested in all denominational matters. Dr. Fyfe found in him a steady friend to the work in Woodstock. Mr. McMaster ever relied upon his counsel in matters pertaining to

the work in Toronto. He was Secretary of the Ottawa Association; Secretary of the Eastern Convention from 1858 to 1864; Secretary of the Superannuated Society from the beginning. He has been officially connected with our missionary organizations from their inception, and perhaps to no man among us, has been given a larger share of responsibility and work in connection with the planning and advocacy of the united work of the churches.

Mr. Dempsey married Mary Louisa Wales, who has been his companion all the years of his service; a wise woman, spiritual and kindly, who has bravely shared his hardships and rejoiced in his successes, to whom he owes much of the power and effectiveness of his life, and whom may God spare these many years to be the stay and brightness of his declining strength.

All honor to the generation of men gone to their rest, or now passing away, who when the name we bear was little known, and when known was despised, were not ashamed to espouse it: who, when hardships were abundant and reward for service meagre, worked on with a zeal that knew no quenching; who amid toil and self-sacrifice laid the foundation upon which have been erected the progress and facilities for service we enjoy today; upon whose sowing we have entered and reap gloriously. All honor to Canadian Baptist pioneer workmen! And among them all, who have gone, or still remain, John Dempsey holds no inconspicuous place.

E. W. Dadson.

A WAYSIDE RUIN.

A ruin quaint with purple lichens stained
  And open wide to salt winds rough with rain,
  O'er whose uncindered hearth have waxed and waned
A thousand moons yoked to the crested main;
Whose leaning walls are propt with clinging vines,
  Whose o'ergrown garden walks e'en yet disclose
  Stalks of sweetbriar and soft-winged columbines,—
A scene to stir the calmest mind's repose!
Ah, this was once a Home of trustful hearts,
  Mother- and father-love were here unsealed,
  Children's bright laughter blent with passing tears,
And the sweet ministries that love imparts
  Found here alone their blessed balms which healed.
  Alas, what stroke fell here in long dead years?

R.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

NOTES OF PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

IV.

My dear young Friend,—Let us enter the large room over the door of which is written Umbrian School. Here are many beautiful paintings, nearly all of them of a sacred character, for the religious enthusiasm of the middle ages lingered in this school long after it had, in a measure, disappeared elsewhere. Ruskin says the artists of this school "impress on their landscapes perfect symmetry and order, such as may seem consistent with the spiritual nature they would represent. The trees grow straight, equally branched on each side and of slight and feathery frame. The mountains stand up unscathed, the waters are always waveless, the skies always calm." How soft and rich the colors are! There are five of Raphael's paintings here, representing the three different stages or styles of his work.

When Leonardi da Vinci was a young man of thirty-one and Michael Angelo a boy of eight, Raphael Santi, or Sanzio, first saw the light on the borders of Umbria and Tuscany, in the ducal city of Urbino amid the Apennines—1483. Doubtless he inherited something of his genius from his father who was a painter of some note. From him he received his first instruction, and it is recorded that he actually took part in many of his father's paintings, though he was but eleven years old when his father died. His mother had died three years before. For a time his young life was shadowed and there seemed little prospect of his continuing the studies his father had planned for him. Fortunately a kind uncle took pity on the orphan boy, and a year after his father's death sent him to the studio of Perugino, chief of the Umbrian artists and then at the height of his popularity. The master looking over some of the lad's drawings, at once recognized his genius and exclaimed: "Let him be my pupil, he will soon become my master." Raphael remained with him till he was twenty-one, and this picture, The Vision of a Knight, is one painted by him during this first or Perugian period. It is one of his earliest known works, done when he

was about seventeen. It is on wood, and is, I should say, about seven inches square. The subject is one that seems naturally to embody the forecast of an ardent young soul eagerly peering into the future to see what life holds for him,—suggesting perhaps a turning point in his own young life. The youthful knight sleeps upon his shield under a laurel tree,—the leaves of which are emblematical of honor and renown. Dreaming of his future he sees two figures before him between whom he must make his choice. The one on his left, draped in crimson, offers him a book and a sword, significant of a life of study and conflict. The other, younger, with a fairer countenance, gaily decked with ribbons and coral wreaths, offers him a spray of blooming myrtle, —" myrtle dear to Venus."

Florence was at this time the art centre of the world, and thither hasted young Raphael eager to improve himself by studying the great masters of his day. He studied with patience and enthusiasm the works of Leonardi and Michael Angelo, particularly the rival cartoons to which I referred in my last letter, and the works of other famous artists. During this period he produced the Ansidei Madonna, considered one of the greatest treasures of the National Gallery and one of the noblest pictures in the world. It was painted for the Ansidei family at Perugia, from whom it takes its name. I would characterize the picture as somewhat rigid and conventional in design. The Mother is seated on a canopied throne over the head of which are the words Salve Mater Christi. She holds the young Child in her right arm, and on her left knee is an open book to which she is directing His attention. Behind the throne is an arch through which appears the clear blue sky, and on each side of the throne stands a saint,—one with upturned face of holy joy, the other devoutly reading. The colors are soft, rich and harmonious, but there is lacking in the face of the Mother the heavenly sweetness of Leonardi's Lady of the Rocks. The influence of the Umbrian school is clearly seen in this picture, though it belongs to his second or Florentine period. It is obviously a connecting link between the styles of the Umbrian and Florentine schools. Were it not rash in me I should frankly say that apart from the melody of colors there is little in this world-renowned painting, for which the British Government paid the

sum of seventy thousand pounds, that stirred me or in any way satisfied me. As often as I sat before it studying its composition and real expressiveness, I turned from it with a feeling of relief to admire another of Raphael's that hangs near by.

This latter picture, St. Catharine of Alexandria, belongs to the same Florentine period, but of later date, and one can detect the influence of Leonardi in the expressive face, and of Michael Angelo in the full rounded figure that stands out so life-like against the landscape background. Catherine of Alexandria was one of the favorite saints with the Italian artists. She is always pictured with a book, sword and wheel. The legend of her which the crusaders brought from the east was of a princess great in learning and wisdom, and a devout Christian. She shut herself up in her palace and gave herself to the study of Christian philosophy. Her people wished her to marry a prince who should lead them forth to battle, but she declined to conform to their wishes. The heathen tyrant Maxentius, about 311, ordered her to be crushed with a wheel. The legend runs that fire came down from heaven and broke the wheel in pieces, but the tyrant scourged her with rods and beheaded her with a sword. There is another legend of her which says that in revenge for the discomfiture of a company of heathen philosophers, with whom she had been compelled to dispute, she was bound to a wheel in such a way that every turn of the wheel caused the spikes to pierce her body. The wheel was miraculously broken, though she died a martyr. Raphael has given her a most beautiful face with an expression of quiet resignation and strong faith. With lips parted in the surcease of pain, she looks up to heaven, whence rays of light stream down upon her. With her left arm she leans upon the cruel wheel, and her right hand is pressed upon her bosom as if to say, "I am ready to be offered, O Lord." The picture is noble every way, and one of the most impressive in the Gallery.

In his twenty-fifth year Raphael was called to Rome by Julius II, where he spent twelve years or the remainder of his life, doing mostly fresco-work in the Vatican. Michael Angelo at this time was painting the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, and his works were then exciting intense enthusiasm throughout Italy. Raphael felt strongly the influence of his personality, so

much so indeed that it seemed almost to check for a time the free play of his own genius. Fortunately his power of assimilating the best of what he saw enabled him to preserve a style distinctively his own. The first room he painted in the Vatican is called Theology, or The Dispute on the Sacrement. The Pope was so delighted with it that he issued an order for all the old decorations to be removed that Raphael might paint the walls anew. Raphael, however, felt so much reverence for his predecessors' work, some of which had been done by his old teacher Perugino, that he remonstrated against such wholesale destruction, and was able to retain at least a part, adapting his own to what was already there. This is the last work done in his Florentine style.

Here is a small Madonna picture some fifteen inches high and thirteen wide, called the Garvagh Madonna, from Lord Garvagh its former owner. It is a gem, so perfect in drawing, rich and beautiful in color, light and shade! There is nothing of the stilted, conventional manner of the Ansidei. The mother is just a beautiful human mother, and the children like other beautiful children, and they are playing with a pink. The only hint of the supernatural are very thin circles of light, or halos, above the heads. This picture is an example of his later style, the third or Roman period. One of the many portraits which he painted during this period was the far-famed one of Julius II, the replica of which is in the Gallery. The original is in the Pitti Palace, Florence. This third style of Raphael's is now known as that of the Roman school of painting.

Raphael did many more easel pictures than either Michael Angelo or Leonardi, and the number and extent of his frescoes are marvellous. One of the most famous of his frescoes is The School of Athens in one of the rooms of the Vatican. It represents an assembly of fifty-two ancient philosophers, surrounded by their disciples in a lofty arched hall, the architecture of which is counted one of the most skillful perspective paintings in existence. This great work portrays the historical development of Greek philosophy—by the choice and arrangement of the figures. The Pope expressed much satisfaction with it, and an art-critic says of it: "With us art-indigents of later times satisfaction is intensified to almost boundless admiration." The Madonnas of

Raphael are numerous and renowned, but his di San Sisto, the glory of the Dresden Gallery, is generally acknowledged to be the most perfect picture in the world.

I saw those wonderful cartoons of Raphael's at South Kensington. The Pope wishing to substitute woven tapestries for paintings around the lower walls of the Sistine Chapel, commanded him to furnish drawings to the Flemish weavers. You will remember that the subjects of Michael Angelo's frescoes on the ceiling are the Creation, Fall and Redemption of Man. In his cartoons for the wall-tapestries, Raphael continued the history of God's dealings with man, taking his subjects from the lives of the apostles Peter and Paul, and from Stephen the first Christian martyr,—The miraculous Draught of Fishes, Christ's charge to Peter, Peter and John healing the Lame Man, The Death of Ananias, Elymas the Sorcerer struck Blind, Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, and Paul Preaching at Athens. These are the seven large cartoons. There were ten in all, but three are lost,—The Martyrdom of Stephen, The Conversion of Paul, and Paul in Prison. The tapestries woven after these designs and exhibited in Rome two years before Raphael's death have had a singular history. Once they were carried off as spoils of war by French soldiers, but after a few years were restored. Over two hundred years after, they were stolen by some Jews, and one was burned for the gold in it; but in 1808 they were redeemed by Pius VII and are now in the Vatican. The cartoons have an eventful history too. In 1630 Rubens, the great Flemish painter, discovered them in the manufactory at Arras, where the tapestries were woven, cut into strips for the weaver's use. He gave a glowing description of them to Charles I, and induced him to purchase them for his Whitehall Palace. After Charles' death Cromwell bought them for the nation, for the sum of three hundred pounds. Louis XIV tried in vain to procure them. They remained neglected and almost forgotten till the time of William III, when the strips were pasted together upon linen and placed in a room in Hampton Court Palace, built purposely for them by Sir Christopher Wren. A few years ago the Queen had them placed in the South Kensington Museum. One viewing the cartoons would never suppose that they had once been cut into strips, so skilfully have the parts been joined together.

In his short life Raphael produced two hundred and eighty-six pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies, besides the frescoes in the Vatican and elsewhere. He also excelled in sculpture and architecture, succeeding Bramante as architect for St. Peter's, though he did not live long enough to carry out his design. The last and greatest of his oil paintings, The Transfiguration, was unfinished when he was prostrated by fever and died on the thirty-seventh anniversary of his birth. This painting, with the colors still wet, was carried in the funeral procession, and it is now one of the most valued possessions of the Vatican. All Europe mourned his death, for he was known not only as the Prince of Painters, but his amiable and unselfish nature had made him every man's friend. His works, says Kugler, were regarded with veneration as if God had revealed himself through Raphael as of old through the prophets. Like Leonardi and Michael Angelo he wrote many short poems, which unhappily are lost. You may perhaps recall Browning's lines:

> Rafael made a century of sonnets,
> Made and wrote them in a certain volume
> Dinted with the silver pointed pencil
> Else he only used to draw Madonnas. . . .
> You and I will never read that volume.
> Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple,
> Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
> Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
> Cried, and the world cried too, 'Ours the treasure'!
> Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

I have left all too little time for a visit to Room VII where are five paintings by Titian, who stands at the head of the Venetian school. One thing is specially noticeable here, the predominance of mythological subjects over sacred ones, though three of Titian's are of a religious character. The subjects of these three are, The Holy Family; The Repose, which is intended for another Holy Family,—in the distance is seen the Angel appearing to the shepherds, the picture being signed "Tician"; and Noli Me Tangere, Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene after His resurrection. This latter picture is by far the most interesting of the three. The rosy hues of morning are flushing the distant hills, but the shadows still lie on the middle slopes. In the foreground is Mary weeping; hearing her name called she has fallen for-

ward with outstretched hand as if to touch the risen Christ. He is represented as a gardener, having a hoe in His hand and seems gently to repel her attempt to touch Him. The mythological subjects are Venus and Adonis, and Bacchus and Ariadne. This last, in addition to its poetical beauty, is a splendid example of Titian's coloring. As a colorist he surpasses, in the judgment of critics, each of the three Masters of whom I have written, and one has little difficulty in accepting this dictum. Titian was but two years younger than Michael Angelo, having been born at Capo del Cadore in 1477. Tradition has it that when very young he made attempts at painting, using the juice of flowers. He was only nine when sent by his parents to Venice to study art. For a time he was with Gentile Bellini, but left him to study with the more eminent brother Gian. On the death of his master, being then thirty-five years old, he was commissioned by the Venetians to continue the works in the great Council Hall, which Gian Bellini had left unfinished.* He also held the office of la Sanseria which obliged him to paint the portraits of the

*The following, discovered by Rawdon Brown in the archives of Venice, is the petition of Titian when he offered his services to the Venetian Senate:

"Most Illustrious Council of Ten; Most Serene Prince and Most Excellent Lords: I, Tician of Serviete de Cadore, having from my boyhood upwards set myself to learn the art of painting, not so much from cupidity of gain as for the sake of endeavoring to acquire some little fame, and of being ranked among those who now profess the same art. And although heretofore, and likewise at this present, I have been earnestly requested by the Pope and other Potentates to go and serve them, nevertheless being anxious as your Serenity's most faithful subject, for such I am, to leave some memorial in this famous city; my determination is, should the Signory approve, *to undertake, so long as I live, to come and paint in the Grand Council with my whole soul and ability;* commencing, provided your Serenity think of it, with the battle-piece on the side towards the 'Piazza,' that being the most difficult; nor down to this time has any one chosen to assume so hard a task. I, Most Excellent Lords, should be better pleased to receive as recompense for the work to be done by me, such acknowledgments as may be deemed sufficient, and much less; but because, as already stated by me I care solely for my honor, and mere livelihood, should your Serenity approve, you will vouchsafe to grant me for my life, the next broker's patent in the German factory, by whatever means it may become vacant; notwithstanding other expectancies; with the terms, conditions, obligations, and exemptions, as in the case of Messer Juan Bellini; besides two youths whom I purpose bringing with me as assistants; they to be paid by the Salt office; as likewise the colors and all other requisites, as conceded a few months ago by the aforesaid most Illustrious Council to the said Messer Juan; for I promise to do such work and with so much speed and excellency as shall satisfy your Lordships to whom I humbly recommend myself."

And this is the acceptance by the Senate:

"We, Chiefs of the most Illustrious Council of Ten, tell and inform your Lords Providitors for the State; *videlicit* the one who is cashier of the Great Chest, and his successors, that for the execution of what has been decreed above

Doges, of which he painted five. He died at the age of ninety-nine, working at his art to the very last, declaring at the close of his life that he was only beginning to understand what painting is. His many works enrich the great cities of Europe. Christ and the Tribute Money in the Dresden Gallery is accounted especially beautiful. The Gallery at Madrid contains forty of his easel pictures, that at Vienna thirty-four, and the Louvre at Paris eighteen, but his masterpieces are in the Churches and Galleries of Venice. I am not aware that Titian wrote sonnets, like his three great compeers, but I can assure you there was poetry in his brush.

In my second letter I referred to Venetian art as distinguished for exquisite open air effects. One can readily imagine how a sensitive spirit would become suffused with the beauty of the flame, orange, rose, gold and azure which the skies and lagoons of Venice present almost daily to the eye. The mistress of the sea, of whom poets love to sing, lent the tints of the rainbow to the palette of her gifted sons. To one susceptible to the beautiful effects of color these Venetian rooms have an unspeakable charm. The Bellini brothers, of whom I wrote in my second letter, were the first to give a special character to this school, and their pupils readily caught their spirit and soared even far beyond them in their search after the beautiful. There are many artists besides Titian whom I should like to mention, who are represented in this room. Georgione, who was a fellow-pupil of Titian in the school of Bellini, was the first to break the trammels of the early Venetian school. His pictures have a luminous glow and depth of coloring. Among the contemporaries of Titian, some being his pupils, were Paris Bordone, Il Moretto da Brescia, Correggio—though he was really of the school of Parma—and Giovanni Moroni. The portrait of A Tailor by the latter must arrest the attention of all who pass through these rooms, so life-like is the man standing at his table

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in the most Illustrious Council aforesaid, you do have prepared all necessaries for the above written Tician according to his petition and demand, and as observed with regard to Juan Bellini, that he may paint *ut supra;* paying from month to month the two youths whom said Tician shall present to you at the rate of four ducats each per month, as urged by him, because of their skill and sufficiency in said art of painting, though we do not mean the payment of their salary to commence until they begin work; and thus will you do. Given on the 8th of June, 1513."

with shears in hand about to cut a piece of cloth. But the best known in the world of art, who stand the nearest to Titian, are Tintoretto — whom Ruskin in his extravagance places even beyond Titian,—and Paul Veronese. All of these are well represented in the Gallery.

In closing, I wish to say a word respecting the decadence of Art in the later Italian schools, examples of which are to be seen in Room XII, for unfortunately the high position which painting had so gloriously won was not maintained. There sprang up a school of Eclectics, the height of whose ambition was to select salient features of existing styles and combine them into one. This proved fatal to true art since it was thus deprived of originality and consequently left without creative motive and inspiration. Then came the Mannerists, those who aimed to copy the peculiarities of the great Masters. These were followed by the Naturalists, as opposed to both the former, but they degraded Art till it became a medium for the representation of the follies and vulgarities of human life rather than a divine speech of souls moved by moral earnestness and uplifted by the noblest aspirations.

EMELINE A. RAND.

MY AIN LAND.

O, for a sicht o' my ain land,
Wi' its forests sae gran' an' fair,
For a smell o' the fields in hay-time,
My heart is unco sair.

O, for the soonds o' my ain land,
Its speech sae familiar and plain,
That's prattled wi' rosy cheeked children,
I'm list'ning for't fu' fain.

O, for the blue lakes glistening
Under skies sae flashing and bricht,
That coyly return the shy glances,
O' the bashful moon by nicht.

Fair Canada may look desolate
In winter sae rugged and cauld,
But, oh, for a whiff o' her fresh air,
As in the days o' auld.

Tuni, India. R. GARSIDE.

SAMUEL ELDER AND HIS POETRY.

Samuel Elder, who graduated from Acadia College in 1844, was one of the most gifted spirits that ever studied in that Institution. He bade fair to rank high as a poet as well as a preacher, but the expectations of his friends in this respect were disappointed by his early death which occurred in 1852. The following poem, kindly furnished us by Dr. Welton, was composed by Mr. Elder on the occasion of his visiting Wolfville in June, 1847.

THE SCENES OF MY STUDENT LIFE.

O beautiful ! thou glorious Light,
  Pouring thy golden tide
From yon blue mountain's flaming height
  O'er hill and valley wide ;
O beautiful ! ye glittering steeps
  That shining point to heaven,
From out whose pine and azure deeps
  The stars will soon be given.

O beautiful ! ye purple isles
  That burn amid the wave,
Kindling the billows with your smiles,
  As they your bright feet lave ;
And beautiful the sapphire Bay
  Which those fair islets stud,
And violet shores that stretch away
  Beyond the gleaming flood.

O beautiful ! ye swelling hills
  Where I rejoicing stand,
And the light goldenly distils,
  And breezes wander bland ;
And beautiful the vale that spreads
  So green beneath the eye,
And woods that wave their glorious heads
  In the fair summer sky.

Scenes of my student-life, ye meet
  My gaze with welcome bright,
And I with love and gladness greet
  Your aspect clothed with light.
Ye were the home of happy years,
  The birth-place of sweet thought,
To you I breathed my hopes and fears,
  My solace from you sought.

Here Poetry her magic threw
  Around my musing hours,
And steeped my spirit in the hue
  Of sunshine and of flowers;
And though no lavish boon of song
  Her spell on me bestowed,
The visions still my spirit throng
  That then around me glowed.

Fair scenes! a thousand memories bloom
  Before me as I gaze,
Of many a kindred heart, with whom
  We passed those happier days,—
Of friendships whose memorials live
  In many a hallowed spot,
And to the charms of nature give
  A grace that withers not.

SAMUEL ELDER.

*STUDENT LIFE IN EDINBURGH AND BERLIN.

At present, as you will notice, I am in Berlin. After spending three months in Marburg, which I most diligently applied to the study of German, I came here about the beginning of October, about two weeks before the term began. It was an immense relief when the lectures opened to find that I could understand them. This is a great reward for hard work. I am hearing Harnack and Dillmann, and Von Soden. As the latter lectures at the same hour as Harnack in his course on the 3rd period of Church History, I hear Harnack only on Symbolics, and in his Seminar.

Symbolics he treats historically, dealing first with the Greek Church, then with the Roman Catholic Church, and he is now at the Protestant bodies. In this way he takes for granted whatever either of the latter two have in common with the Greek Church, or the Protestant Churches with Roman Catholicism, and what he has already treated. It is, of course, very comprehensive. His Seminar consists of sixteen regular members, who all prepare essays, and are to be ready to answer questions on the work done in the Seminar. This term they have been reading the 5th book of Eusebius, and the "Arbeite" have so far been concerned with Irenæus and Tertullian. Harnack is a most wonderful man, and makes his Seminar very interesting. Besides getting one's bearings on the period in question, one finds a little of what Harnack's own historical method is. I am, of course, not a regular member, but take advantage of the liberty to attend the sessions and to listen. I have grown to have a great respect for Harnack. With all his views I do not coincide, but there is a real earnestness and spirituality about his lectures that cannot fail to awake a response in any religious heart. I have often thought that he has much in common with Baptists, although, perhaps, both he and the Baptists would repudiate the kinship. Von Soden lectures this term on N. T. Theology. He is quite free in his tendency, but I think he has done a great deal of work. I sometimes imagine that in his

*From a private letter to the Managing Editor.

attention to details he misses the essence of the whole, but he may devote the last lectures to remedying this defect. The course is, however, suggestive. Dillmann is reading his course on O. T. Introduction. He has no love for the school represented by Wellhausen and Kuenen, and persists in maintaining that the "Priest Codex" is not of post-exilic origin, but earlier than Deut. On these and other points he sometimes grows quite emphatic, and assures us "dabei bleibe ich noch, trotz der neuern Schule."

From Prof. A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, I imbibed a species of enthusiasm to become more familiar with the Hebrew Bible, for the power which he exerts in his quiet way is almost unique; his spirituality and reverence and scholarship make such a rare combination. With him we read parts of Jeremiah and the Psalms, as well as of the first part of Isaiah, and almost all of Isaiah 40-66. We also had a course of two hours a week on O. T. Theology. These latter make me look forward anxiously to his book in the Inter. Theo. Lib. Under Prof. Driver I read Hosea, and part of Amos. He is not the same kind of man as Prof. Davidson, but I have a very great respect for him. Privately I have gone through the Hebrew grammar again, exercises and all, and have done a little at translating English back into Hebrew. I have also read Joshua, Judges, Haggai and Zephaniah. Since the New Year a "Union Theo. Sem." man and myself have been working at Chronicles and comparing it with the other historical books where parallels occur. The results are rather interesting. But all this work seems to bring on a sort of despair, in revealing how much there is to do. The amount of work is also enlarged when one remembers the LXX. I used the latter in reading Joshua and Judges in Hebrew, and saw enough to make me recognize the importance of the LXX. from a great many points of view. I have read the 1st and 2nd and half of the 3rd volume of Harnack's "Dogmengeschichte," but I shall have to go through it all again. The immense importance of History of Doctrines is just beginning to dawn upon me. With a Yale man I am working on the synoptic question. We use an admirable Harmony prepared by a certain Huck, under Holtzmann's supervision, I should judge. It is made for such work as we are doing, and is infinitely better for these purposes than Tischendorf, in that the arrangement is better and that it

omits John. I have four different inks for the four combinations. The work needs a great deal of patience and perseverance, but I hope to be through the marking by the end of this week. On the minute comparison, however, there remains very much to be done. I am so far satisfied with the expenditure of the labor. To see these facts stated in a book is one thing, to see them before you in red and green and blue and black marks which you have made yourself, is quite another. I have been astonished to find how fair a narrative may be made in some sections by putting together words common to all three and and adding another here or there where it may be necessary.

In view of my expected visit to Italy, I have been reading Dante's Divina Comedia and Sellar's (late of Edinburgh) three volumes on the Roman poets. In reading these latter, and working, of course, at the same time on Biblical questions, it occurred to me that a rich field is open to some one. If some one could be found with classical tastes and scholarship, combined with Hebrew scholarship and an enthusiasm for the Old Testament, together with the necessary industry and patience to carry the scheme through, he might work with classical literature (especially Greek) and Hebrew literature at the same time, and by the light that comparison would throw, do an immense service to the students of the Old Testament. I am inclined to think that the habit of looking at the Bible, and especially the Old Testament, as *oracles* exclusively, and ignoring its character as a literature, has prevented it from adding another fascinating influence to those which it already possesses.

I have grown to be quite fond of Berlin, and enjoy very much the music which can be heard here so easily. The Germans strike one as being decidedly inferior in point of "culture" and *bon hommie*, but their love of music is certainly a redeeming feature on the æsthetic side. In the picture gallery here there are a few good pictures, but the Dresden gallery is vastly superior. The Sistine Madonna in the latter is something that one never forgets. I hope to make these pictures useful in History of Doctrines.

I have made a visit to the Greek Church here, which is at the Russian Embassy. The ritual is very elaborate; the service

is so instructive that I think I shall go again. I have also gone several times to a Jewish Synagogue. I had been at a Synagogue in London, and I found the service the same in both places.

Pfleiderer lectures at an inconvenient hour, or I think I should hear him. I have, of course, gone in to hear what he is like. I have also heard Weiss once, but he does not inspire me with enthusiasm to hear him often. At a meeting of the Royal Academy of Science a few weeks ago, I saw Mommsen and Zeller. Both are now very old, but they seem to be vigorous. I do not know if you have heard of Kiepert, the Geographer, and Weber the Sanskrit scholar. They are friends of the Fraulein in whose house I live, and I have met them here. It is amusing to notice the difference in pronounciation. If Dillmann (as I said unguardedly once to a friend) had been an Englishman he would have been an Irishman; Weiss, under the same circumstances, would have been a Scotchman.

I am reaping many advantages from being here. There is time to think quietly, in a way that our more restless and active life in Canada does not permit. It is also abundantly suggestive to see things from another point of view, and to see a different method. The events of history become much more real and much more easy to understand from looking at the life of the direct heirs of these events. The study of the language is also very interesting and instructive. I am often struck with the light and help which thus comes for the study of the ancient languages. Altogether, I am glad to have come to Europe.

My plan is to go to Italy for March and April, and I am expecting a good deal from my visit there. I hope to spend next term in Berlin. Harnack will be lecturing on the First Period of Church History, and either History of Doctrines or N. T. Introduction; and there will be courses in Biblical Theology, which I shall want to take, besides going on with my own private work. At the close of the term I think I shall try to see a little of Switzerland and France, and then leave for home, where I hope to arrive about the beginning or middle of September. I am looking forward with great pleasure to resuming the work of the pastorate. I suppose you know that my sister is to keep house for me.

Through the *Canadian Baptist* I watch the progress of of events in Canada, and am delighted to see how steady the advance seems to be. I think there is a great future for the Baptists of Canada.

The Baptists here are doing a little work in an earnest, quiet way, but, of course, the Established Church overshadows everything else. At the church which I have generally attended there are two pastors, both of whom I have met. I was rash enough, about five weeks ago, to address the prayer-meeting on work in Canada. The people were very attentive and polite. although I am quite sure (on *a priori* grounds) that they were shocked by many mistakes. However, the Sunday before last at the morning service, a man assured me that he and his wife had understood me "ganz schoen."

This letter has already reached its limit, and, therefore, I must close.

JOSEPH L. GILMOUR.

Berlin, Feb., 1893.

Students' Quarter.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

Auld Ayr, of which the Scottish poet sings,

> "Ne'er a toon surpasses
> For honest men and bonnie lassies,"

owes its world-wide fame to Robert Burns, whose birthplace is near this town. But apart from this, it is noted for being one of the prettiest spots in Scotland, since it is free from the din and fog of London, the pride and pomp of Edinburgh, and the clatter of Glasgow factories. Though it has no mighty dome like St. Paul's, nor royal palace as Holyrood, yet it has beauties of which no other city can boast; its suburban walks along the winding Ayr, whose grassy banks and shadowy dells invite repose, and its Low Green by the sea, where, in the usual promenade on a summer evening, amid hundreds of lads and lasses, may be seen the typical Duncan Grey or Highland Mary.

Leaving Tam O'Shanter Inn, let us go to Burns' Cottage,

three miles from the town. This is the tavern from which Tam set out the night he galloped himself and his steed into immortality. Here also Tam's "ancient, trusty, droustry crony," the Souter, wiled away that night telling his queerest stories, and Burns himself made this place his rendezvous. After a short drive along a most beautiful roadway, flanked with gardens of gay flowers, we pull up at a stone cottage, with low, thatched roof, that the uninterested observer would pass by as not worthy of a moment's notice; but the heart of every lover of the poet warms to this humble dwelling, which, with its sacred associations, has made Ayr one of the best known places to the English speaking people of the world. Here, on the 25th of January, 1759, within this lowly roadside cottage, was ushered into the world a poor peasant boy, destined one day to become the greatest song-writer our literature has ever known. The bard of Coila, referring to this event, says of himself:

"There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day or whatna style,
I doubt its hardly worth the while
To be so nice wi' Robin."

We cannot describe our feelings while standing under this cottage roof. Here his father lived, from whom Burns inherited all the elements of an honest man, "the noblest work of God." From the loving example of this father the poet drew his masterpiece, "The Cotter's Saturday Night"—the heartfelt rendering of a good week's close in a God-fearing home. The cottage presents the identical appearance that it did in the infancy of Burns, who remained here with his parents till he was seven years old, when the family removed to Mt. Oliphant. The stone flags on the floor are unchanged, and the table scrupulously whitened day by day all these years is that which did duty a hundred years ago. Among interesting relics here are seen, the spinning-wheel of Highland Mary, the same plain dresser and plate-rack, a leaf from his exercise book, and the original manuscript of Tam O' Shanter. On the wall is the following stanza:

"Though Scotland boasts a thousand names,
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.

'Tis but a cottage roofed with straw,
A hovel made of clay,
One door shuts out the storm and wind,
One window greets the day."

Farther along the road, and about a quarter of a mile from the cottage, on a gentle eminence, stands "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," a small roofless ruin, which dates from the sixteenth century. This edifice is made famous by the scene of demon revelry so powerfully described by Burns. Through the iron grate closing the doorway, we peer into the interior, where Tam's excited imagination pictured "warlocks and witches in a dance," while "mirth and fun grew fast and furious." As already said, the roof and rafters are all gone, and no wonder if even half the snuff-boxes and other *bric-a-brac*, sold as portions of the roof, had really been genuine. The old rusty bell still stands in the gable, though long since out of use. Surrounding the auld kirk is the ancient churchyard, which contains the tomb of Burns' father and mother, with an inscription composed by their illustrious son. Not far from the doorway is the humble tomb of John Lauchlin, immortalized as "Souter Johnny." Close by still grows the aged thorn, though sorely disfigured by the profane hands of the relic-monger.

Leaving the small enclosure of Kirk Alloway, we come in a minute's walk to Burns' monument—an open, circular temple of classic beauty, rising some sixty feet above the level of the ground. The structure is situated on a lofty bank ascending from the Doon. It is placed in a garden finely stocked with flowers and shrubs, and, unlike the poet's monument in Edinburgh, it is unbedimmed by city smoke, and looks down upon the bonnie river Doon, of whose "banks and braes" Burns has sung in soul-subduing strains. In the apartment under the monument is kept the Bible which he presented to Highland Mary, with an inscription in his own handwriting. This was on the occasion of their last meeting, of which he himself sings:

"Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love."

Descending from the monument we walk through the tastefully adorned garden to the little grotto in the rear, where an interesting sight greets us. There, seated side by side in brea

less beauty, each in his familiar chair, are Tam O' Shanter and Souter Johnny. In face and feature they are the very men described by Burns. These statues, so real, so life-like, are the work of Thorn, a self-taught artist. From the monument we pursue the road leading to the Auld Brig o' Doon—the closing scene of Tam's romantic adventure. To those familiar with the tale—and who is not?—it is almost unnecessary to repeat the tradition referring to witches, "a running stream they durna cross." In this belief Tam urged on his "grey mare Meg" to gain the "keystane" of the arch before he should be overtaken by his ghostly pursuers. Reluctantly leaving the monument and the scenes made sacred by the grandest master of universal song, we return to Ayr, having paid our homage at the birthplace of him at whose name every Scottish heart beats high.

Burns has had his detractors, we must admit, but the uncharitable shafts of malice so fiercely launched at first against this great interpreter of human feeling, are weaker and fewer as each decade rolls round. Sprung from the ranks of independent peasantry, possessing all their virtues, and many of their vices, he burst like a meteor on the sight of his astonished and jealous contemporaries. Some there were who sought to emphasize his failings and obscure his excellences, but to-day his golden genius has given him a place among literary stars, growing brighter year by year, and undimmed by any cloud of calumny raised by unjust critics.

"Then gently sean your brither man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
We know not what's resisted."

C. J. Cameron

I.

SUNSET.

The shadows of the evening are stretched out.

An Adria of clouds yon sunset world!
There azure breakers fall on silvery isles,
There crimson lightnings shoot up from the piles
Of wind-rocked filmy mountains Titan-hurled.
Revels at sunset on Lake Huron's breast!
There tumbling billows gambol with the mist,
The gold-crowned waves up-leaping to be kissed
By flaunting clouds low-sweeping to the west.

Through vaporous arches decked with misty flowers
  Flushed slaves obey the Zephyrs' whispered call,
And vanish mid heaven's myriad cloudy towers;
  Till Phoebus' mute and hoary seneschal
In paradisal vistas him embowers,
  And sable tapestries across the heavens fall.

II.

TWILIGHT.

The light shall not be clear nor dark.

Now drowsy fall the eyelids of the day,
Now nodding to sweet reverie he yields,
Now aimless Fancy wends her tortuous way,
Mid thoughts and dreams o'er Amaranthine fields.
Now sighing zephyrs fan Day's paling cheek;
Now sleepy insects drone him slumber songs;
Now darkling shadows of the night do speak,
And humid dew-mists to his brow belongs.

Now Gnome and Sylph, and all the fairy throng
  In mystic incantation dance around
The twilight field, with merry tinkling song:
  Wizard—and baleful witch-fires from the ground
Fright the belated peasant with pale gleams,
  And haste his feet across the saving streams.

III.

NIGHT.

My locks are wet with the drops of the night.

Sweet sleep she wafteth from her waving hems
From all her vesture dipped in cooling dews,
Bejewelled thick with starry diadems
By sighing Zephyr held and pensive muse.
Sad-visaged yet benignant, o'er each heart
Impartial she her sable mantle throws,
O'er Sin's gloom-loving wanton treacherous dart,
The while o'ershadowing Virtue's snowy brows.

Oh kindly nurse of heaven, me rest I pray!
  Shade with thy "trailing garments" through the hours!
Soothe with soft dews the fever of the day.
  Lock maenad cares in heaven's secretest towers,
Grant sweet Nepenthe for all heart distresses!
  Give dream prophetic, the worn soul that blesses!

IV.

MORNING.

Until the Day-break.

Aurora rouses with maternal song
The nurselings of the night; and, laughing, bends
Fair Promise with sweet flowers: close cloaked, along
With her a veiléd Fate our couch attends.
Morning by morning we are born anew—
New from the womb of sleep—we thrill and wake—
Mazed—in an infant world, with natal dew
Upon the brow; Morn's incensed-breath partake.

Who kens the burden of the Day, the hour—
  Mystic as space the moment next to come—
Who kens the reading of the fateful flower
  Divines one omen for the feet that roam.
Make, oh my God, this fragment of the way
  A spotless shadowing of the perfect Day.

W. N.

THE "QUEEN OF SHEBA."

The Queen of Sheba sat on one of the faded old velvet seats in the third-class car. She was looking steadily out of the window regardless of the hot summer sun which streamed in on her dark head. Indeed she was regardless of everything around her. The gentle dips and swells of the pasture-land before her hurried by all unobserved. Her eyes did not see the ripples and dimples in the little brook that ran a mad race with the train. There was a strange mist before her eyes which shut out all the beauties of the land around. Her thoughts had strayed far, far away and were now in the dear home which she had not seen for ten long years, and which she was now nearing. Let our thoughts bear her's company.

At the end of a lane of whispering elm-trees, stood a little cottage. One could hardly see it, it was so smothered in lilacs and roses. Roses climbed over the diminutive porch and waved an airy welcome as one stepped over the threshold. Lilacs bordered the winding paths and the whole place was redolent with old-fashioned perfumes. It was a very bower of loveliness and one could imagine it the abode of angels.

Let us glance at its present inmates. And so we see how it was that Marguerita, known on the circus bills and among the circus company as the Queen of Sheba, came to be sitting that hot summer afternoon in that dusty car. She was part of the great circus that was going to Elmwood, her old native town. She was wondering if she would see her father and mother. Had they forgotten? Oh! surely they would forgive if they only had seen and heard all the blows and insults their child had received during those ten long dreary years—if they only knew how she had longed to be safe back again at her mother's side! While the men were putting up the tents and scaffoldings she would steal out in the dark and take a peep into the little home she loved so dearly. Just one look—one. She only wanted to know if her mother's eyes were as bright, or her father's handsome head as sunny as when she was there. She only wanted to see if the little cuckoo-clock hung in its old place beside the Sistine Madonna, and whether the first water-color painting still occupied the place of honor on the mantel.

"Oh!" she sobbed, and the landscape became dimmer than ever outside the car window—"Oh for my home again, for mother's dear arms around my neck and father's hand on my head! Shall I ever be home again?"

It was very dark at Elmwood that night. The moon and her stars drew a thick veil over their faces and refused to lend their light. The wind was abroad and whispered strange secrets to the swaying old elms in the lane.

In the circus grounds all was confusion. "Where's that Queen of Sheba?" roared the manager, "Such a strange creature I never saw—always in the tantrums!" Here it's long past the time for the rehearsal of her part and she isn't here!" If this scaffolding falls, and it's mighty risky, it will be her own fault!" and he closed his insulting speech with an oath.

The Queen was his most paying character. Her sad beauty appealed to all, and her dark eyes haunted one's dreams for a long time. The manager could not find her but the wind knew where she was. Her anxious heart had drawn her down into a certain well-remembered street, through the whispering lane, until at last she stood—oh be still—breathe not!—outside the little window of that room. She waits long, she dares not look in. One chair might be empty. But at last she looks and sees —ah! the dear ones!

The dark eyes are bent on the page of the Holy Book. The curls silver and gold are pressed by a thin nervous band. The clock, the sweet-faced holy madonna, her little water-color, all in their old places and a bowl of margueritas standing before her little picture speaks of loving remembrance and adoration. The poor Queen outside the window looks at the dear ones inside for many moments. At last a movement on the part of her mother startles her and she darts quickly away—the heart-ache still there—the lump in her throat just as large as before.

At the circus that evening all is light and gay. The hearts on the stage seem as bright as the flames of the candles that light up King Solomon's throne. One would never dream that sorrow or suffering ever found its way there. King Solomon was never so glorious as on this especial evening. The Queen of Sheba captivated all hearts by her loveliness and grace. The court scene was in full progress when through the open door of

the tent a man and woman entered and took their seats. Hardly had the people turned from looking at the late comers when the woman sprang to her feet and cried:

"Marguerita!"

The Queen of Sheba started, stepped on an insecure board and the magnificent palace buried the court in its ruins.

Half an hour later Marguerita was lying in her own little bed. Her eyes looked into loving faces bent over her. Her ears heard Howard Lawrence, landscape painter, and his dark-eyed Italian wife lived there. It was strange that such an intense Englishman as Lawrence should choose "a little heathen vagabond," as the villagers amiably styled her,—for his wife. When he brought her home to Elmwood the old gossips looked askance at the little clinging figure, and whispered,—"no good will come of it,—the gypsy blood—," here the sentence ended with sundry shakings of heads. It was many years now since Lawrence had slipped the golden band of all her hopes on Nicolette's finger. Happy years some of them had been, some had been full of sorrow and heart-ache. Their little English blossom, Marguerita, had grown up into a fearless light-hearted girl. She was their pride, their "exceeding joy" but oh! what anxiety did she bring to the patient father's heart, and how often had her loving little mother begged of her "to remain still in the house like the other young girls." "Oh mother dear," Marguerita would say, "I cannot sit still and sew all day like these quiet English girls,—there is something here," touching her breast, "that makes me want to run over the fields and I must shout and sing."

Then the poor mother would gaze tearfully on her restless child, while the ominous words of the villagers would whisper themselves in her ear,—"The gypsy blood."

One day the calm flow of their life was broken by the advent of a circus. For one whole day the red and gold chariots and the amazing convolutions of the trapeze-swingers had dazzled their vision. Such a thing had never been seen before at Elmwood, and there was not a man, woman or child who did not see at least the procession. During the night it took its departure with a great deal of clamor and confusion.

In the morning Marguerita was missing. The village was in a great tumult. The old gossips were in a state of triumphant

excitement. "The gypsy blood" had come out at last to prove their malicious prophesying true. In the little flower-embowered cottage the father and mother sat dazed,—stunned. "She is gone,—Marguerita—my little daisy-flower has left me," murmured the poor mother, and her little brown hand stole into her husband's as her anxious look met his—so stony.

"Why did she go, Howard? Did we not love her enough? Were we not kind to her? Perhaps, oh perhaps she will come again to us, our Marguerita!" Strange sweet tones, strange because she was so unaccustomed to the kindness in them. Sweet because they were so full of love. "Ah," said her happy mother one hand on her husband's shoulder, the other gently patting the poor bandaged head,—"She has come back to us Howard, our love was too strong, it drew her back from her wild, perilous circus life. It brought us back our little daisy-flower, our Marguerita."

The old gossips were sadly disconcerted. "The gypsy blood" had given way to human love. Marguerita found in that little cottage more loving hearts and more satisfying service than she did in all her sojourn in King Solomon's court. The Queen of Sheba's new kingdom was one of Love.

O. A. G.

Moulton College.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We note with pleasure that the Board of Governors at its recent meeting appointed an able committee, with a view of making all needful enquiries respecting land for University use.

The graduates of Acadia University, resident in New England, are organizing a Branch Alumni Association. The first Annual Reunion took place on May 15th, at the United States Hotel, Boston.

The publication in English of Dr. A. Harnack's smaller work on the History of Dogmas will be highly appreciated by students of Doctrine History who do not read German. It is by far the best work on the subject, and every scholarly minister should read it. In saying this, we do not wish to be understood as endorsing all the views of the author, but as expressing our opinion as to the usefulness of the book.

The University of Chicago has in no respect presented a more favorable aspect to the public than in the publication of the *Journal of Political Economy*. Two numbers of this periodical have already been issued, under the editorial direction of Professor J. L. Laughlin, with the co-operation of the leading economists of America and Europe. One who wishes to keep abreast of economic thought could not do better than to subscribe for this able quarterly. It must be heavily subsidized, or it could not publish so much first-class matter at so low a price.

At the present session of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, the charter of McMaster University has been amended in accordance with the application of the Board of Governors and the Senate. The amendments confirm the action taken in having one University faculty in lieu of separate faculties in Arts and Theology, provide that two representatives of the teachers of Moulton College shall have seats in the Senate, and that instead of an alumni association tn Theology and another in Arts, it shall be competent to organize a University Alumni Association, the representation on the Senate of graduates in Theology and in Arts being duly preserved.

With the present number the second volume of the Monthly is

completed. That we have fallen far short of what we should have been pleased to attain as regards the quality of the magazine, and as regards its circulation, we may freely admit ; but that our success has been all that could have been expected under existing circumstances, none, we believe, would question. As a means of developing literary power among the students, of keeping the various departments of the University in sympathetic touch with each other, and of keeping the more intelligent members of our churches in cordial relations with our University life, the MONTHLY is an invaluable agency, and will no doubt become more and more effective. To put the publication on a sound financial footing *our subscription list needs to be doubled.* Will not every subscriber in arrears pay up and endeavor to send us an additional subscriber ?

STUDENTS of Anabaptist history are greatly indebted to Dr. J. Loserth, one of the foremost historical scholars in Bohemia, for his two brochures (together 378 pages) on "Anabaptism in the Tirol," separately printed papers from the Archives for Austrian History, and for article on "German-Bohemian Anabaptists," which appeared in a recent number of the papers of the Union for the History of the Germans in Bohemia Dr. Loserth has the full use of the rich collection of documents made by the late Dr. J. von Beck, and of Dr. Beck's own unpublished writings on the subject He promises in about two years to publish a history of the Anabaptists of Austria, which cannot fail to be a most valuable work. The activity of German scholars in bringing to light the materials of Anabaptist history and their disposition to do full justice to the character of the evangelical Christians of the sixteenth century, is highly gratifying to Baptists.

We welcome very heartily the recent appointments to the University staff. Mr. A. B. Willmott, M.A., B.Sc., has discharged with much success the duties of Lecturer in Natural Science during the past year, and his appointment as Professor brings to the Faculty a man of fine Christian character, a teacher of fine enthusiasm, and a specialist in the department of study to which he is called. The continuance for the ensuing year of Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., as Lecturer in English, will meet with the sympathy of all who have had knowledge of the earnest and faithful work in his department, and of the fine spirit in which Mr. Keys has enriched his classes with the results of long study and experience. The appointment of Mr. Walter S. McLay, B.A., as Lecturer in English Language and Literature, from October 1st, 1894, brings one of our more recent Woodstock men into the work in McMaster. Mr.

McLay's special preparation of two years abroad indicates the spirit in which he will come to his duties. Mr. H. N. Shaw's appointment as Lecturer in Elocution, is a guarantee that this subject will not be cared for less efficiently than during the past two years.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Its Vera Weel.

It's vera weel. throughoot the day
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,
To think a man can live alway
  Wi'oot a wifey.

It's vera weel when claes are new,
To think they'll always last just so,
And look as well as they do noo,
  Wi'oot a wifey.

But when the holes begin to show,
The stitches rip, the buttons go,
What in the warl's a man to do
  Wi'oot a wifey?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true and lassies dear,
To think ye'll gang through life, nae fear,
  Wi'oot a wifey.

But clouds will come the skies athwart,
Lassies will marry, frien's maun part;
What then can cheer your saddened heart
  A dear wee wifey.

It's vera weel when young and hale,
But when ye're auld and crazed and frail,
And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,
  Ye'll want a wifey.

But mayhap, then, the lassies dear,
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer;
Because ye're cranky, gray and sere,
  Ye'll get nae wifey.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon,
Rise up an' seek aboot the toon,
And get heaven's greatest earthly boon,
  A wee bit wifey.

—Wallace Dunbar.

The following excerpts are from "Egypt's Influence upon History," by "C," in the "Bema" of Union Baptist Seminary:

For many centuries Egypt was regarded as the most renowned school for wisdom and learning in existence. To it resorted the men who, having learned of the wisdom of the Egyptians, returned to their own countries and became the philosophers of the world. Homer, Plato, Pythagoras, Euclid, studied in Egypt, and through knowledge gained there were able to produce works which have seldom, if ever, been surpassed. When the Greek legislators, Lycurgus, Solon, etc., were contemplating the formation of new regimes, they travelled in

Egypt studying the laws, customs and administration of justice. Then returning to Greece they formed laws that have been the basis of the laws of modern nations.

The influence of Egypt over the Hebrew nation cannot be estimated. When God was about to form His people into an independent nation, He first led them down into the land of Egypt. There they became skilled in the arts, and learned something of the managing of public affairs. And Moses, who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," was, by his acquaintance with the laws and government of Egypt, fitted for the task of leading the Israelites to the promised land. Thus we may see the wisdom of God in placing Moses in the Egyptian court. Egypt has fallen. The once mighty nation has crumbled into dust, and her days of greatness have passed and gone forever. But she has fulfilled her mission. Her part was to make beginnings; to form the germ of civilization; to lay the foundation of the mighty structure that is to stand to the end of time.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

Mr. J. C. Sycamore, one of the most genial and generous fellows in the class of '96, has had a very severe sickness. Three weeks of very careful nursing by Mr. Stone, and the unremitting kindness of Mrs. Pritchard, have resulted favorably, and he is improving rapidly. He sails in a few days for England, and we hope a good sniff of the salt breeze will fully restore him to his wonted vigor. *Au revoir*, J. C.!

A talk on the Holy Land is always enjoyed by McMaster students. On Friday evening, April 7th, a large number of the students, professors and other friends assembled in the chapel-room to hear Dr. Withrow give an account of his recent visit to the sacred land. The Doctor was accompanied by Mr. Whittemore, who illustrated the address by means of stereopticon views. The views were especially fine, and showed excellent taste in arrangement. The evening was enjoyed by all who had the opportunity to be present.

On Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., Mr. Bone, missionary among the sailors at the Welland Canal, gave an address at our regular weekly prayer-meeting. He was warmly welcomed by the students, and his talk to us was indeed helpful and inspiring. As he told of his work among the sailors and his manner of approaching them concerning the needs of their souls, we could not but feel that he possesses wonderful tact in dealing personally with men. Our hearts were warmed and our faith in the "old, old story" of the Gospel as the only means of uplifting men was strengthened.

The Year's Work.—And so another College year has closed. We confess we are glad of this. Not because such pleasant days—for

they were truly pleasant—have ceased to be, but because of the new strength we trust we have won—intellectual strength and moral strength. Since October last, we have been earnestly studying the works of men whose genius has left its impress upon the world's thought and life; we have been under the influence of strong men who have mastered these works and who have also mastered the art of moulding youthful character; surely then it is no vain hope if we think that we as students have succeeded in gaining some new strength, surely then it is no cause for wonder if we are already looking forward with a very real and expectant joy to the coming of October once again. But what are we going to do with this new strength? That is the question. Well, as the small boy said when he spilled the ink on the table cloth, that remains to be seen!

THE beginning of the end of our College Year is the annual sermon of the Fyfe Missionary Society. This year it was preached by an old graduate of McMaster, Rev. R. G. Boville, of James St. Baptist Church, Hamilton. After a clear and forcible exegesis of the text (Matt. xxviii: 29), the speaker treated the subject as follows: I. The Scope of the Field. II. Bindingness of the Duty. III. Reason or Ground of the Duty. IV. Outcome that flows from the discharge of this Duty. No outline, however, can do justice to this stimulating discourse. The members of the Society are under deep obligation to Mr. Boville for his services. He presented the Missionary Problem with characteristic fervor and originality.

THE Literary and Theological Society held its closing public meeting for the year on the afternoon of May 1st. There was a large attendance of visitors from Toronto and outlying districts. A quiet but deeply interesting time was spent as the following programme was rendered:

1.	Piano Solo		*Selected*
		Miss Johnson.	
2.	Essay . .	Influence of Poetry .	———
		Miss McLaurin.	
3.	McMaster Muse		———
		Ralph Trotter.	
4.	Oration .	The Twentieth Century .	———
		Jno. F. Vichert.	
5.	Reading . .	Rizpah . .	*Tennyson.*
		B. W. N. Grigg.	
6.	Solo . .	Crossing the Bar . .	*Rutenber*
		Howard P. Whidden.	
7.	Readings—Selections from Wordsworth		*Wordsworth*
		Miss Dryden.	
8.	Reading .	In the Quick-Sands .	*Hugo*
		L. A. Therrien.	
9.	Oration .	Ideal College Life . .	———
		B. W Merrill.	
10.	Music		*Selected*
		University Quartette.	

On Monday evening the annual meeting of the Alumni was held. In spite of the unfavorable weather a large number of visitors assembled in the College Chapel. After devotional exercises the chairman, Rev. Wm. Walker, introduced the first speaker, Rev. A. T. Sowerby, of Aylmer. The subject of his address was the "Baptist Ministry, its Place and Obligation." The address was full of that earnest enthusiasm which has always characterized our brother and given such efficiency to his public ministry The second address was given by Rev. J. D. Freeman, of Guelph, on "The Value of Conviction in Preaching." In form this paper was a literary gem. The thought was practical and presented so tersely and pointedly that all who heard it appreciated it most highly. We hope to publish this address in a future issue of the Monthly.

About two hundred friends of McMaster University sat down to the Annual Collation on Tuesday, May 2nd, in the spacious dining apartments of the Hall. This occasion is always looked forward to with lively interest. Here all corroding care is laid aside and heart meets heart in joyful renewal of life-long friendships. The racy speeches of humor and wit, not to mention the other good things of a less spiritual but more tangible nature, caused a good-natured glow of delight to appear upon many countenances. The happy manner of the chairman, Hon. John Dryden, added not a little to the pleasant effect of the many excellent after-dinner speeches. Chancellor Rand's response to the toast proposed to McMaster University produced a profound impression. Referring to the honored name of our benefactor, and the work accomplished and still to be accomplished through his generosity, the speaker dwelt at some length upon the importance of university work in general, and closed by pointing out the important relations existing between our University and the Baptist Denomination of Canada. Many other good speeches were listened to with close attention. Suffice it to say the whole affair was enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be present. The large number of visiting ministers and friends, and the many kind remarks expressed by the visitors, showed how warm a place our educational institution holds in the hearts of Canadian Baptists. The hearty thanks of the friends are due to Mrs. Arnton and Miss McMaster for their efficient services in supervising the preparation of the collation.

Tuesday evening, May 2nd, found the chapel again thronged, this time for the graduation exercises of the Theological Department. Many of those present came from the two hours' "feast of reason and flow of soul" afforded by the after-dinner speaking on occasion of the collation, their appetite seemingly but whetted. The evening's exercises proved a worthy *finale*. After devotional exercises and a selection by the quartette, the members of the graduating class held the unabating interest of the audience. Concerning these addresses, comparisons are out of place, and any brief, yet duly appreciative, comments are difficult. Warnicker—our pen had well-nigh inscribed "J. B" alone—gave earnest and practical words concerning "The City Mission Church."

The conceptions voiced *re* the evangelization of our city masses, augur well for the work in Montreal, to which the speaker goes. T. C. Robinson, in handling "The Ethical Element in Preaching," pleaded warmly and keenly for the presentation of the all-round Gospel which fell from the lips of Christ and flowed from the tongues and pens of His Apostles. Stone—here, too, even initials would but make a stranger of a fellow-student—did not disappoint those who looked for something practical and glowing. Discussing "Defective Types of Preaching," he showed, as did also the other speakers, a keen appreciation of the sphere and functions of the Christian ministry. After presenting the diplomas, Chancellor Rand called upon Dr. Welton, who addressed parting words of counsel and exhortation to the new graduates. Even at the late hour, none who had ever heard Dr. Caven of Knox College speak, was sorry to see him rise in response to the invitation of the Chancellor. His few words of characteristic simplicity and soberness did not disappoint us. The doxology brought to a fitting end the last exercise of our College year.

On Thursday morning, April 27th, a pleasant event occurred after chapel service. Our matron, Mrs. Pritchard has charge of that indispensable and most important department of the University, in which a local orator has told us McMaster men are made—the dining room. During past years she has endeared herself to us all by her kind attentions, and especially in cases of sickness have her services been so generously given that the students decided to show their appreciation in tangible form. Our College Chairman and representative, Mr. Stone, was in his best trim. He beautifully expressed our esteem and gratitude in a neat three minute speech, and on behalf of the fellows, presented Mrs. Pritchard with a handsome silver water pitcher. The matron in a few pleasant words acknowledged the gift and expressed her interest in the students, and her pleasure in serving them.

The L. and T. Society.—On Monday, May 1st, our Society closed a series of most interesting meetings. Its history during the past term would be a worthy subject for the pen of an historian. The closing one was a fitting climax. McMaster has some splendid debaters, but she has also some literary talent which is equally good. No finer display of literary ability and elocutionary power has taken place within our halls than that on Monday. The McMaster muse has come to stay, and we hope to feel the inspiration of her presence more and more in years to come. We have poets of no mean order among our students, and elocutionists also, that are not easily excelled. All honor is due to our worthy President, Mr. Warnicker, and to his able staff of helpers for the success of our gatherings. They worked hard and did their duty well. We take leave of them now with regret, but are confident that their talents will shine in other spheres of life and bring honor to their beloved *Alma Mater*.

It was a pleasure and a profit to attend the second annual meeting of the Young People's Societies of the Baptist Churches of Ontario and

Quebec. That is putting it very mildly. We can truly say that it was an inspiration to be there. The programme was full of interesting subjects, which were dealt with in a most enthusiastic and able way by the speakers. Mr. Chapman, of Chicago, not a minister, but a young business man, rejoiced all our hearts by his earnest words and profound consecration. Mr. Butrick set before the Convention such an ideal of Christian living as appealed most strongly to every one to live more nobly. It is certain that these Conventions have a most broadening effect upon the sympathies of our young people, giving them an opportunity of seeing Christian life beyond their own little societies. McMaster was well represented, there being over twenty students present, five of whom were on the programme—Miss McLaurin, and Messrs. Therrien, Warnicker and Langford. Prof. Trotter also represented us, giving an excellent address on the "Comprehensive and Historic Method of Bible Study." Chancellor Rand was present to help Principal Bates give a royal reception at the College to all delegates, which was no mean feature of the Convention.

Exams.—"Well, Jack, how did you come out?" "Oh, I didn't do well at all; I guess I'm plucked in mathematics."

"First in biology?" "No—guess I got third class."

"Hello there, Harry! how did you like that paper?" "Liked it slick. Guess I took first class. That second translation was from the only chapter I reviewed in the first book, and I got it down pat."

Conversation of some such character as the above is now what is most prevalent in the halls of our stately University pile. Three weeks of earnest toil and ceaseless worry have ended the strife. The exams. are over. Looking from the outset, some were such eager contestants that they deemed it wise to arrange beforehand for a general jollification. But in most cases, for those anticipated scenes of jollification have been substituted altogether different experiences of mind and spirit. With some have been feelings of grief, rather than of joy, at the result. Others, whose plodding, persevering efforts throughout the year have been crowned with success, are now prepared to enjoy their well-earned summer's rest.

A Melancholy Missionary.

Last night I heard the sorrowful wail
Of the Muse of Exams., in an agony sore;
I started and stared, and grew somewhat pale
For I had been studying—"Nevermore."

The ghost floated in with a woebegone sob,
And straightway complained: "I'm a lone banshee,
And for ages have shrieked to the ignorant mob
That Latin and Greek are dead. Ah, me,—
For the wake is too merry, the corpses *won't* bury
Now sure it is very unfair, you'll agree"?

Moulton College.

Miss Needler, Miss Karn, Miss Van Etten, and a few others of our school friends did not return this term. For the information of those who think it was on account of the scarlet fever, we may say that these young ladies did not intend coming back when they left.

School opened Saturday, April 22nd, after our extended Easter vacation. Monday morning found most of us in our accustomed places, and in a comparatively short time things were going on as usual. Those who had spent the three weeks at home had the ordinary amount of "good times" to tell about, whilst those who had remained in the College have been able to make the others envious by recounting their experiences. The latter could be expressed only in volumes—of sulphur dioxide.

We have had in the past few weeks a proof that the higher education of women is not opposed to domestic habits. No sooner was the extension of the Easter vacation announced, than the majority of the members of our family remaining here formed themselves into a sewing-bee. Discussions as to fit and fashion were the order of the day. The results of the work will be on exhibition as soon as the warm weather will permit. Paradoxical as it may seem, the members one and all agreed that although it was an economical proceeding, it was at the same time quite *wasteful.*

Harmony Hall Sensations.—Only a murder is necessary to complete the list. Thieves, fires, asphyxiation, we have been threatened by all in turn, and naturally wonder what will come next. It is scarcely a year since we were awakened at dead of night by an unearthly scream and the startling announcement, "Burglars were looking in at the window." It proved to be the man in the moon and his dog, but our terror was none the less for that. And now the mild form of danger attendant upon being looked at, is developing into a vindictive following of fate which threatens our very lives. The other night a member of Harmony Hall smelt smoke, and instantly gave the alarm. The corridor speedily became the scene of numerous psychological experiments. A row of heads hung over the balustrade excitedly sniffing the air from the lower regions. Others nosed along the cracks of the floor like hounds after their prey. At intervals the cry "There! I smelt it there!" redoubled the excitement, and all noses were laid to the scent with fresh assiduity. Two or three descended to the furnace room, but everything there was as usual. We went to bed baffled and mystified, not to say disappointed. What's the use of a fire-escape if we're never going to have a fire?

Woodstock College.

School this term was to have opened on the 7th April, but as this came on Friday, but few students returned, the majority preferring to remain away till Monday. On this and the following few days the school fflled up rapidly, until we have nearly the same number as last term. A few new boys have put in an appearance.

At the football match on Saturday, the 22nd, between the Collegiates of Woodstock and Ingersoll, Mr. Fletcher, one of the teachers of the Collegiate, had the misfortune to have one of his legs broken. We tender our sincere sympathy, and hope for his speedy recovery. The game was a tight one, resulting in a score 1 to 0 for Ingersoll.

We are pleased to see that lawn tennis has been started. The club has been organized, and, with Mr. Robertson as President, will doubtless give a good account of itself. In the past, the one thing to be regretted was the lack of matches with outside clubs. We hope this year to see an improvement.

Another departure in Woodstock will owe its origin to the students of 1892-93, besides the College yell, of which we are all justly proud. This is a College cap with a monogram. Each boy wearing one of these, with the monogram W. B. C. in front, presents a pleasing appearance. Thus we shall in future have something better to distinguish us than a little piece of ribbon stuck in the hat-band or fastened to the lapel of the coat.

This is to be a term of hard work. There must be no shamming, no skimming of lessons in a slipshod or careless manner, but downright earnest work. To aid in this the Faculty have decided that the old custom of granting excuses at a moment's notice shall be discontinued. Now, if one of the students wishes to accept an invitation to go out to spend the evening, he must submit his request to the Faculty at least one day beforehand. This will be a decided gain; a few of the boys seem to find more attraction down town than in the College.

The Convention of the Y. P. B. U. held in the First Baptist church proved to be a success in every way. The meetings held were interesting and instructive. The speakers handled their subjects in a manner that showed great research. An exceedingly interesting part of the entertainment of the delegates was the supper given at the College on Thursday evening, at which fully four hundred sat down. After supper, those who wished to see the buildings were shown through them by the masters and students. The same privilege was extended on Friday, and was quite as largely enjoyed.

We have one new feature in the school this term which is watched with interest. The three societies are now holding their regular weekly meetings, something, we believe, that never happened before.

The Philomathic has more members this term than last, although those who were chiefly instrumental in having it "run" this term seem to take no interest in it whatever. The Excelsior is in a flourishing condition, as well as the "College Debating Society," a club or society of the juniors organized both for mental culture and fun. It has a full quota of the latter.

Although cricket is a favorite game with a few in the school, there are not enough to start a club. A baseball club, however, has been organized, and some of the players are exceptionally good. They have a genuine Yankee pitcher, who, throwing in his curves, soon puts his opponents to rout; and they also have plenty of those noisy disputings without which it would be useless to attempt to play baseball. Some hard-fought matches have been played already among themselves, and they soon will be in condition to challenge some outside club. From the way in which they play now we know they will not disappoint us.

The last meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was exceptionally good. All our meetings are interesting, but this one, we think, in some respects surpassed all others. After a beautiful solo by Mr. Hollingshead, and a song by the Quartette, we listened to a delightful talk on Japan, by Miss Lund, of the town, who has lately returned from foreign work for the purpose of recuperating her health. She described the schools and colleges of Japan, having been a teacher in the College in Tokio. That the work is progressing very favorably was clearly seen from the figures she gave. Thirty years ago they had but one missionary, they now have nearly forty. Thirty years ago there was only one native Christian in Japan, now 40,000. One drawback to missionary work in Japan is that all foreigners are required to live in the Treaty ports, of which there are five. They can live nowhere else unless they establish a school. The people are being enlightened both in knowledge of this world and of Christ's Gospel. Another noticeable feature is the wretched state of the poor. But the work is advancing, and we trust it will receive the support of every earnest Christian.

Grande Ligne.

The hocky match played between the Grande Ligne and Montreal boys last month happily resulted in a victory of 3 to 2 for Grande Ligne.

The last of our monthly temperance meetings for the session was held on the 17th March. The programme, arranged by Mr. Therrien and Miss Bullock, was much enjoyed, especially a vocal solo by Miss Larose, and a reading, entitled "Profit on Cider," by Mr. Therrien.

We were pleased lately to receive visits from Mr. Burke and Mr. W. McMaster, of Toronto. Mr. Burke's visit seemed to prophesy a

principal's residence in the near future, while the few words that Mr. McMaster spoke to us have given us a new interest in McMaster Hall and its work.

Just at the closing of the winter term, we were brightened up by a splendid programme on Wednesday afternoon, consisting of dialogues, recitations, music, etc. Every individual who took part in this entertainment may well be praised for doing his part so creditably. Quite a number of visitors were present, and all left feeling that it had been well worth their while trudging through mud and water to get here.

Such is the ambition of the life of our beloved Principal. But the constant strain on both mental and physical powers have reduced him to such a condition as to compel him to give up his work for a few weeks. We pray that rest, change of diet, air, and surroundings, may have the desired effect, and that he may return with his natural forces restored. Meanwhile, we praise the Lord for the adaptation displayed by his dear wife to hold the reins, and trusting God we go forward.

The much-dreaded ghost of examinations has come and gone. As to the results, they have left, as usual, sad hearts; but, however, we are all glad that they are past. The winter term being over, half of the students have gone home, thus diminishing our number to about forty, who are to remain for summer school. It began April 18th, and will last until May 24th. Although the halls seem to be deserted, we can still hear the echo of merry voices. A very pleasant time and plenty of hard work is anticipated for this term.

On Wednesday evening, April 19th, we were visited by eight of our missionaries, who met here for the purpose of seeking divine guidance in the plans to follow in this year's work. It was decided to recommend our Board of Directors to send out six of our young men as colporteurs and evangelists, for the summer vacation, and that two of our workers exchange fields. All left on Thursday noon, feeling glad of this opportunity for interchange of thought and feeling in this great work of the Master, each being helped by the experience of the others and made stronger, perhaps, for personal work in the future.

Such a thing as a genuine sugar party in the woods is an event rarely enjoyed by a body of students. Such, however, was the privilege of the select few who remained over for summer session. It was a pleasant sight to see all tripping off to the woods together; still more pleasant and amusing, however, was it to see each with a wooden spoon(?) in his hand vying with the others in causing the concentrated extract of the maple to disappear. Our farmer no doubt thought that for such delicate persons we had by no means delicate appetites. We didn't think so either.

It is very pleasing to us that we are able to report a gracious spiritual work among the students here. Of late the Saturday evening prayer-meetings have been specially marked by the Spirit's presence.

Many careless ones have been awakened, and slothful ones revived. On March 5th, ten of the students were baptized by the pastor. This, however, represents only a small part of the work done here this winter, as many are held back by the untoward influences brought to bear upon them from their homes. The leaven is still quietly working, and almost daily we see some signs of its presence.

Our yearly Alumni Society meeting held last month was quite a success. This meeting is here looked upon as one of the important events of the year. A large number of former students were present, and some important business was transacted. What pleased the students most was the fact that the Society voted fifty dollars toward putting a much-needed floor in our gymnasium. The evening entertainment was instructive and delightful to all.

"Wherever in this world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait."

A rare treat was enjoyed by our school not long since, in the shape of one of our poet laureate Frechette's most beautiful poems recited in the musical French language by our English professor, Mr. E. Norman. A breathless silence pervaded the room during the entire recital and at its close the applause was almost deafening, while bouquets were thrown at his feet and strewn in his pathway to his seat. Calls were then heard for a French speech and, without hesitation or a momentary consultation of the Lexicon, Mr. Norman rose to his feet with glowing countenance and voice eloquent with emotion and suppressed feeling, said simply and unaffectedly, "Je vous remercie."

Our hitherto quiet, decorous school seems to have been struck with a "craze" quite unlike that which swept over McMaster, as related in the last Monthly. This was indeed a *growth*. Some of the largest and handsomest fellows, anxious to distinguish themselves in some way, and not particular how, came down to breakfast one Sunday morning with their faces looking as if they had been plentifully sprinkled with pepper. We pitied them for having forgotten so important a part of their toilet. But as the days lengthened into weeks, and these into months, our pity turned to disgust, as we slowly began to comprehend that these valiant youths must have entered into a solemn compact never again to shave. Soft entreaties, threats, bribes and sarcasm were alike resisted with heroic obstinacy, until long after, when, as by chance, the vulnerable point in *one's* armor was found—an appeal that the school should wear it's most pleasing aspect on the day of the Alumni Meeting. Presto! the charmed circle is broken, and as one sheep follows another e'en into the jaws of death, so one after another, e'en though bouncing was the penalty, followed suit, until all had resumed their former simplicity of countenance, of beauty unadorned. Such was the "rise and fall off" of the whiskers, or perhaps we had better say of the downs, at Grande Ligne.

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